May 2, 1936

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Collier's

THE NATIO WEEKLY

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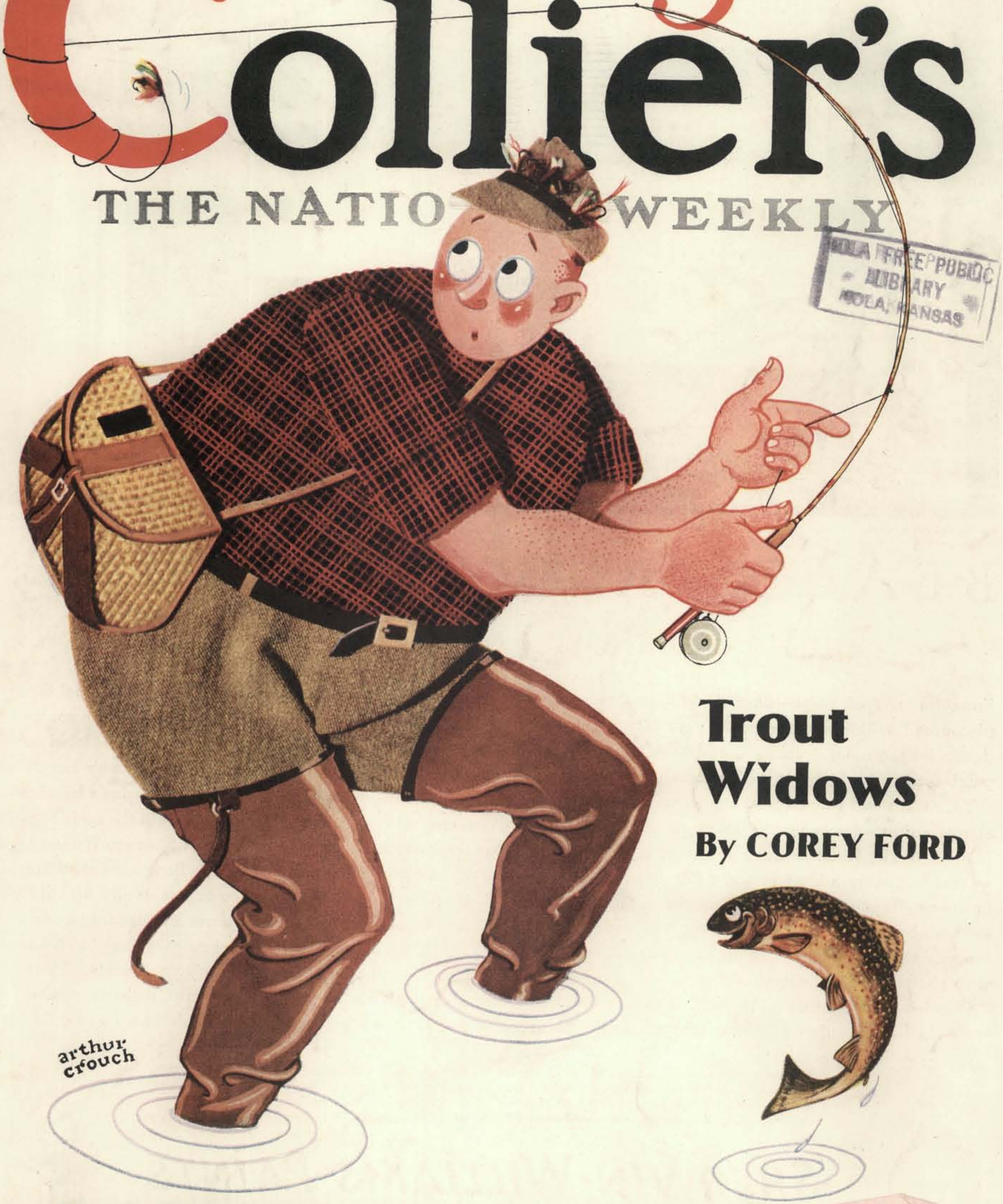

Trout Widows

By COREY FORD

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan Quenti
George Creel Sidney Hersc

MRS JOAN HARGROVE
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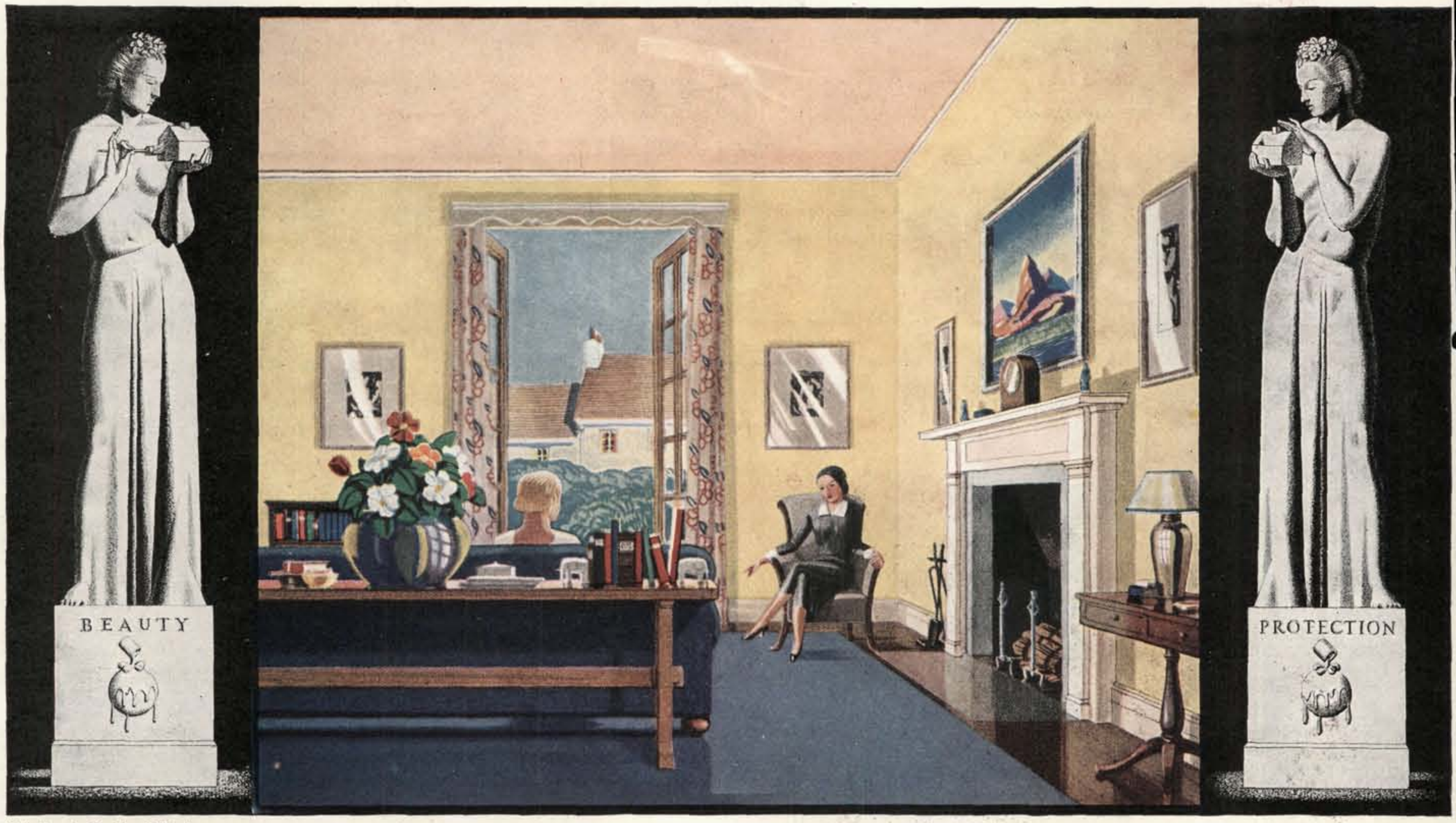


Painting by Rockwell Kent

(Copyright 1936), Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

BEAUTY AND PROTECTION

BY SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

From the use of paint—Sherwin-Williams paint—come pleasures few things can give. Every bit of your heart's desire for the color, freshness, and loveliness of a newly painted room is at your brush's bidding.

Your walls and woodwork become warm and friendly—almost animated—under the touch of colorful, easily applied S-W Flat-Tone. Should you wish a bright, quickly washable quality added to the color beauty, S-W Semi-Lustre awaits your commands. And chairs, tables, cabinets, kitchen, bathroom and breakfast room indispensables alluringly join the color magic parade when you repaint them with glistening S-W Enameloid.

Painting is fascinating . . . fascinating to watch and anticipate the final beauty on the big jobs where the painting is done by a master painter . . . fascinating to feel the flow from the brush as you recreate a table or chair yourself.

And a paint can . . . with a Sherwin-Williams label around it . . . is an indispensable part of your home's beauty and protection. Be it famous old SWP, America's best known and most widely used house paint; be it the interior paints mentioned; or be it any other of Sherwin-Williams well known products—furniture polish, floor waxes and finishes, etc.,—it is made to help you to beautifully identify your dearest possessions—to transform a house into a home.

"All you need to know about paint is Sherwin-Williams." Go to "paint headquarters" in your locality. There the Sherwin-Williams "cover the earth" emblem means help and service from a paint dealer able to aid and guide you.

You can have twelve to eighteen months to pay for your painting. Ask the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your locality about the S-W Budget Payment Plan. Write directly to Sherwin-Williams Co., Dept. C-2, Cleveland, O.

The new Sherwin-Williams Home Decorator, a source book of color and paint ideas can be had free of charge from the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your locality. Or write The Sherwin-Williams Co., Dept. C-2, Cleveland, O.

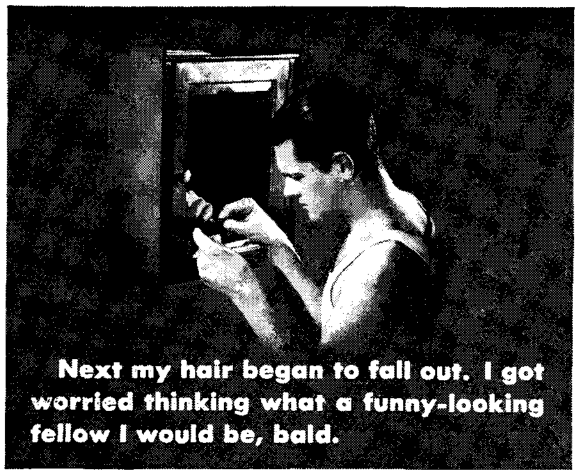
COVER THE EARTH

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

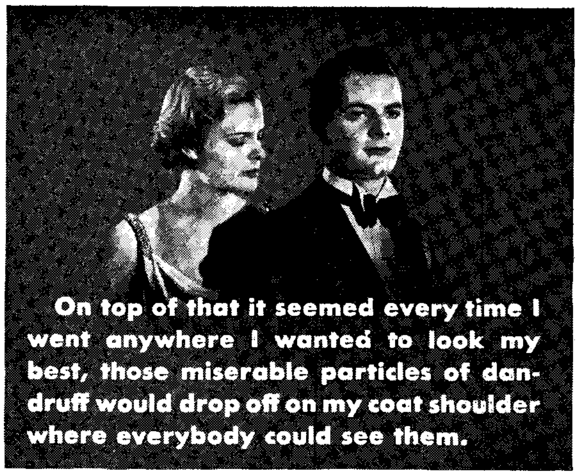
ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PAINT

"Dandruff was driving me crazy till I discovered Listerine"

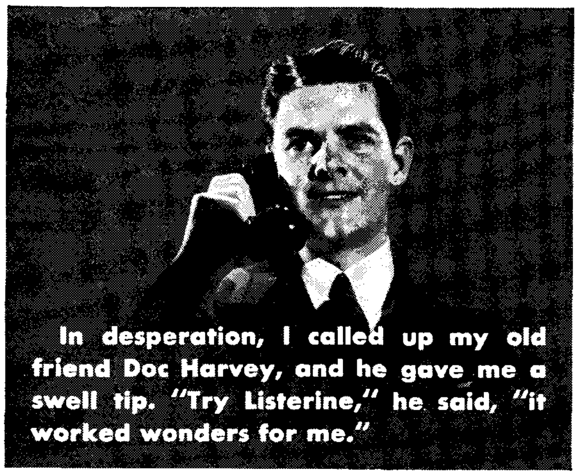
I tried every kind of treatment but still my head and scalp itched and burned something fierce.



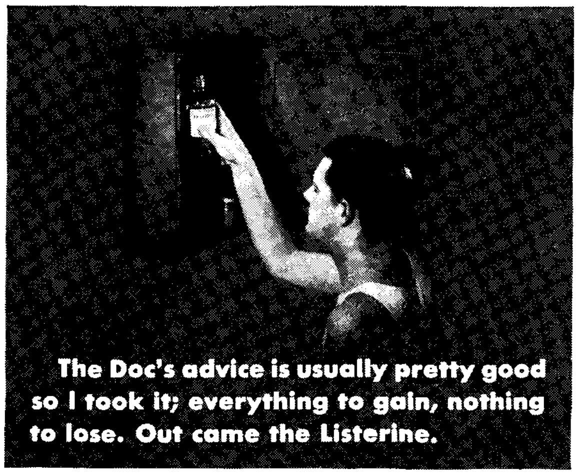
Next my hair began to fall out. I got worried thinking what a funny-looking fellow I would be, bald.



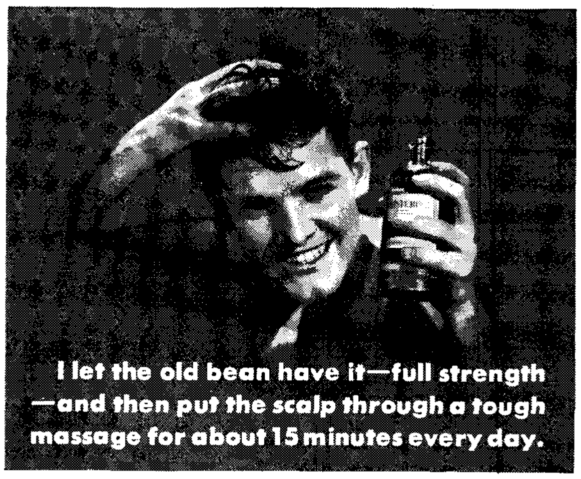
On top of that it seemed every time I went anywhere I wanted to look my best, those miserable particles of dandruff would drop off on my coat shoulder where everybody could see them.



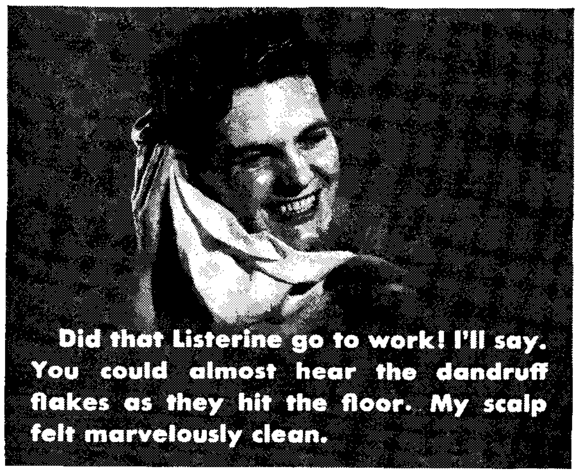
In desperation, I called up my old friend Doc Harvey, and he gave me a swell tip. "Try Listerine," he said, "it worked wonders for me."



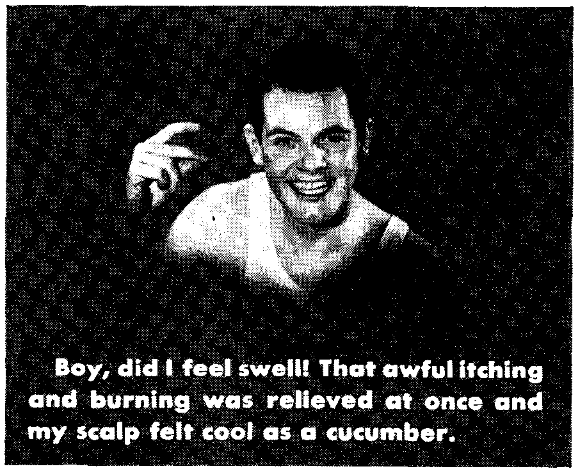
The Doc's advice is usually pretty good so I took it; everything to gain, nothing to lose. Out came the Listerine.



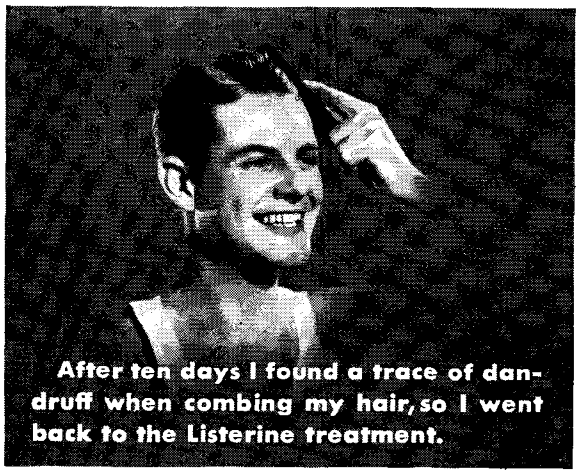
I let the old bean have it—full strength—and then put the scalp through a tough massage for about 15 minutes every day.



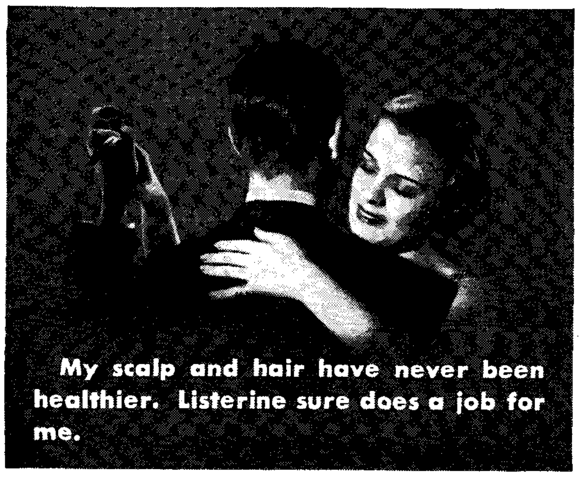
Did that Listerine go to work! I'll say. You could almost hear the dandruff flakes as they hit the floor. My scalp felt marvelously clean.



Boy, did I feel swell! That awful itching and burning was relieved at once and my scalp felt cool as a cucumber.



After ten days I found a trace of dandruff when combing my hair, so I went back to the Listerine treatment.



My scalp and hair have never been healthier. Listerine sure does a job for me.

SO COOLING, SO REFRESHING

If you have any evidence of loose dandruff, if your scalp feels hot and itchy, try Listerine now. Don't wait. Man after man has demonstrated to his satisfaction how quickly this safe and pleasing antiseptic attacks ordinary cases of loose dandruff. It has often triumphed even against stubborn cases, but usually such cases are best treated by dermatologists. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

RELIEVES ITCHING, BURNING SCALP

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

IT was too bad that Gerald Paddon, chief officer and acting captain of the Western Rover, didn't know the identity of his visitor before he rudely booted him out of his cabin. For the visitor was president of the Oriental-Pacific Line and a very cantankerous old character at that. It was very shortly afterward that young Mr. Paddon found himself out of a job. And in love—in love with the secretary of the cantankerous old character. All that, plus a few added dashes of salt, adds up to a very lively short story by Peter B. Kyne, "Home Is the Sailor."

IN the now legendary days of 1929 the number of those employed in gainful occupations was about 45,000,000. Today some 40,000,000 are similarly employed by private industry and an additional 5,000,000 are getting wages from government relief work. And still there's a sizable army of unemployed. Where have they come from? Well, some of them are the unemployed of 1929, and some are newcomers on the scene. Altogether they represent an important problem, but one that politicians prefer not to discuss. John T. Flynn, armed with the latest figures, shows you just what it means.

"GRACE," said Iron Man, the philosopher, "is what you falls f'm when de lady's husband gits after you wid a gun." His wide experience qualified him to act as mentor to Bugaboo Jones, but even the best advice isn't enough when a man tries to get along with two women. That, so far as we can tell, is the moral of Roark Bradford's story.

THE statesmen had been arguing for hours. They had just reached the point of exhaustion when a dapper figure appeared. "Where have you been?" they asked. "Climbing a mountain," said the dapper figure. "Have you a plan?" they inquired. "Yes," said young Mr. Anthony Eden. So they signed. T. R. Ybarra introduces you to this conspicuous example of "The Oxford Manner."

WHEN he undertook to do a "Favor for a Friend" he didn't know about the winds in the high mountain passes. That's why he found himself flying blind at ten thousand feet in company with Dyalá Murillo and one wild boar. Leland Jamieson gives you the romantic upshot.

THE Short Short Story is by Henri Duvernois. William MacHarg, Quentin Reynolds, Jim Marshall, Sidney Herschel Small, George Creel, Frank Condon, Sax Rohmer, Kyle Crichton, George Agnew Chamberlain and others will be present and performing.

This Week

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May 2, 1936

Cover by Arthur Crouch

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A Friend of Alma Mater. The rebellious co-ed. Page 7

FRANK CONDON
Muting on the Set. Frank Lloyd, about to produce. Page 10

GEORGE CREEL
Money to Build Your Home. How to be a home owner. Page 11

WALTER DAVENPORT
The Shouting Dies. What Georgia thinks of Gene Talmadge. Page 12

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
Babes in the Vineyard. The girl goes with it. Page 14

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FRELING FOSTER
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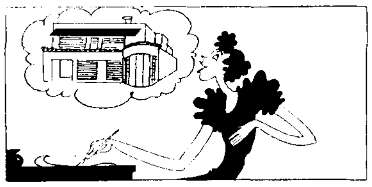
EDITORIAL
War is Never Inevitable. Page 74

●

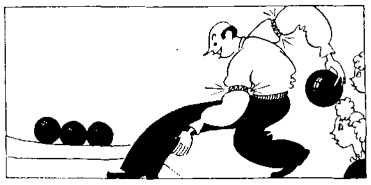
Any Week

GRADUALLY we're digging ourselves out of the blizzard of letters we're receiving from readers who yearn to live in Collier's House. You remember, of course, John T. Flynn's article, "A Good Place to Live." You saw the floor plans and perspective photographs of the model. We thought you'd like the place; but we scarcely looked for anything like this. Doctors couldn't wait to get to their desks: they wrote for working plans on prescription blanks. Bankers, clergymen, lawyers, hardware merchants, tailors and brides wrote on everything from sweetly-scented note paper to the white space on those pages of Collier's the article appeared on. And we've never seen so many three-dollar checks in all our checkered career. Naturally, we should be gratified—and are; but success has its drawbacks. We're always doing something to make work for ourselves.



FOR example, several of you machine-gun letter writers rejoiced that here at last was a modern home at a moderate cost that is not jerry-built. And having said that they demand that we tell them precisely what jerry-built means. After considerable research we found out. According to our invaluable friend, the Rev. Dr. E. Cobham Brewer, our foremost authority on obscure phrases and forgotten fables, jerry-built is of highly controversial origin. The term means: "Unsubstantial. A jerry-builder is a speculative builder who runs up cheap, flimsy houses, using materials of the commonest sort." It's the kind of house which you must occupy the moment it's finished lest it collapse before you have a chance to live in it. The name, according to Dr. Brewer, is probably derived from Jeremiah who, as you all know, was a doleful fellow who made a career of regretting. We feel sure you get the idea.

WE'LL have more to say on the subject later. In the meantime here's Mr. Harry B. Eringhaus of Chicago, Illinois, with several words to say about "a prominent Midwest newspaper which is carrying on its editorial page every day the following: 'Only——days remain in which to serve your country. What are you going to do about it?' " Mr. Eringhaus strongly urges that we get together and do nothing about it. He surmises that this call to arms will appear in that "hand-wringing anti-New Deal paper" until November 3d. "Let's refuse to do anything about it," he implores. "Let's all stop saving this country and give the United States a chance."



WHEN you're done struggling with that you might rush around looking for an answer to something that has been robbing Mr. Gordon Wilkie of Seattle, Washington, of sleep. After reading Robert Harron's article about bowling (in Collier's, of course), Mr. Wilkie wants to know "why all bowlers wear pink sleeve garters and are named Gus, Al, Fred, Dolph or Joe."

AND Mr. Pat Golden of Terre Haute, Indiana, wants to know "whose government this is anyway." It seems that Mr. Golden went to Washington to gather a few facts from the Department of Labor. The result was one of the outstanding zeros in Mr. Golden's life. "I never knew there could be so many hatchet-faced obstructionists of both sexes in any one place," storms Mr. Golden. "All of them told me their bosses were very busy and could not be disturbed. I don't know what was keeping all those guys busy behind those doors but something tells me they weren't wasting much of their time thinking. What is this government of ours, anyway: a secret?"

WE'VE just been invited to join another nation-saving, humanity-salvaging organization—the Paradisians or Paradisiacs. This one guarantees to pension you off at birth. We have no space here to go into details. Most of the details were pretty baffling anyway. We asked the promoter to remove a bit of the mystery. But he said that the mysteriousness was the lure he depended upon for membership. "You can't get people interested in anything they understand," he said.

WELL, we have a friend who is devoting his life to sociology. Incidental to his researchings he interviewed a gloomy gentleman who had a wife and twelve children but virtually nothing else. The man was so bitter that, after discussing his numerous brood, our friend asked him his politics. The heavily populated one said:

"PRODUCTION for Use."

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on $200 a month

"I'LL DRAW an income of $200 a month *for the rest of my life*, as soon as I'm 55," said a certain man talking of his plans for the future.

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"What's more, if I should drop out of the picture *before* my retirement age, my wife would get a regular monthly income for the rest of her life."

"That sounds good," said the other, "*but what if you're totally disabled and can't make your payments?*"

"I don't have to worry about that either. If, before I reach 55, serious illness or accident stops my earning power for six months, then—so long thereafter as I remain disabled—I don't have to pay any premiums that fall due, and I'll get a Disability Income besides."

"Fine. Can you tell me how much this new Retirement Income Plan would cost *me?*"

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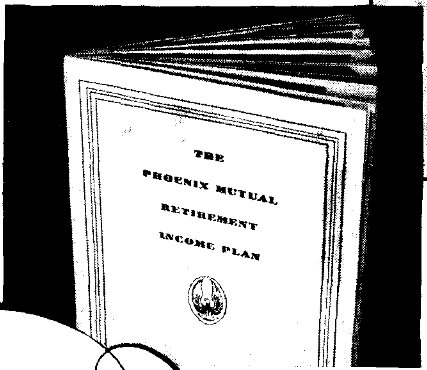
Best of all, the Plan is guaranteed by an 85-year-old company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $200 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, or 65.

How much do you have to put in? We'll be glad to tell you the exact amount as soon as we know your present age, how much income you want, and how soon you want to retire.



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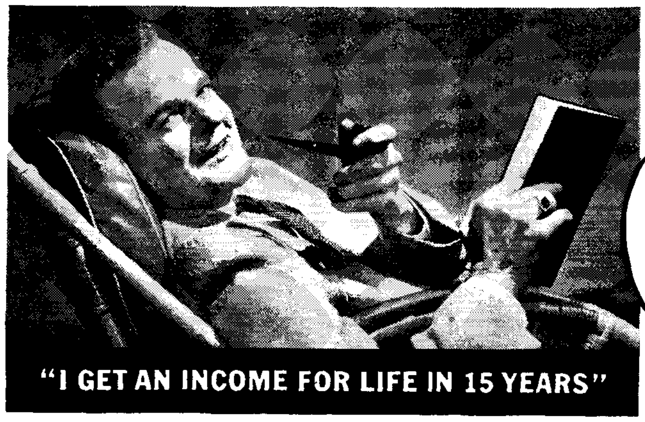
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"*We want* CANTOR!" . . . millions merrily joined in that chorus before the 1932 election. Four years pass . . . another presidential year is here . . . and millions still want Eddie Cantor! And they get him on Sunday evenings . . . Eddie, himself . . . his Greek friend Parkyakarkus . . . his newest protege, young Bobby Breen . . . and the affable Jimmie Wallington . . . in a program that sends a wave of laughter rolling from coast to coast. Hear it through Philco . . . for Philco High-Fidelity reception captures the rapid-fire comedy . . . the swift transition to the sentimental so typical of Cantor . . . every fleeting moment so perfectly reproduced that you seem to be looking into those famous Cantor eyes! With the same realism Philco brings you the clamorous ovations for the successful candidates at the great political conventions. Or escorts you to Europe . . . South America . . . and on the West Coast and in good locations in the East, even to far-away Japan and Australia.

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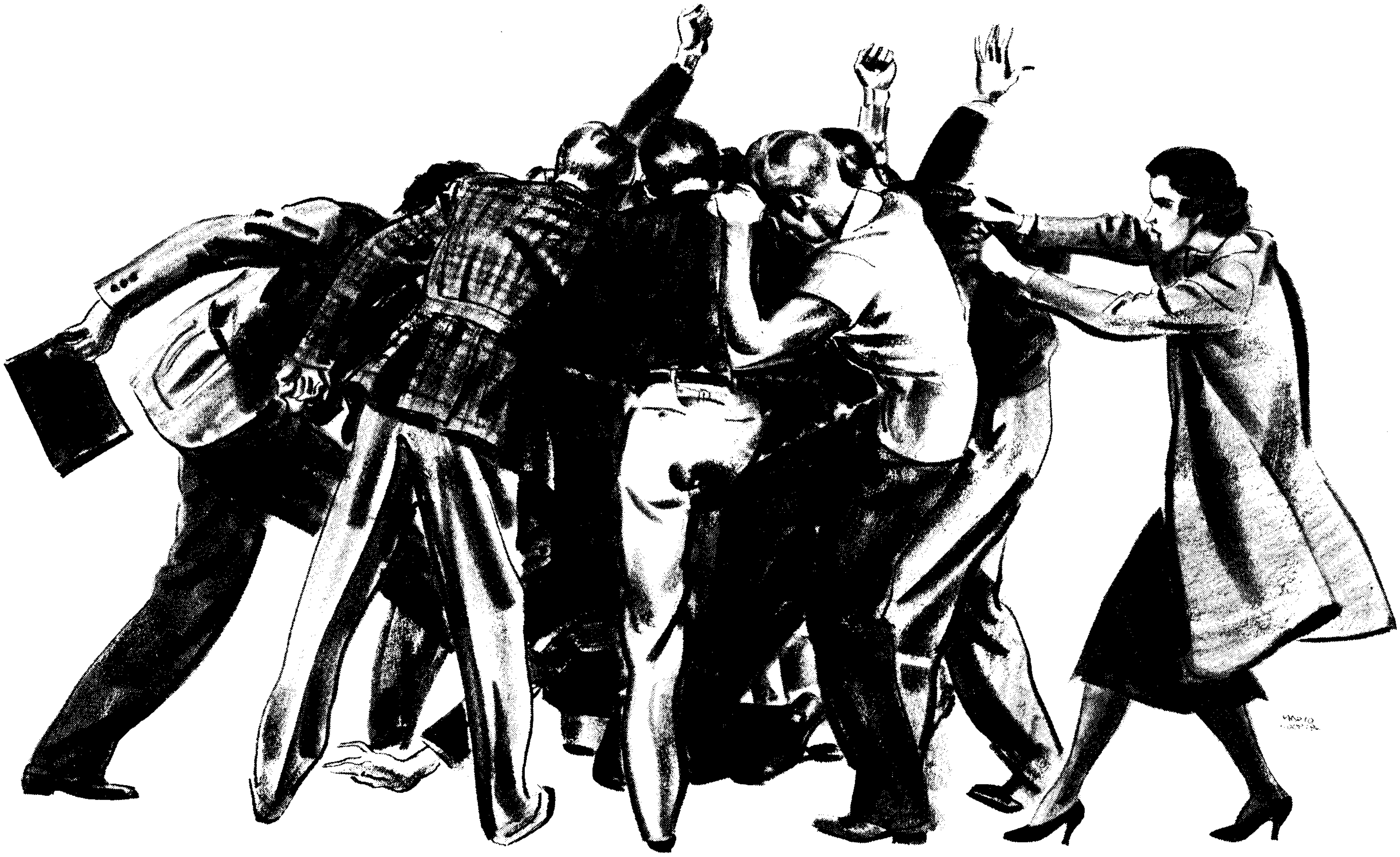


We ganged him and pounded him down to the frozen ground

A Friend of Alma Mater

The story of a crisis on the campus—and of a dramatic climax in the career of a hand-picked hero

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

I AM thinking, now that it is all over, how we used to quote that poem—Hollis and I. We were much given to discovering little-known poetry of social protest and reciting it badly, but with fervor and in tones deliberately husky. I can still feel in my throat that fine sophomore indignation, remembering how Hollis spoke the line "The cowed and meek." Her voice was low and bitter; and her young, clear eyes . . .

But that was before the Honorable T. P. "Bus" Byrnett came to put State University on the map. That was before Rip Mathison, the All-America football star, carried our little school into national renown. Byrnett, the great political boss, and Rip Mathison—a strange, preposterous pair. Even as my mind travels back to that ugly old campus on the hill and to those raucous, still fresh days it is difficult for me to believe that "Bus" Byrnett could have bewitched us as he did.

I am beginning to understand now, however, what Hollis always saw—that it was Rip Mathison who made Byrnett and his grandiloquent scheming palatable. "Bus" Byrnett, a caricature with satanic charm, supplied the power and glory. But it was Rip who led twenty-five hundred and sixty-one students into the scandal that shamed a great state. Byrnett awed us; we loved Rip and followed him.

Mourn not the dead
That in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm, sweet earth
That mothers all who die,
As all men must;

But rather mourn
The apathetic throng—
The cowed and meek—
Who see the world's
Great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

. . . RALPH CHAPLIN

Poor, foolish, befuddled Rip. I like to remember him best as he looked the day we held our first big "Onward, State U" rally in the auditorium of Academic Hall.

He sat with other members of the football team Boss Byrnett had bought and paid for, ranged on rickety yellow chairs against the dusty backdrop of last year's Masquers play. His face—too young and honest to be trying to hide such emotions as ambition, pride, fear and worry—was like none of the others. Byrnett had gone to the coal mines and steel mills for most of his gridiron talent. But Rip was one of us; he belonged in college. There was a quick intelligence in his wide-apart brown eyes and a wholesome, pathetic doubt.

Watching Rip Mathison, I was beside myself from the exciting shine of reflected glory. Rip belonged to *my* fraternity. Rip was to be my *roommate!* I recall that Hollis, penetrating my bombast in one sly, heavy-lidded glance, whispered: "Why didn't you make our hero brush his hair?" I scowled at Hollis and did not deign a reply. She was in one of her flippant "So what?" moods. She drew my attention to the honorable "Bus" Byrnett, who had flown from State City to give the new regime at State U his blessing.

"Lookit Buster Brown—thirty years after!"

"Hollis . . . please—"

"Bus" Byrnett had been placed on the right hand of Prexy Harthrow. But except for Rip Mathison he seemed to sit alone on that platform. His personality reached out like an invisible arm to chuck you drolly in the ribs. He had the face of a born clown; the humorous protruding eyes that gave him his nickname; an imp lived inside his fat body. Surely in this man there could be no guile; he appeared to be enjoying eternal boyhood. Even Rip Mathison, pink-cheeked and gangling, looked older.

PREXY HARTHROW got to his feet to do the honors. He spoke, in his bland and infinitely remote manner, of the great things "Mr. Byrnett" was doing for the school. He mentioned appropriations for a new Law School building and a Chemistry Lab which "Mr. Byrnett" had, single-handed, wrested from a niggardly legislature. He reminded us of the new special fund for increasing professors' salaries. His voice labored on, plodding determinedly over secret thoughts . . .

Finally, " . . . and, lest I forget, Mr. Byrnett has not . . . er . . . neglected the athletic phase of student life. He plans . . . I believe . . . a new stadium . . ."

We applauded, stamping our feet and whistling, while "Bus" Byrnett waddled forward and stood there grinning at us.

He made the best speech we had ever heard in that assembly hall. I am ashamed to keep on remembering phrases and sentences. How he played on our love for that ratty conglomeration of old brick buildings on The Hill. . . . "I want you young folks to have a campus you can brag about." . . . How he touched so adroitly the inferiority complex which students of lesser known state schools deny at all peril, physical or moral. . . . "No reason a-tall . . . why this school . . . rank with Chicago . . . Wisconsin . . . Harvard . . ." And how he described our poverty, stirring the fierce flame in our young hearts. . . . " . . . every kid has a right to a higher education and a good job when he graduates . . ."

And then to football—the ordeal of combat by which schools are judged in this country.

"I figger," drawled "Bus" Byrnett, with a consummate artistry of understatement, "that by next fall State U will have a fair-to-middlin' football team!"

We sprang to our feet and raised the roof.

I remember turning, hoarse and a little tearful, to discover that Hollis had kept her seat. I was outraged. I said: "What's the matter, Hollis? Are you sick?"

"I think I am—a little," Hollis said.

WE HAD our first quarrel that afternoon. I met her on the Library steps after three o'clock class and we walked over to the cow pasture golf course behind the old Gym.

"What *is* the matter, Hollis?"

"Are you going to let Rip Mathison stay in your fraternity?"

"Why, of course!"

"He's being paid by Mr. Byrnett, isn't he?"

"We don't know that."

"You must suspect it, Ted."

"Well, even so," I said, lamely, "all the other schools in the country are doing it."

Hollis had an infuriating trick of pushing her fist under your chin and holding your head back and staring into your eyes until you blinked. She did it this time and when I blinked she said: "You know better, Ted. You know Byrnett is a blatherskite and probably a crook."

"I know nothing of the sort!" I raged. "Mr. Byrnett is a self-made man. That's why you don't like him. You're just an intellectual snob."

"I *do* like him—that's why it's so sad."

"Why is it sad?" I demanded angrily.

"We all like him; and we like the tune he plays."

I refused to listen. I said: "Byrnett's already done more for this school than all our alumni put together."

"Granted. But what's the price to be, Ted?"

"No price at all. Bus Byrnett is doing this for us because he's on the side of the underdog. You heard what he said; and you know he was absolutely sincere!"

Hollis sighed. She jammed her hands into the pockets of her topcoat. It was old and too thin for the weather. I heard the left pocket rip a little further. That tiny sound I will remember when I have forgotten the blare of "Bus" Byrnett's State U band.

"I think we ought to stand together and fight 'Bus' and all his works, Ted," she said.

Perhaps I ought to explain that Hollis and I were pretty important people in our little world of school. I was vice-president of the Student Council and due to be president the next year. Hollis was chairman of the Sorority Committee, leading candidate for Queen of the Class Book and her popularity along fraternity row had kept me miserably jealous since we were freshmen.

"I'm not going back on Rip," I said. "I can't do that."

She turned me around, with her thin, nervous little hands digging into my arms.

"Ted . . . this is terribly important . . . I—I don't think either of us realizes just what it is going to mean—"

"If Byrnett is good enough for Rip, he's good enough for me," I said, doggedly.

Hollis shook her head.

"He isn't good enough for either of you," she said. "Rip is just a big kid. Talk to him, Ted. Help him to break with Byrnett—"

THIS was heresy and I wanted no more of it. We walked back to the Quad in angry silence. My loyalty to Rip Mathison, my rapidly growing hero worship shut me away from Hollis.

At parting, we patched up an awkward truce. I was to think it over. I was to fix up a foursome with Rip and Edith Dennis some evening soon. We would talk it out. I watched Hollis walk quickly up the steps of the Pi Phi house. Had I thought she was going in to cry, it might have saved me. But I knew Hollis wouldn't cry. She was not the weeping sort.

I hurried back to the fraternity. Rip would be there for dinner—and, afterwards, maybe I could kidnap him for a powwow in the room. . . .

It must have been some days later when Rip and I had our first real talk—the talk that confirmed me in my loyalty to him and "Bus" Byrnett.

Rip, weary from football practice, had thrown himself belly down across my bed. Suddenly, he raised his head . . . the effort bringing a red flush to his face.

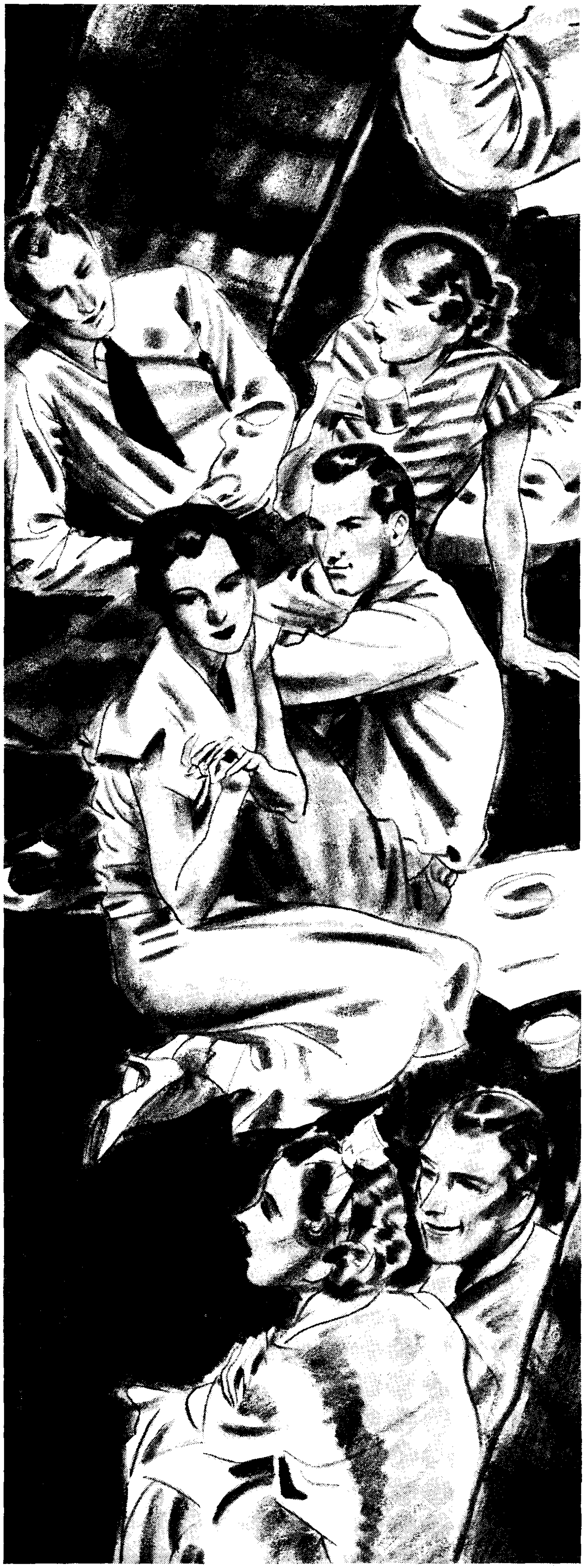
"Say . . . uh . . . Ted?"

"Yes?"

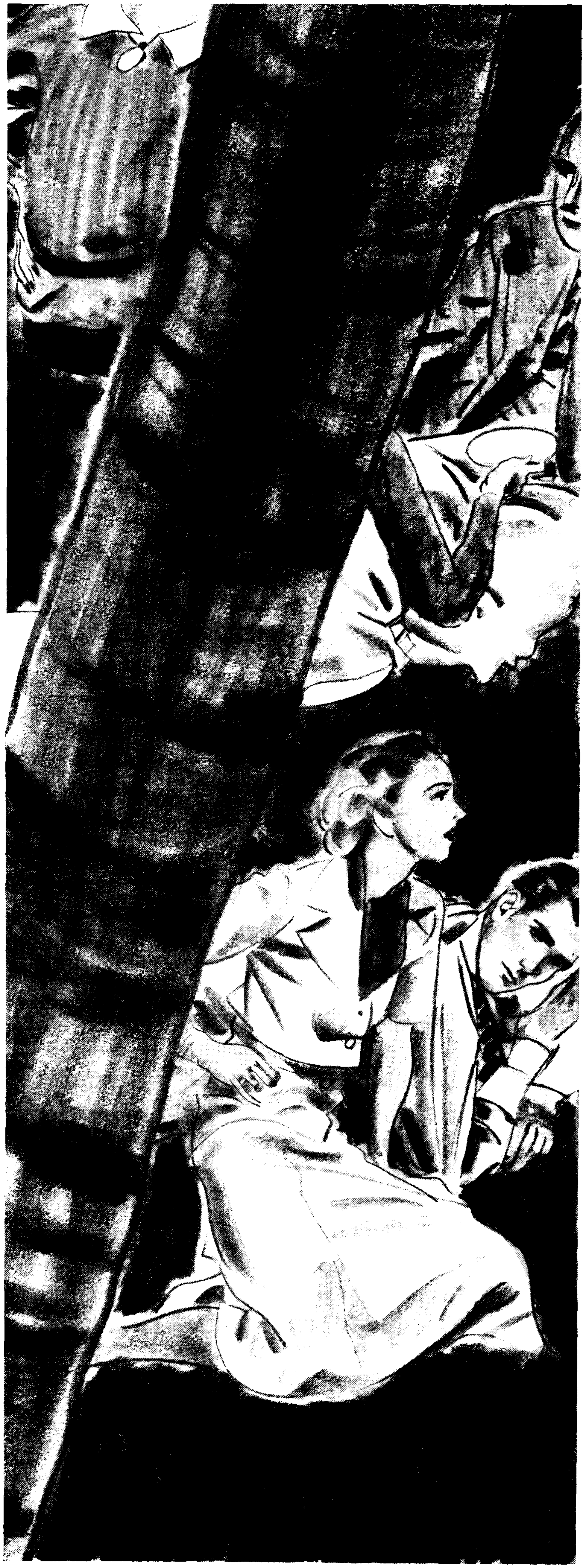
"I ought to tell the gang something. I mean . . . uh . . . about Mr. Byrnett . . . he's paying me, you know."

My lack of surprise relieved him. He sat up, rubbing the side of his nose with the knuckle of his right forefinger—what a time Coach had breaking him of *that* habit when his signal was called—and with utter boyish candor told me the whole story.

Rip had been a football star at Melrose High in State City. His mother was a widow. An older brother, Steve, had graduated from Annapolis and was now a junior lieutenant on a cruiser in China.



When he was attacked for that he ordered a monster barbecue and feasted the student body



Mrs. Mathison was almost entirely dependent on the allowance Stevie sent her. Stevie was Rip's hero. They wrote each other twice a month regularly.

Well, Rip had received five offers from Eastern colleges covering all his school expenses. It was that or no school. Then, Mr. Byrnett had sent a Mr. McGroarty to see Rip. Mr. McGroarty had bettered the other offers and more. Mr. McGroarty had promised that when Rip graduated from engineering school Mr. Byrnett would give him a job.

I will never forget the look in Rip's eyes as he spoke of "that job." Jobs were very scarce. Rip wanted a job so he could take care of Mrs. Mathison and thus enable Stevie to marry.

"It's awful to come out of school without a job, Ted"—and Rip's voice sounded frightened, desperate— "I keep thinking of Scoop Miller—a nice guy who lived on our block. Scoop's folks mortgaged their house to send him through Princeton. He couldn't find work when he graduated. He—he blew his brains out and left a note saying, 'Gone to look for work.' Gosh, Ted, I had to line up a job, if I could, didn't I?"

"Sure you did, Rip," I said, "I only wish I had a job guaranteed me when I graduate!"

Rip, the big, overgrown kid, stopped looking scared.

"I'll fix that, Ted. I'll ask Mr. Byrnett to take you on!"

"He wouldn't," I said, "I can't carry a football."

"Listen, Ted . . . I happen to know Mr. Byrnett wants to change student managers. He doesn't like Bill Rearden. He's going to can Bill, anyway, so you won't be doing Bill dirty—"

Student manager of the football team. And a chance to show off before "Bus" Byrnett. A chance at a job—a good job—

I KNOW it all sounds a little cheap and rather cowardly—this desperate focus we all had on jobs. Hollis used to say: "Stop *worrying*. You won't starve." We weren't afraid of *starving*, exactly. We were afraid of not being wanted; of having to live on our families; and particularly of marking time while older men with money made off with the girls we loved. Hollis never could see that. Hollis knew she was the kind who could starve and stick. None of our girls could see that. But I saw it . . . and Rip saw it . . . too many of us had girls who wouldn't starve and wouldn't stick. . . .

Rip said one other thing that I was to remember, sharply:

"I didn't tell my mother about Mr. Byrnett. She thinks it's just an athletic scholarship. And . . . uh . . . I didn't write Stevie about it."

"It's none of Stevie's business," I said.

"No, it isn't," Rip said. "Only—"

"Tell big brother Stevie to go jump in the Pacific Ocean. He doesn't know how tough times are in these United States."

Rip nodded, rubbing the side of his nose.

"That's just it, Ted! Stevie has a good job and a guaranteed salary. He'll never have to walk any streets looking for a job!"

Well, that is how we talked and that is how we felt. "Bus" Byrnett didn't have a great deal to do with it, at first. He had merely appealed to our common fear—that without "pull" or influence we could not find jobs in the great world beyond The Hill.

I think our real subservience to "Bus" Byrnett began when, in an extra-season game, we went to Pittsburgh and beat the Pitt Panthers 7 to 0. It wasn't the special train or the uniforms of the band or the sight of "Bus" Byrnett parading the streets of a big city or the juvenile bragging "Bus" did in the papers. It was the sight of Rip Mathison, his blue and maize jersey like a cloak of banners, slashing off tackle in the final quarter. HICK COLLEGE TEAM BEATS PITT!

Two hundred of us were there in those alien stands. Two hundred of us silent and drawing in one long, quivering breath. This was not a football victory. This was success. This was glory and empire. I was *there*, I tell you.

We crowded around "Bus" Byrnett in that hotel lobby, afterwards. "Bus" was roaring drunk, his wide mouth slobbered around a fat cigar, his voice had worn to a rasping croak.

"My boys," said "Bus," "my boys done it!"

He singled me out.

"Hey, Ted . . . you got the compartments straightened out? You and Rip take one going home, see? Rip needs some sleep. You look after 'at kid, boy!"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Byrnett!"

A final accolade.

"'At was a good stunt, Ted . . . burning the cornstalks. It'll make every paper in the country. You're all right, kid!"

I WENT upstairs and found Rip reading a letter from big brother Stevie. He had bolted the door against congratulatory strangers.

Rip had taken an awful pounding. His mouth was puffed, there was a two-inch cut and a bruise along his jaw; he looked ready to drop.

"From Stevie," he said, shoving the letter at me.

It went about like this:

"Dear Rip:

"I see by the papers that you and State U are going places. But I ran across a phrase the other day that puzzled me. The State City Argus said: '"Bus" Byrnett's specially imported football team—' Who is "Bus" Byrnett? I recall a T. P. Byrnett who was a politician. Senator McKenney used to cuss him for all kinds of a rogue. And why the adjective 'specially imported'? I must confess I am a little upset. . . ."

And so on. Drunk with dramatics and in the presence of my conquering hero, I laughed scornfully.

"If he could have seen you out there today, he wouldn't be upset. He'd be cockeyed with pride, fella!" I said.

Rip stared at a raw, bloody knuckle.

"I ought to . . . uh . . . write Steve. I ought to ask his advice—" Then he fumbled in a pocket and drew out a crumpled envelope. "Bus gave me a hundred dollars for that touchdown, but I oughtn't to take it."

"Hooey. Bus won five thousand in bets."

"No," Rip said, his eyes on big brother Stevie's letter. "Here . . . you give it back to McGroarty. Go on . . ."

McGroarty wouldn't take the money; so I kept it for Rip.

The whole student body and most of the faculty met the train. Even Hollis was there.

IT MADE me very happy. I thought Hollis had surrendered. "Bus" Byrnett's band was playing. His team was back from the wars. His Law School and Chemistry Lab buildings shone whitely through the barren trees on The Hill. Prexy Harthrow wore a smile. The students were making ready to do a snake dance along the new road "Bus" Byrnett had built.

"*Now* what do you think of State U, Hollis?"

Hollis's intense, piquant face was sober.

"Rip's mother is in town. We've got her over at the house. She's fearfully upset. It seems Rip has a big brother—"

"Stevie. Is he sick or—"

"No, no. He's worried—about all this. Warn Rip to make the right answers!"

(*Continued on page* 40)

Director Frank Lloyd, Ronald Colman and Herbert Mundin, in a rest period in the filming of Under Two Flags

Mutiny on the Set

The story of Frank Lloyd, who lost count of the number of pictures he had directed and decided to become a producer

By Frank Condon

HE STARTED in at five a week, or perhaps four and a half, London time, but American money. When he first crashed upon the Hollywood scene, about the time of the Stutz Bear Cat, he rose to five dollars a day. Now it's about five a minute or some such incredible sum and, added together, it shows once again that this is the true land of opportunity and that any bright boy who is born in a foreign clime is a sucker if he stays there.

The gentleman's name is Frank Lloyd, long-time director of motion pictures in Hollywood, and the latest news is that he doesn't wish to be a director any more. He's tired of the hard work. He has been batting out dramatic home runs—and some fungoes, too—for twenty years, and now, says he:

"I don't want to direct. Too much hard work. What I crave is an easy, softish job, with my spine cushioned in a comfortable chair, my feet on a desk and hard-working people walking in to confer with me about this or that. In other words, I wish to be a producer. I'll tell 'em and let them go and do it."

Wherefore, he is now winding up his contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, the final job being Under Two Flags, and presently he is moving over to Paramount on a two years' hook-up and there he will produce and sit in the leather chair. It is a lead-pipe cinch that every so often he will shove the working director aside with a gesture of impatience, seize the megaphone and do it himself, the old fire horse galloping with the engine again.

He has directed so many motion pictures that nobody can remember them all and he himself doesn't want to remember some of them, and despite his fatigue talk, he still grows pleasantly excited in the tense intervals of picture making. Up to the present, Mutiny on the Bounty appears to be his top job, cost a slather to make and is earning a slather for M.G.M. He spent two months in Tahiti on Mutiny and another two months aboard a hired sloop off the rock-bound coast of Catalina, along with Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone and forty lesser ones.

Many years ago, Director Lloyd had a job at Shepherd's Bush Theater in London and lasted fifteen weeks. The job he had you could call acting, but Lloyd doesn't. He simply had a job, pay about six-sixty a week, and at the end of fifteen weeks he was dismissed with kind wishes. Biographical comment says formally: "He received his first dramatic training at Shepherd's Bush." That is poetic license. The young man simply hung on for fifteen weeks, contemplating art with a jaundiced eye, and was then given the air.

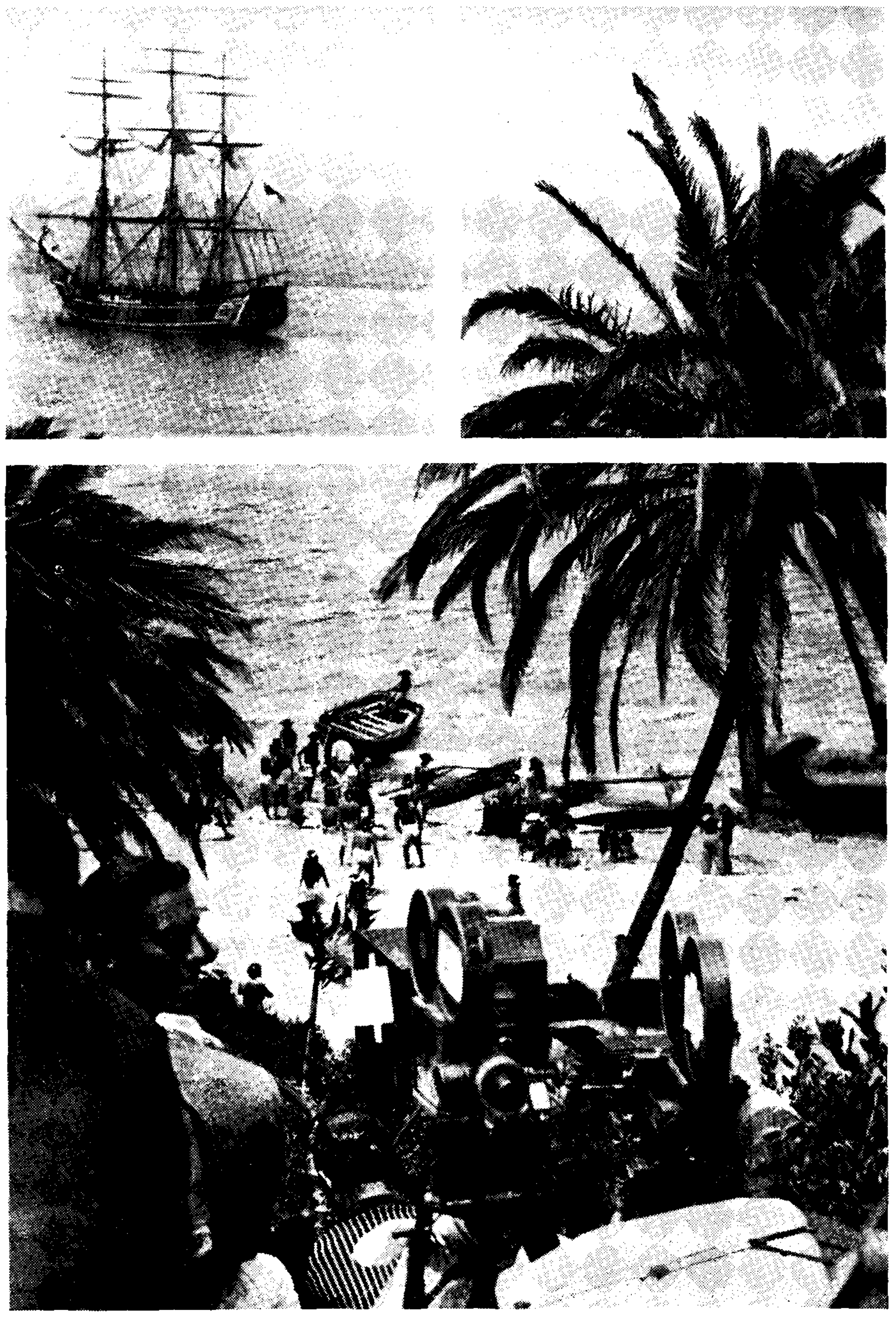
And here is his Mutiny at the Empire, outlasting its director. He returns to London in spirit after all these annums to show the home folk he is still in the ring and incidentally to break the theater's record, held by Trader Horn.

Mr. Lloyd was born in Glasgow in 1889, and as a lad he determined to be an actor, for no obvious reason. For six long years, he acted up and down the British Isles, reaching finally the ripe old age of twenty-one.

It was here he felt Great Britain was too small for him and that he required large vistas, so he started for North America to show them what a Scotch comedian could do. Before he left home, he was performing in a small town in Wales—if you want to know the name, which you shouldn't, it was Bwlchbychan—and in the theater he encountered an actor, who said to him: "You're pretty good." Frank Lloyd replied, "You're pretty good, too." They were both more or less polite, as neither was what an expert would call pretty good and the other actor was a fellow named Chaplin.

Heading straight for North America, Mr. Lloyd thought it over and elected to sneak in by way of Canada and eventually he appeared on the streets of Winnipeg, where, to his great joy, he discovered a small, ambitious theatrical company addicted to one-night stands. The one-night stand being his dish, he instantly joined up, in fact, took charge of the troupe, as he was an authentic Scotch comedian. At the head of his new

(Continued on page 66)



H M. S. Bounty at anchor during the shooting of a scene in Mutiny on the Bounty

Money to Build Your Home

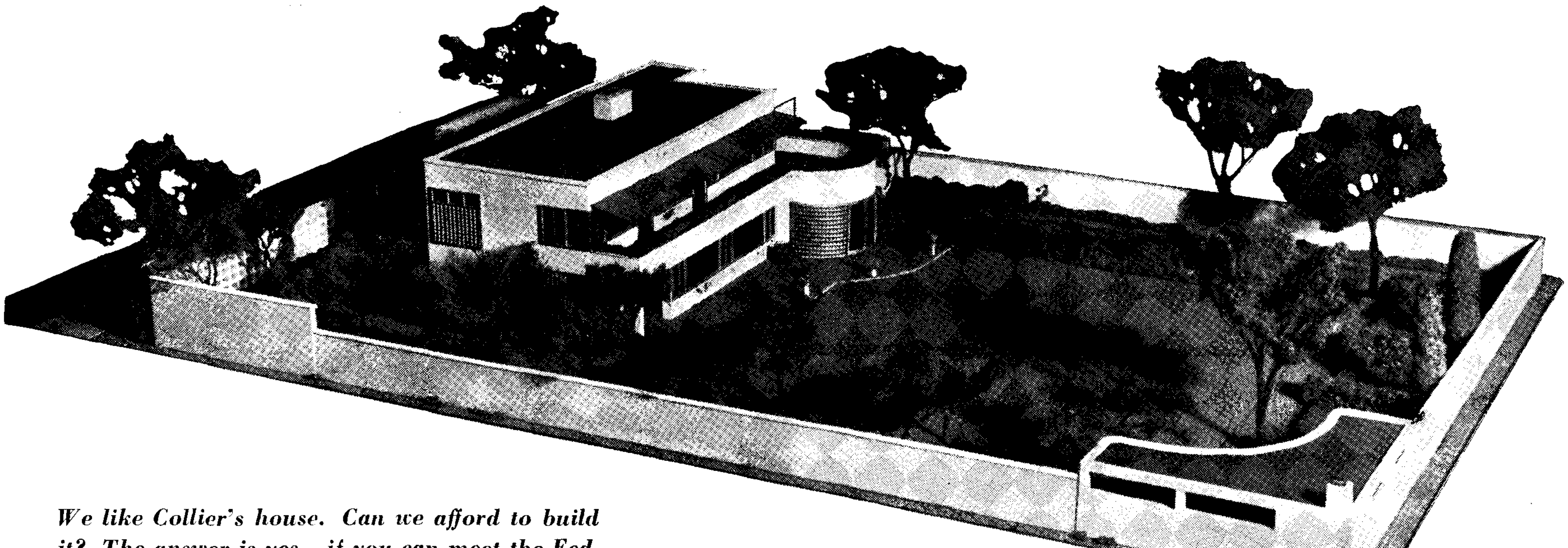
By George Creel

ACTUAL MORTGAGE CHARGES UNDER FHA PLAN

Interest on $12,000 at 5%	$50.00
AMORTIZATION	29.20
Service Charge	4.93
Mortgage Insurance fee, ½%	5.00
Total Charges First Month	$89.13

ACTUAL MORTGAGE CHARGES UNDER OLD PLAN

First Mortgage, $7,000 at 7%	$490.00
Renewal Charges, averaging 1% per annum	70.00
Second Mortgage, $5,000 at 10%	500.00
Renewal Cost, averaging 1% per annum	50.00
	$1,110.00
Monthly Charges	$92.50



We like Collier's house. Can we afford to build it? The answer is yes—if you can meet the Federal Housing Administration's requirements. Not only can you afford to build it, you can get a government-insured loan that will protect your interests and amortize the principal without risk and almost without pain. Here's how it works

With the Federal Housing Administration's enthusiastic approval of its designs, a plan for debt-free ownership is added to the many advantages of Collier's house, picture above

LET us consider John Jones, a high private in the great American army of rent payers. Like every other one of the fifteen million family men who do not own the roofs over their heads, Mr. Jones dreams of the day when he can buy and build for himself, achieving security and permanence. Due to a salary that does not permit the accumulation of large cash reserves, the hope has gone no further than long evening powwows with his wife, and Sunday afternoon walks through residence sections, arguing about the style of home to choose if and when they save the money.

Collier's house strikes Mr. and Mrs. Jones almost as an answer to a prayer. The photographs and floor plans fascinate them. They have read the special articles by experts on landscaping and lighting and are waiting for the ones on interior decoration and on kitchen arrangement. Eagerness burns in their eyes as they read that the sum of three dollars sent to Collier's will procure a set of the complete working drawings and specifications. "A moderate-priced house which combines all the elements of modern planning, and illustrates how the utilities, graces and conveniences of living in this era may be united in a home."

At the very height of enthusiasm, however, excitement suddenly dies down, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones look at each other in the sick silence that has always followed their home-owning talks. Where is the money coming from? The minimum cost of Collier's house, exclusive of the ground, is twelve thousand dollars, and scratch and scrape as he may, about one fifth of the required amount is all that Mr. Jones' resources permit in the way of ready cash. A mortgage is plainly indicated, and at the bare thought a deep groan oozes from every pore.

Under the old system, there was ample cause for dark forebodings. Prior to 1934, for example, Mr. Jones would have had to take himself and his hopes to a trust company or similar concern, and there, assuming that he owned or could buy a lot worth $3,000, the very best offered to him would have been a first mortgage of $7,000 at seven per cent. Still shy of the necessary cash for his $12,000 house, he would have had to search around for some company specializing in second mortgages, and pay ten per cent for the additional $5,000, along with exorbitant extra charges. At the end, therefore, Mr. Jones and his dream would be staggering under the burden of two mortgages, aggregating $12,000, at an average rate of interest of eight and one-fourth per cent.

A Choice of Two Evils

The money arranged for, the next problem to be faced was that of building plans. Assuming that Mr. Jones had ideas of his own—and every home dreamer has—two courses were open to him. Either he could go to an architect and pay a fee of something like six hundred dollars or he could let his contractor throw together a hackneyed, graceless structure characterized by an utter lack of originality and differing in no detail from hundreds of others in the community, in the state and in the country as a whole.

The home duly built, either tastefully or meanly, Mr. Jones now had nothing to think about but his mortgages, and it was never long before he discovered that they demanded much thought. The first mortgage was usually for a three-year term, and at the end of that period he had to pay heavy renewal costs or else hunt up another lender at a higher interest rate. The second mortgage was for an even shorter term, with renewals accompanied by various excessive charges to cover the risk. Every two or three years the same frenzied scurrying.

A stupid system, for it virtually made complete mortgage payment impossible by lack of amortization and lump sum maturities that fell on the wretched borrower in one overwhelming debt; an expensive system, for it encouraged high prices, hidden charges and overbuying, and an unjust system in that it gave the home owner no other choice than between foreclosure or an interest burden throughout the years that kept him impoverished without decreasing the principal by a single dollar.

When the heirs of an estate in Pittsburgh recently paid off a $2,500 mortgage made in 1868 on a little farm, it was revealed that more than $10,000 had been paid in interest. This figure did not cover renewal fees, which must have been a considerable item, nor did it cover taxes. Another tragic case is that of a family which paid $2,520 in interest on a $2,000 mortgage over a period of twenty-one years, and that without any reduction of principal.

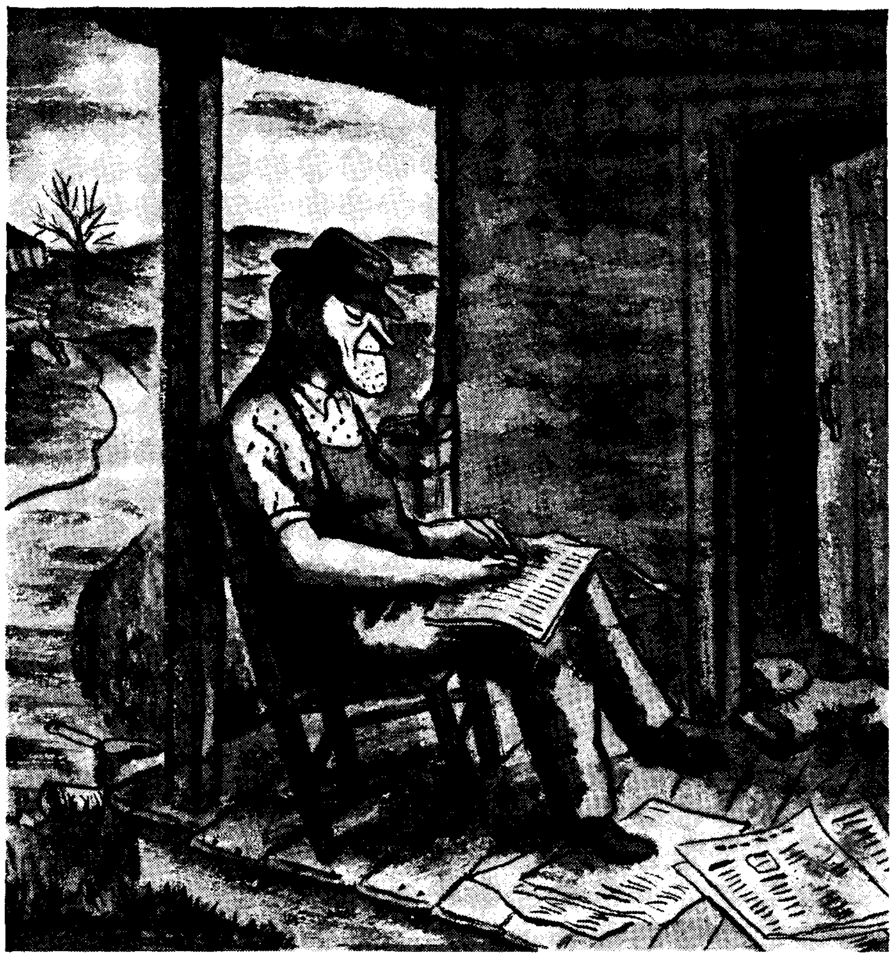
Today, however, the Joneses face no such dreary travail, and run no such dangerous risks in their fight for a home. Under the National Housing Act a *new single mortgage system* is in force: a system that lends for a twenty-year term at five per cent, with amortization fully provided for; a system that takes account of the borrower's income and ability to pay; a system that includes a new form of unbiased, expert appraisal and construction supervision, assuring the prospective owner of real value; and, above all, a system that spells the end of second mortgages and the rackets encouraged by them.

A Gilt-Edged Investment

When Mr. Jones decides that he wants to build Collier's house, he can hie himself and his hopes to any bank that is a member of the Federal Reserve System or Federal Deposit Insurance Fund, and take advantage of a straight road to debt-free home ownership. Moreover, he can rest assured of a warm welcome, for when his loan is approved, the government itself will insure that loan, making it a gilt-edged investment for any lender. Thus bank credit is released by freeing the banker of his doubts and fears.

Collier's house ranges in price from $12,000 to $16,000, but let us assume that Mr. Jones decides on the first figure. As the plot of ground he has in mind, or owns already, costs $3,000, the total investment is $15,000. Of this, the bank, backed by the National Housing

(Continued on page 36)



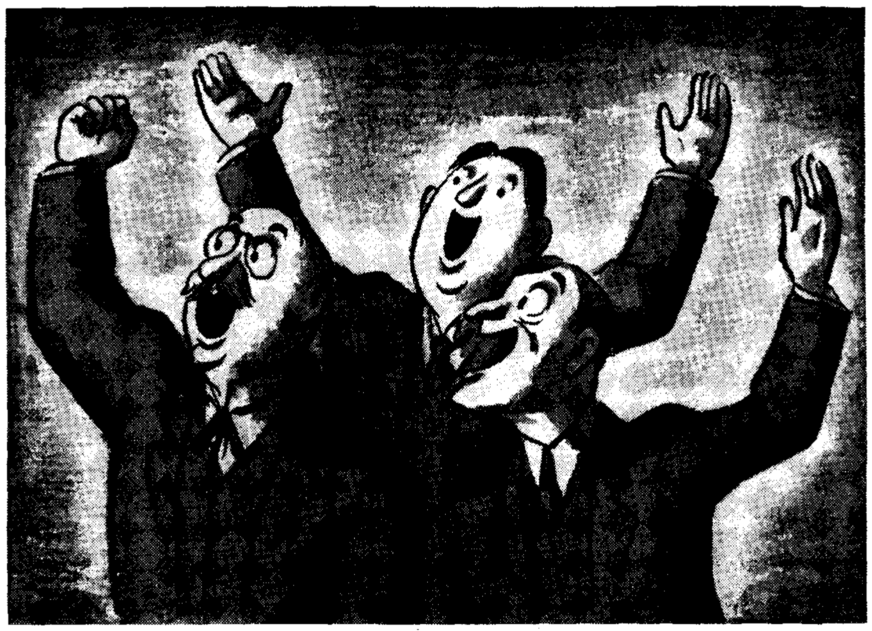
Mr. Talmadge's political anchors are the sharecroppers and tenant farmers of the Georgia rut gulches

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

The Shouting Dies

What the citizens of Georgia like to see is their governor plowing a field and making a speech at the same time. Then they know where they stand. But why would Gene Talmadge want to go up to Springfield and talk such a lot about a man named Lincoln? There's still plenty of enthusiasm for the gallus-bustin' governor, who'd like to be President, but some citizens are beginning to have their doubts. Mr. Davenport lets them speak for themselves

By Walter Davenport



The boys who are choking with loyalty are the officeholders

SPRING had come to tantalize the hide and mellow the heart of Mr. Yancey Deans. As he snoozed in the year's early heat on the narrow, boardwalk porch of his mud-chinked slab cabin he also scratched. The vernal urge was toward a general lettin' down and uploosenin', freein' the blood and openin' the pores. Mr. Deans said so himself. Therefore, his scratching as he slept.

Cluttering his shelf of a porch, surrounding the split-hickory chair wherein he drowsed, and on his bony knees, lay copies of Governor Gene Talmadge's paper, The Statesman; the Honorable Tom Linder's Georgia Market Bulletin and The Georgia Woman's World. Just how anyone could sleep amid such literary uproar baffled us—until we became better acquainted.

The truth is that Mr. Deans, like the sassafras, the dogwood, the red gums and the red clay they sprang from, was just awakening. Mr. Deans was just emerging from a winter's bondage and, like the critter-cat that yawned pinkly in the door and the plug-mule that was nuzzling for spring's first green gifts near the rain barrel, he wasn't havin' no quarrel with nature. Spring was up a-mellerin'.

Of course, Mr. Deans hadn't been completely hibernated all the cold months. Several times he had gone up to the corners for furnish and once, galvanized into direct action by that one-man riot, Gene Talmadge, he had gone all the way to town to Macon. Stayed all day, too, and had come home at sundown so agitated that he tossed and fretted for nearly ten minutes before he could fall asleep. Mr. Deans had attended Mr. Talmadge's one-day Grass Roots Convention and he told us that it was a good thing that the gatherin' hadn't lasted no more than one day because no man, not even Gene Talmadge, could have held out. In that one day, said Mr. Deans, Gene Talmadge *did everything except pull his own teeth.* Naw sir, not since that long-gone day the Honorable Tom Watson of Columbia County shed his boots right there on the platform, flung them out the back window, vowing he'd never again put a foot into leather until a Populist, or anyway William Jennings Bryan, sat in the White House—naw sir, not since that day had Georgia seen the likes of the pourin'-on that Gene Talmadge gave out in Macon. (Now about those boots Tom Watson shed: Folks always said that Tom had some kin out back to ketch 'em when they lit 'cause he was seen a-wearin' 'em next day in Atlanta.)

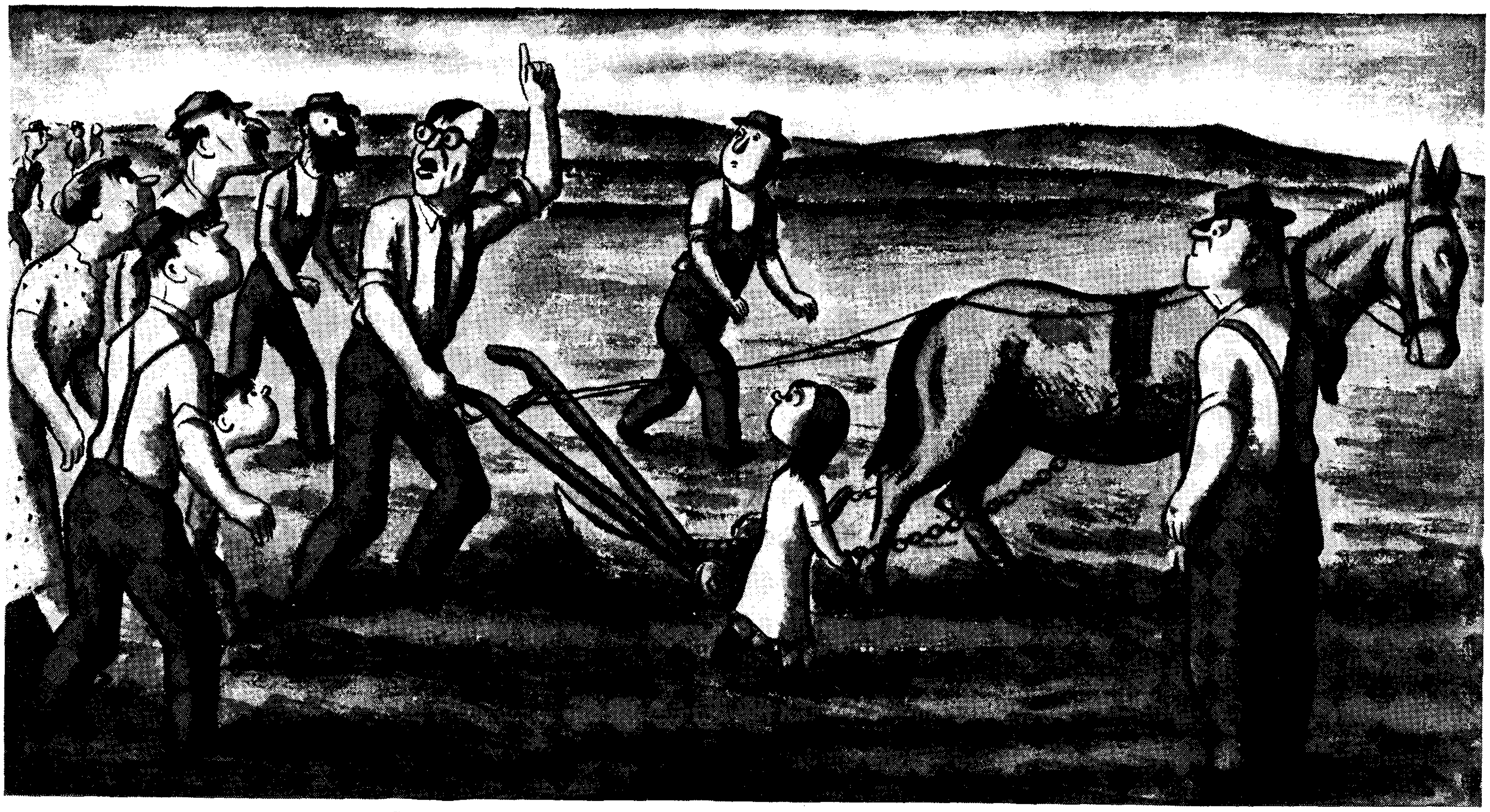
We hadn't aimed at interviewing Mr. Deans. We had stopped merely to ask the name of the red-clay road and where it was likely to take us if it didn't get any worse. Gene Talmadge has done quite a good job of main-road building in Georgia, our garage man assuring us that that was the sole reason why he was strong for the governor.

Insuring the Hog-Wallow Vote

"Maybe Gene's crazy," said he. "Maybe Gene's all wrong about the New Deal. Maybe the New Deal's all wrong. That's all right with me. But Gene's built a lot of roads and I'm in the garage business and I'd be crazy not to be for the guy who builds roads. Let the New Deal take care of itself. Alex J. Barndollar, Garage Proprietor, Gas, Oil and Repairs, Flats Fixed Free, is lookin' out for himself."

But Mr. Talmadge hadn't got around to the meandering mud-way Mr. Deans lives on. Mr. Deans and his neighbors admitted that they wouldn't object to a bit of construction work on their road but they were equally willing to be philosophical about it. That road would get a fixin' when Gene got good and ready, but with the political situation what it is Gene wasn't good and ready. You see, Mr. Talmadge's political anchors are in such rut gulches, and since the days of Tom Watson none of the state's demigods has had the vigor nor even the inclination to travel them as Gene has. Open them up, scrape, grade and surface them and any heel-crackin' bushbeater could come wooshin' up and down them trappin' votes and upsettin' kingdom come. So the hog-wallow vote was all Gene's.

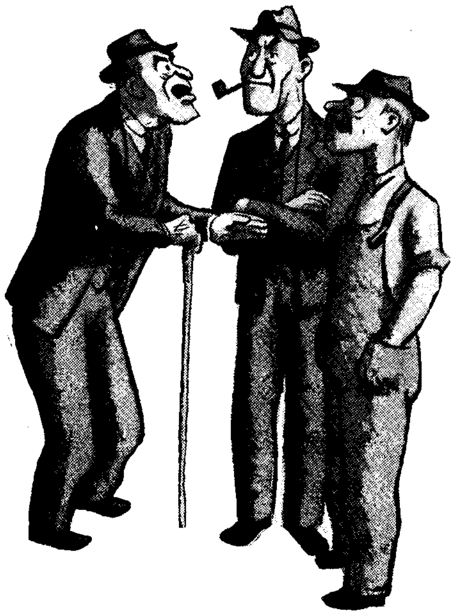
Anyway the road didn't have a name. And Mr. Deans was positive it had never had a name. What would it be doing with a name anyway? The only reason a road had a name was that somebody might want to ask where it was. And nobody wanted to know where this one was —nobody except the folks living on it and



Gene is given to doing things in ways calculated to please his backwoods admirers

the rural mail carrier. And they already knew. However, we did learn that if we stuck to this road as determinedly as it was sticking to us we would presently arrive in the village of Willie. And Mr. Deans was frank enough to add that the fight would scarcely be repaid unless we knew something about Willie that he didn't.

All of which road discussion seemed to restore Mr. Deans to complete consciousness. He invited us to rest ourselves and to be set right concerning Mr. Talmadge and the true state of Georgia politics. What he had to say is of sharp importance here because, we were to discover, it came out pretty even with what all his truly rural neighbors and brethren had to say. And every time we seemed more than ordinarily impressed he would slide his long overalled body forward in his chair and with a swing of his unbooted foot kick several copies of The Statesman, The Georgia Market Bulletin and The Georgia Woman's World toward us, saying: "Reckon you'll find it all there in black and white. No dodgin' on the black and white."



The natives are pretty sore at the White House's perfidy

Before that day of the Grass Roots Convention, Mr. Deans had accepted Mr. Talmadge for the exceedingly simple public servant he was—a precipitous, energetic, tug-haulin' governor who was very fond of lots of noise provided he made it himself. Gene had reduced the state debt and land taxes. Gene knew everybody from Higdon's Store in Fannin County to Sappville in Ware and most of them by first names. As far as Mr. Deans knew, Gene Talmadge was the only governor in the country who had ever addressed a crowd of three hundred voters while plowing a field that wasn't his. That happened somewhere over in Clay County, Mr. Deans said, between Bluffton and Killed.

Sod-Busting Oratory

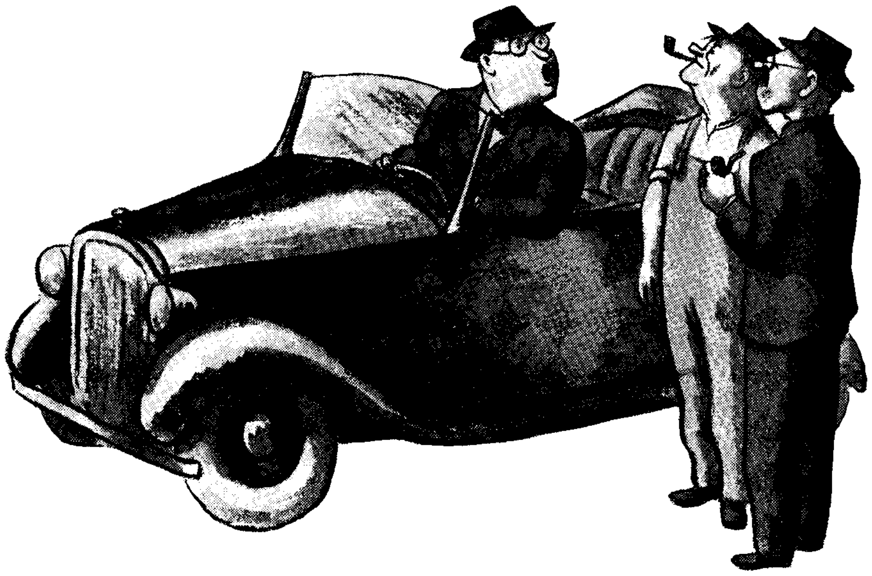
Gene was scheduled to tell the folks about a few things he would straighten out up in Washington if the country ever got sense enough to elect him President. But on his way to Bluffton (or maybe it was somewhares in Randolph County) Gene stopped off at a farmhouse for a glass of buttermilk and found them carrying the farmer in from the field. A mule had kicked him, breaking his leg. Farmer's name was Smith or something like that. Anyway, after they had set the farmer's leg, Gene went out to the field, knocked that mule's ears down with a single yell and took a-hold of that plow. A few moments later Gene was driving that plow so hard that he knocked the shoes off that mule's hind feet. And as he plowed, he delivered his speech. In twenty minutes three hundred people were following Gene back and forth across that field listening to him hollerin' down land taxes, public spending, crops limiting, Yankee professors, traitors and Communists, studding his ambulatory oration with frequent and bitter objurgation upon the mule. And he kept right on thump-bustin' the country's enemies, mostly Red Radicals and sweet-smellin' lady Socialists, until the plowing was done and everybody in his marching audience was looking at his neighbor suspiciously. Mr. Deans wasn't rightly sure whether Gene quit talking when the plowing was done or whether Gene's plowing was done when he was ready to quit talking. Anyway the field had to be plowed all over again because as fast as Gene plowed the crowd stomped the furrows back flat.

Things like that filled in the Talmadge picture for his wool-hat admirers. Gene was doing things as they would do them —*if they could have done them*. They liked his red suspenders, his stanchways bangs, his flat, wide-mouth, back-to-the-palate voice, his roaring disregard for precedent and special-privilege law and his unbounded energy, which Mr. Deans likened to "fo'ty Yankees in one shirt." But they had never quite seen Gene as a national figure until "he clean blew up in Macon and lit down out west runnin' bust-britches fo' President."

But if you will give your undivided attention to Mr. Deans and his red-neck fellows—the cropper and the tenant farmer (white, of course) citizenry of Georgia who are Gene's political backlog, lightning rod and parachute—you may begin to suspect that the governor's one-day, one-way, one-bray convention in Macon was not the wholly profitable venture it might have been in shrewder hands. The late Huey Long, who had genius where Gene must be content with vigor, would have ordered things better. When you had left one of Mr. Long's roundups you remembered nothing but Mr. Long. So would have Alfalfa Bill Murray, of Oklahoma, whom Gene resembles in method, both being more adept at kicking the electorate into line than at luring. And old Jim Ferguson of Texas would have made a better job of it. So would Theodore (Have-a-Pig-Sandwich) Bilbo of Mississippi.

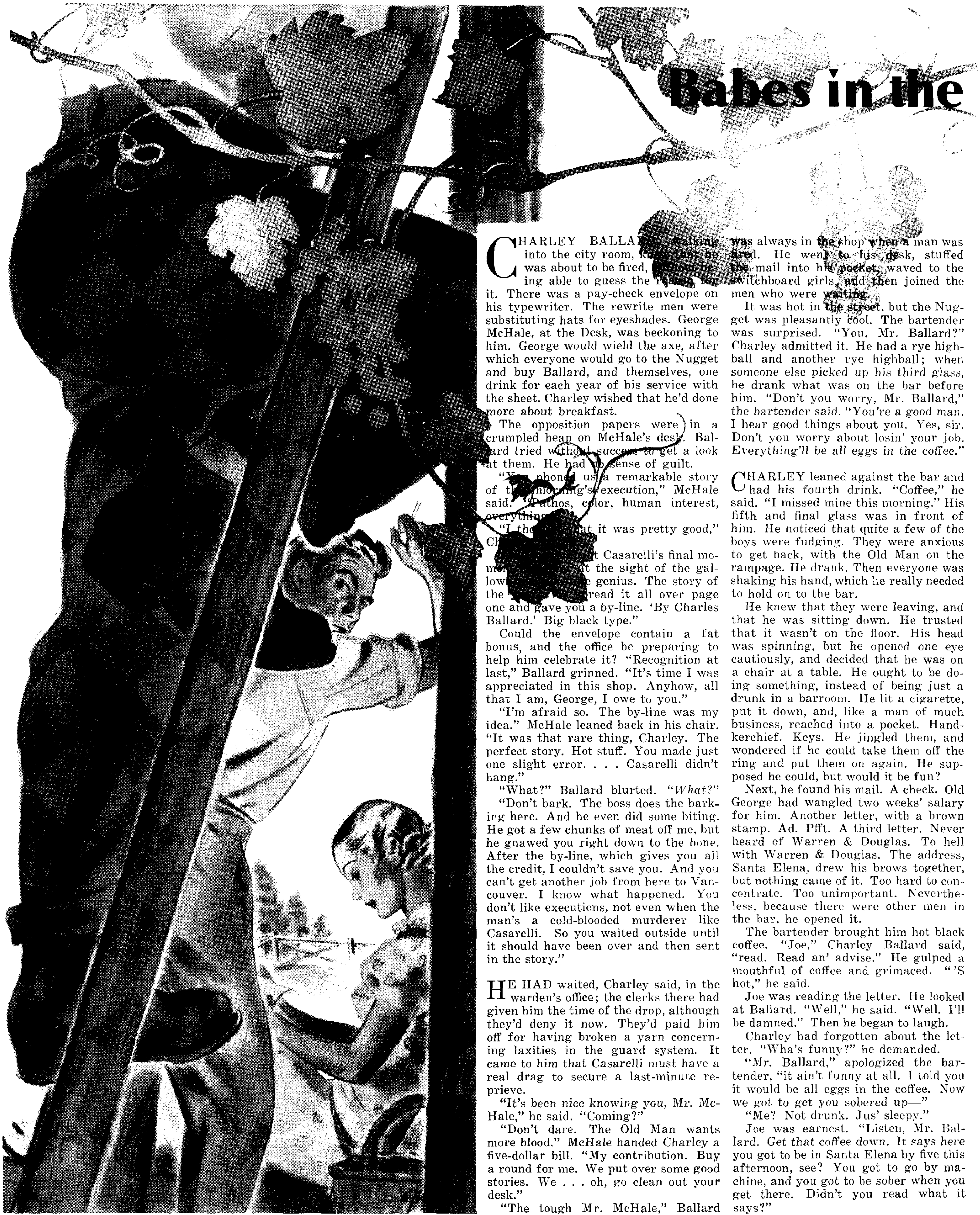
Gene's Grass Roots Convention, referred to in Georgia with growing frequency as gas roots or hog root, was frankly a publicity enterprise. But even in that it fell short of a complete

(Continued on page 33)



Mr. Talmadge's shills have been pretty busy on the back roads, too

Babes in the



He could go wherever he wished, but one of Pietro's companions was always in sight

CHARLEY BALLARD, walking into the city room, knew that he was about to be fired, without being able to guess the reason for it. There was a pay-check envelope on his typewriter. The rewrite men were substituting hats for eyeshades. George McHale, at the Desk, was beckoning to him. George would wield the axe, after which everyone would go to the Nugget and buy Ballard, and themselves, one drink for each year of his service with the sheet. Charley wished that he'd done more about breakfast.

The opposition papers were in a crumpled heap on McHale's desk. Ballard tried without success to get a look at them. He had no sense of guilt.

"You phoned us a remarkable story of t[illegible] morning's execution," McHale said. "Pathos, color, human interest, everything."

"I th[illegible]at it was pretty good," Ch[illegible]

[illegible]t Casarelli's final mom[illegible]t the sight of the gallow[illegible]e genius. The story of the [illegible]read it all over page one and gave you a by-line. 'By Charles Ballard.' Big black type."

Could the envelope contain a fat bonus, and the office be preparing to help him celebrate it? "Recognition at last," Ballard grinned. "It's time I was appreciated in this shop. Anyhow, all that I am, George, I owe to you."

"I'm afraid so. The by-line was my idea." McHale leaned back in his chair. "It was that rare thing, Charley. The perfect story. Hot stuff. You made just one slight error. . . . Casarelli didn't hang."

"What?" Ballard blurted. "*What?*"

"Don't bark. The boss does the barking here. And he even did some biting. He got a few chunks of meat off me, but he gnawed you right down to the bone. After the by-line, which gives you all the credit, I couldn't save you. And you can't get another job from here to Vancouver. I know what happened. You don't like executions, not even when the man's a cold-blooded murderer like Casarelli. So you waited outside until it should have been over and then sent in the story."

HE HAD waited, Charley said, in the warden's office; the clerks there had given him the time of the drop, although they'd deny it now. They'd paid him off for having broken a yarn concerning laxities in the guard system. It came to him that Casarelli must have a real drag to secure a last-minute reprieve.

"It's been nice knowing you, Mr. McHale," he said. "Coming?"

"Don't dare. The Old Man wants more blood." McHale handed Charley a five-dollar bill. "My contribution. Buy a round for me. We put over some good stories. We . . . oh, go clean out your desk."

"The tough Mr. McHale," Ballard grinned. "Suffering from a good job, a wife, two children, and a kind heart. Goodby, George, you big bum."

There was the uncanny silence which was always in the shop when a man was fired. He went to his desk, stuffed the mail into his pocket, waved to the switchboard girls, and then joined the men who were waiting.

It was hot in the street, but the Nugget was pleasantly cool. The bartender was surprised. "You, Mr. Ballard?" Charley admitted it. He had a rye highball and another rye highball; when someone else picked up his third glass, he drank what was on the bar before him. "Don't you worry, Mr. Ballard," the bartender said. "You're a good man. I hear good things about you. Yes, sir. Don't you worry about losin' your job. *Everything'll be all eggs in the coffee.*"

CHARLEY leaned against the bar and had his fourth drink. "Coffee," he said. "I missed mine this morning." His fifth and final glass was in front of him. He noticed that quite a few of the boys were fudging. They were anxious to get back, with the Old Man on the rampage. He drank. Then everyone was shaking his hand, which he really needed to hold on to the bar.

He knew that they were leaving, and that he was sitting down. He trusted that it wasn't on the floor. His head was spinning, but he opened one eye cautiously, and decided that he was on a chair at a table. He ought to be doing something, instead of being just a drunk in a barroom. He lit a cigarette, put it down, and, like a man of much business, reached into a pocket. Handkerchief. Keys. He jingled them, and wondered if he could take them off the ring and put them on again. He supposed he could, but would it be fun?

Next, he found his mail. A check. Old George had wangled two weeks' salary for him. Another letter, with a brown stamp. Ad. Pfft. A third letter. Never heard of Warren & Douglas. To hell with Warren & Douglas. The address, Santa Elena, drew his brows together, but nothing came of it. Too hard to concentrate. Too unimportant. Nevertheless, because there were other men in the bar, he opened it.

The bartender brought him hot black coffee. "Joe," Charley Ballard said, "read. Read an' advise." He gulped a mouthful of coffee and grimaced. "'S hot," he said.

Joe was reading the letter. He looked at Ballard. "Well," he said. "Well. I'll be damned." Then he began to laugh.

Charley had forgotten about the letter. "Wha's funny?" he demanded.

"Mr. Ballard," apologized the bartender, "it ain't funny at all. I told you it would be all eggs in the coffee. Now we got to get you sobered up—"

"Me? Not drunk. Jus' sleepy."

Joe was earnest. "Listen, Mr. Ballard. Get that coffee down. It says here you got to be in Santa Elena by five this afternoon, see? You got to go by machine, and you got to be sober when you get there. Didn't you read what it says?"

"What it says where, Joe?"

"When you get to Santa Elena—"

Charley said, "Not goin'. No 'tention goin'. Goin' home. Goin' sleep."

Vineyard

By Sidney Herschel Small

Charley Ballard, newspaper reporter, wrote a great "story"—and the city editor fired him the same day! This is the story that Charley Ballard didn't write

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

"You got to go," Joe insisted. "You can't pass up no chance like this, Mr. Ballard. A gent dies an' leaves you money an' a vineyard an' a winery. All you got to do is go there an' stay sober a month. You're goin' to be a joint tenant an' the other leg-a-tee. . . . Mr. Ballard! Wake up. Don't you want to be rich?"

Charley opened one eye. "No," he said, and shut it again.

The bartender looked down at him as he slept. A good guy. Maybe a glass of beer on a hot day, and maybe a gin, no onion, no bitters, before dinner. Joe thought it all over, and then telephoned McHale, understanding from what he'd heard that the city editor and his ex-reporter were good friends. He explained, promised and did what was suggested. A taxicab was ordered, and Ballard, tight asleep, was placed in the rear seat. The driver was given exact instructions. . . .

CHARLEY BALLARD really awoke as they neared a town. He felt like the devil. At the twenty-five-mile sign he sat up; at the fifteen-mile warning he said, "It's going to be a warm day. Mind telling me where we're going?"

The driver said, "Santa Elena," and drove the car to the curb. "You are to have something t' eat here. Santa Elena's next. How you feel?"

"You couldn't guess," groaned Ballard. He remembered McHale's bill and what should have been done with it. "So we'll combine a forgotten duty with pleasure. A gin fizz will sizzle all the way to my insteps."

"Joe said no liquor. Food'll make you a new man."

"I don't want to be a new man. I just want to resurrect the man I once was. Do you mind telling me why anyone should go to Santa Elena? I covered a story there a few years ago. A hot divorce story."

"Joe says you got a letter in your pocket which gives you the dope."

The drugstore into which they went was crowded. Girls in crisp dresses glanced at Ballard and seemed to like what they saw. Men, almost all drinking beer, moved enough so that there was room at the counter. The newcomers ordered ham-and-egg sandwiches, the driver, beer, and Ballard coffee. As an afterthought, he asked for iced orange juice.

He said, with the driver beside him, "I'll bet your orange juice is all full of vitamin L. A. I don't come from Los Angeles. I need a different vitamin. The one you find in juniper." He winked at the clerk. "Can it be done?"

It could. With the unsuspecting driver watching, Charley drained his glass of orange juice, which was well spiked with gin. And a second. So the world looked better when he was in the machine again. It was still hot, although the shadows were lengthening, but his cigarette tasted rather good.

The driver reminded him of the letter, and Ballard began to read it. His face ran the gamut from curiosity to sheer amazement, and at the end he leaned back and began to laugh. He had been willed a vineyard and a winery and moneys in bank and securities, jointly, with "Paula Michelson, for whom Mr. Riccardi also had regard." The girl's name meant nothing, but he remembered little old Riccardi. That was the divorce story. Riccardi had married a young woman; it had been messy. Had there been class to the story, Ballard would never have agreed to keep it out of the paper. It had been exclusive, but not worth fluffing. Here was his reward.

"My client," the letter said, "imposed two conditions. You must have a reputation for sobriety. For a month you must abstain from alcoholic beverages. I will discuss this in detail when we meet."

Charley turned to the driver. "Sniff me, boy," he said.

"Gin! Where—"

"It descendeth like manna. Don't worry. I need but to wave my hand and I'll smell like nuit d'amour."

Santa Elena. Shaded streets like cloister walks, the belfry of an old convent, a church dome bubbling silver. Acre on acre of vines; a stone gate. The road, after leaving the highway, drowsed under trees. Beyond, where the house stood, was like a sheet of white flame. Ballard suggested that the car be left in the shade, and, as soon as the business was finished, they'd drive back.

The veranda had a main approach, and also a side stairway which could be reached without a march in the sun. Ballard chose the side entrance; the veranda, when he mounted to it, was dark after the shimmering sunlight. He heard someone, a girl, say, "No," and "No!" again, and then sounds followed swiftly. A slap. A short muffled cry. Silence.

ANY moment now and he'd wake up in the Nugget.

The girl, he saw, was struggling. Not a polite struggle. Desperation. Ballard moved swiftly; he clapped a hand on a man's shoulder.

"Too hot to play like that," Ballard said. The whirling man was short, squat, dark; the girl, no taller, blond. One was enraged, the other terrified—and pretty. "Somebody say something," suggested Charley. "Or do I intrude?"

The man demanded, "What you want?"

The girl whispered, "Are you . . . Mr. Ballard?"

"No veal," said Charley.

The short, powerful man showed white teeth. "You observe lovers' quarrel. Come inside, mister. Everyone awaits. We—"

"Stay here," the girl pleaded. "Pietro, go away."

Pietro said, "We all go together, no?"

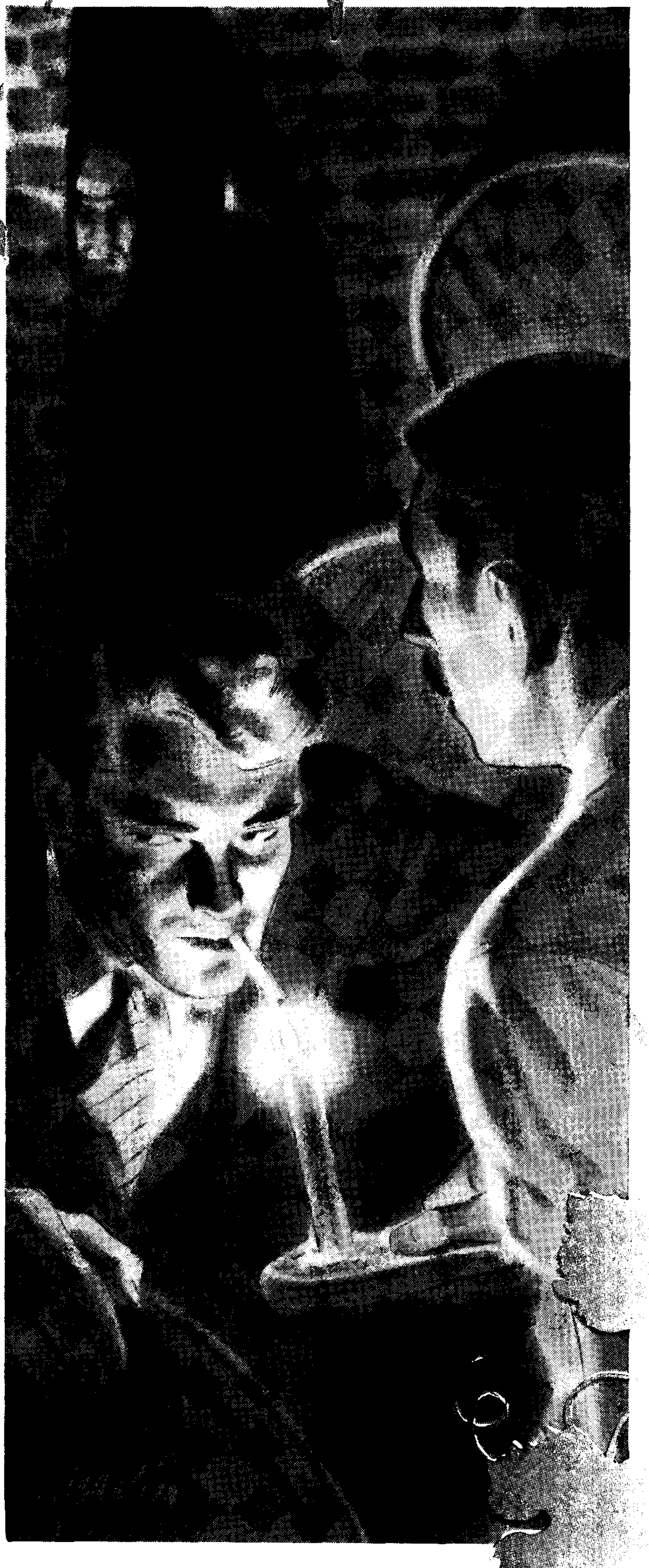
"No," Charley told him.

The squat man raised his voice. "Oh, Mr. Warren! Mr. Ballard, he is come!"

"Smart," said Charley. He deliberately stepped between man and girl as the door was opened from the inside.

His hand was being shaken; the attorney was saying, "Glad to have you here, sir. You've already met Miss Michelson?"

(Continued on page 50)



Whenever he went near the door of the cellar, his watcher would show signs of excitement

Under Pressure

By
George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

MEXICAN bandits, led by "General" Dorado, attack La Barranca, a beautiful *hacienda*. The wife of the owner, Cutler Sewell, an American, is killed; but Sewell and his small daughter, Joyce, escape. Dorado takes possession of La Barranca; and when Sewell (living in the Eastern city of Elsinboro and married again) dies, the Mexican is still holding it.

Shortly after her father's death, Joyce receives a ten-thousand-dollar check—indemnity for the death of her mother—from the Mexican ambassador in Washington. Very unhappy because her stepmother is trying to force her to marry one of the local gilded youths, she makes her plans quickly and, taking only Mr. Bradley, her banker, into her confidence, flies to Mexico City, where she hopes to establish her legal claim to La Barranca. An interview with young Dirk Van Suttart, second secretary of the American Embassy, convinces her that she need expect no aid there. So she turns to a woman lawyer: Margarida Fonseca.

Margarida enlists the aid of General Zacharias Onelia, bitterest of Dorado's enemies. Onelia orders Sergeant Buenaventura, a battle-scarred veteran, to pick eighteen men, escort Joyce to La Barranca, drive out Dorado, and turn the *hacienda* over to Joyce. But before she sets forth with the sergeant, Joyce has an exciting adventure with one Adán Arnaldo, a night-club proprietor, who gallantly leads her to safety when, during a shooting affray in his establishment, the lights are turned out and Joyce finds herself without a protector. . . .

Back in Elsinboro, Mrs. Sewell is completely mystified by Joyce's disappearance. But Helm Blackadder, an old friend and adviser, cleverly learns of the girl's whereabouts. As he is discussing the situation with Irma (Mrs. Sewell), a maid enters the room. "The reporters are here, ma'am," she announces. "They're all over the porch and a lot of people are stopping to look at them."

IV

NEVER since college days had Blackadder bowed to authority. He was a proud man and his pride explained a lot—his preference for running his own show rather than accepting positions with various large corporations, his choice of Elsinboro as a base over Buffalo or New York and his tenacity in clinging to bachelorhood. But his range had been wide and wherever he had gone he had had men under him and plenty of servants. Consequently, he was neither a provincial nor a cosmopolite but a cut between the two—strong at driving, weak in finesse.

When the maid came into the room to announce the presence of the reporters he was confused, conscious he had just made a major capitulation. What did it matter how it had come about? Without the fuss and feathers of formal proposal or acceptance he and Irma Sewell were headed for the altar. Realization brought him no regret but also no particular exultation. His judgment told him it would be a sound move and if he felt any resentment it was toward the intruding reporters.

He was surprised neither at their presence nor their numbers. While the year had been rich in spectacular kidnappings the disappearance of Joyce Sewell was nevertheless seized upon and was being played for all it was worth simply because it was a wow, what is known to the guild as a natural. Add to youth, beauty, romance, mystery and the impending shadow of ultimate disaster, a garrulous dame at the near end, an inexhaustible source of reminiscence, photographs and intimate detail as to dress, habits and appearance. At the age of eight a child of sturdy American stock had flown into the ken of Elsinboro on the wings of tragedy and after twelve years had vanished into thin air. Why, how and where? It was a setup.

"Bring the reporters in here," said Blackadder, but seeing the maid hesitate, he turned quickly to Mrs. Sewell. "I'm sorry, Irma. I didn't mean to be giving orders in your house."

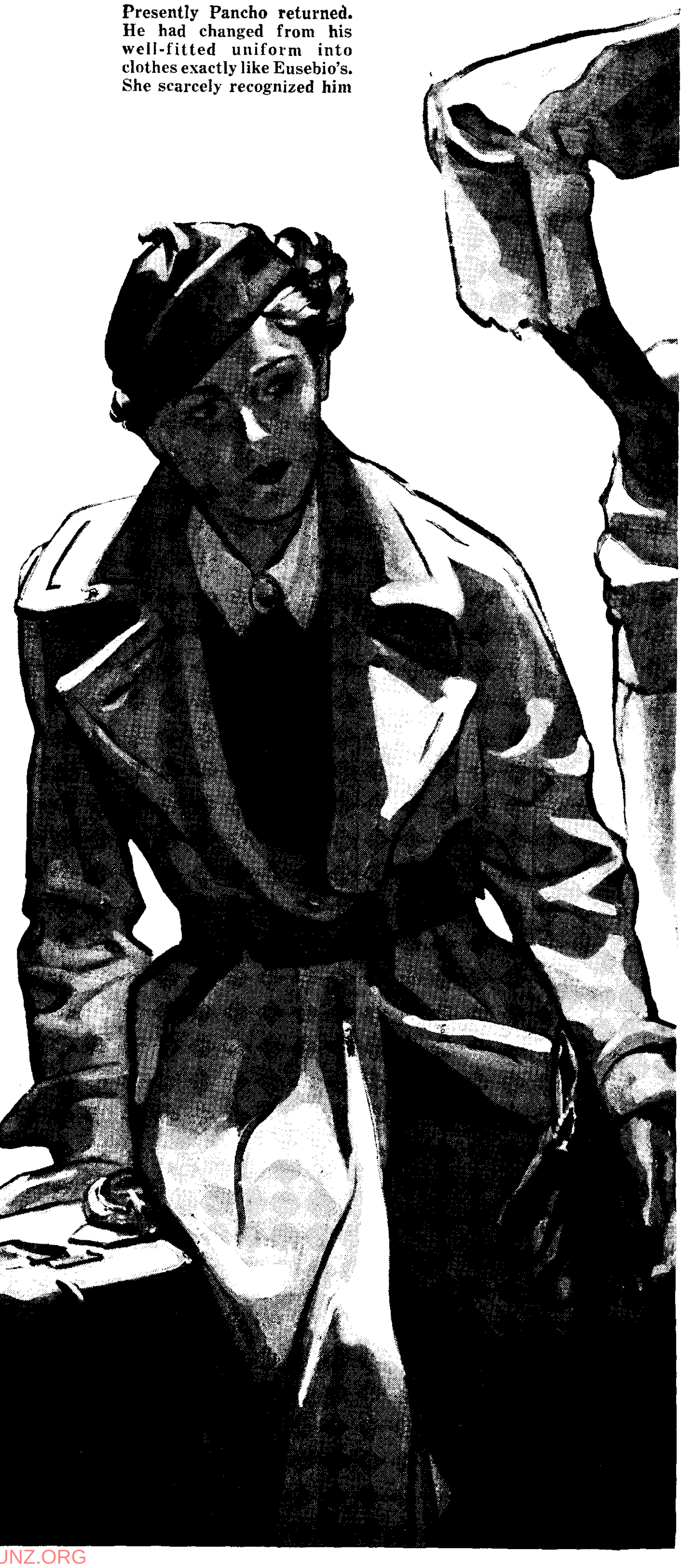
"Who has a better right, Helm?" said Irma quickly. "Ellen, from now on you may take orders from Mr. Blackadder as if they came from me."

"Yes, ma'am," said the maid, flushing and embarrassed. "I'm sure, ma'am, I wish you both—" Frightened lest she might be assuming too much, she backed out hurriedly, her congratulations unfinished.

"Helm," said Irma gravely, "this isn't a time to think of ourselves, much as we'd like to. We must put conscience ahead of everything else. If you take me you must share my burden—even if it means going to Mexico."

"Hush!" said Blackadder and turned to face the representatives of the press. Hearing the click of a camera, he looked around wonderingly to find out what was being photographed, and when he discovered it was himself his inner rage knew no bounds. Only the realization that he must control his temper now as never before kept him from hurling a chair at the offending cameraman. By a great effort he succeeded in assuming a jovial air. "None of that, boys, please! In about two minutes the Joyce Sewell story is going to go up in smoke and it's no use dragging me in."

One of the local reporters, all of whom knew him, called out, "One minute, Mr. Blackadder! What's your authority for cutting in on our good friend, Mrs. Sewell?"



Presently Pancho returned. He had changed from his well-fitted uniform into clothes exactly like Eusebio's. She scarcely recognized him

For a second Blackadder's brow darkened, but only for a second. "The authority of the church," he replied. "Mrs. Sewell and I are about to be married. Since she is Joyce's stepmother you can figure out the resulting relationship for yourselves."

"Do you confirm that, Mrs. Sewell?" asked the irrepressible reporter.

"I do," said Irma fervently, "with all my heart."

"Then go ahead, Mr. Blackadder. Let's have the end of the story."

"I'll give you the beginning as well as the end," said Blackadder. "If I hadn't happened to go away for a few days there never would have been a story. Here's the long and short of it. I know where Miss Sewell went, why she went, where she is and what she's doing." He paused.

"Well, where did she go?"

"Where is she?"

"What's she doing?"

"She went away on a matter of private business and she's tending to it," said Blackadder unsmilingly, "something she couldn't possibly continue to do if I answered another one of your questions."

"IS THAT what you call the end of the story?" shouted an angry voice from the rear.

"It is," Blackadder said, sweeping the room with a glance which seemed casual but included a look at the clock. He turned to Mrs. Sewell. "Irma, will you make me a solemn promise?"

"Yes, Helm; what is it?"

"Promise me you won't answer one more question from these men or anybody else until you get my permission."

"I promise, Helm. I'll do whatever you tell me to do from now on."

"Good," said Blackadder. "You'd better begin by going upstairs and locking yourself in your room."

Irma rose at once. Her exit might easily have been ridiculous but it was not, for it was invested with the dignity of a strong woman who glorifies herself by glorifying her lord and master. Her progress across the room and up the stairs not only took place in silence; it induced silence. The shrewder of the reporters paid no attention to her, however; they were watching Blackadder, sure he had something further up his sleeve, and he did not disappoint them.

"Now, boys," he said in a low tense tone, "you'll soon understand why I wanted her out of the room. Wait here a few minutes and you'll get a surprise."

He stepped back into the dining-room, passed through the butler's pantry to the kitchen and out. Leaving his car parked in front of the house he struck across through the trees to Hogarth Street, jumped an all but empty trolley car and left it as soon as he saw a vacant taxi. A quarter of an hour after leaving the press conference he was at the airport with several minutes to spare. He ordered the driver to wait and hurried into the hangar where he found the dispatcher alone as usual.

"My name's Helm Blackadder. What's yours?"

"Breck Seymour."

"Is Breck short for Breckenridge?"

"Yes, but I always sign it Breck."

"NOW what's the name of the pilot you told me about?" asked Blackadder, already writing in his loose-leaf notebook.

"Jim Follinger."

"Listen, Breck. There's a taxi outside to take you into town as soon as I've gone. Here's an order on my office; you can read it if you like. It tells them to spot you and Follinger a hundred apiece after they've wired me a thousand. Now sell me a ticket to Washington. I've got enough cash for that and the cab. Is the plane on time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Here are the keys to my car. Tell the office it's at Mrs. Sewell's but not to send for it before dark. My people will keep their mouths shut about everything; so see you and Follinger do the same and save yourselves a double headache."

By nine o'clock that night Blackadder was in Washington and by eleven the next morning, already having cashed a telegraph money order, he succeeded in reaching the Secretary of State. In insisting that it be the secretary and nobody else he overreached himself, for had he been content to accept routine he would have been delivered into the hands of the one clerk who could have told him all about the ten-thousand-dollar warrant. The secretary knew nothing of Cutler Sewell or La Barranca but he had read plenty about Joyce. As a consequence he succumbed to direct action with the result that a few hours later, just as Dirk Van Suttart had finished changing into polo togs, a messenger arrived summoning him to the Embassy.

"Sorry to break up your game, Dirk," was the ambassador's greeting, "but you're in charge of the Gray code, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Cast your eye over that," said the ambassador, tossing him a flimsy. "I haven't seen a code message for so long I was beginning to think they're obsolete, and by the same token you must be out of practice. Do your best and bring me the reading as soon as it's done."

It was almost six o'clock before Van Suttart, his face drawn either from exhaustion or anxiety, reappeared. "Here you are, sir."

"Read it," said the ambassador.

DIRK cleared his throat before obeying. "Confidential Miss Joyce Sewell reported in Mexico City stop at request of her prospective stepfather Mr. Helm Blackadder of Elsinboro New York who will meet all expenses you are instructed to locate her with all possible dispatch show every attention including provision of funds and guard without annoying her pending his arrival do not employ native police under any circumstances and keep matter secret especially as regards press."

"That's all, eh?"

"Yes, sir, except the usual indentifying code symbols."

"Quite a mouthful," murmured the ambassador. "What do they think I am—a gumshoe expert?" He frowned. "By the way, isn't that the girl the radio has been talking about for the last three nights?"

"The radio!" exclaimed Dirk, startled. "I don't know, sir; I haven't a radio."

"One of those kidnapping scares," explained the ambassador.

"Excuse me, sir. May I express an opinion?"

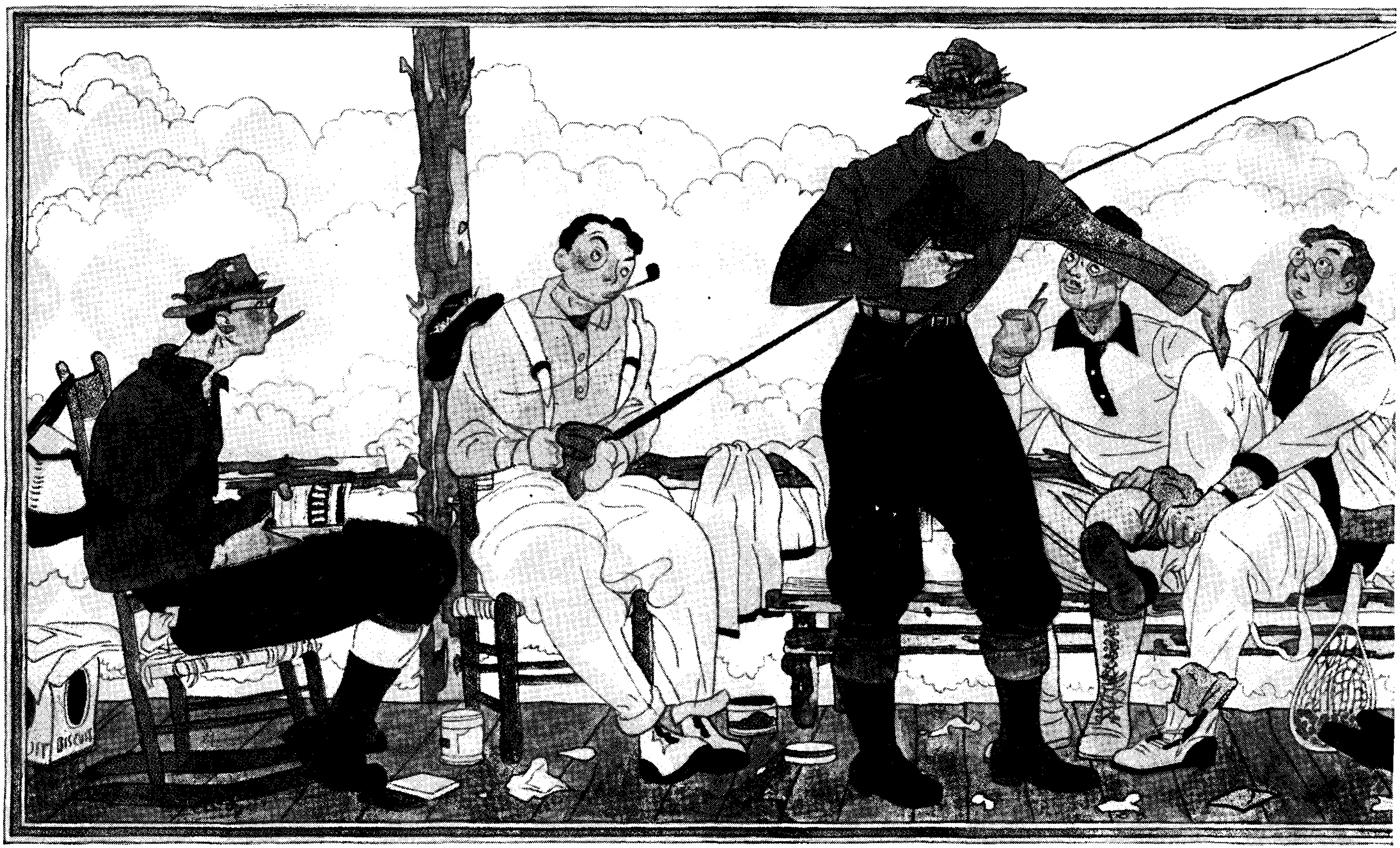
"Certainly, if you're sure you have one."

"I believe we can prick that bubble in no time," said Dirk. "Miss Sewell was at the chancellery five days ago. I know where she's staying and the sort of people she's going about with."

"Good boy!" exclaimed the ambassador. "Dirk, you've bought something. Get out and go to work. Take a holiday. I leave the entire matter in your hands."

Dirk hurried home to change into a lounge suit. He occupied a tiny house in the Calle Liverpool and one glance at its interior would have established him as a totally different personality from Dirk Van Suttart, diplomat. It had been a hole in the wall; it was now a jewel. The hallway opened on a drawing-room, the drawing-room on a library and the library on a divine minuscular patio, roofed with glass and so garlanded with growing things it was completely screened from higher buildings round

(Continued on page 62)



"She threw out my old fishing shirt," Herbert called out. His voice had a high, hysterical quality

Trout Widows

By Corey Ford

Sometimes fishermen have wives. No one can tell you why—least of all the wife. It's an awkward situation, but one that has to be faced. Mr. Ford, a bachelor, faces it

THE papers were filled with the details of the Twitchells' divorce last week. You may have noticed it, because it was rather an unusual case. All the wife did, according to the story, was to send her husband's felt hat to the cleaner. "Absolutely all I did, Your Honor," she explained to the judge, in filing suit on the grounds of desertion, incompatibility, and cruel and unusual punishment, "was just to take this dirty old hat that he'd been wearing for years, with grease stains all over it and the top crushed in like a muffin and the hatband practically ripped to pieces where he'd kept trout flies in it, and send it around the corner to be cleaned and blocked. And then he came home, and took one look at it, and began smashing the furniture and throwing it at me, and setting fire to the house in several places."

I knew the husband in this case pretty well, as it happened. His name was Herbert Twitchell, and he was as mild-mannered and considerate a chap as you would ever want to go fishing with. He belonged to the Mayfly Club on the Beaverkill, and he was one of the most popular anglers on the stream. I never saw him lose his temper when his backcast caught in a balsam, or a heavy shower came up just in time to spoil the evening hatch, or when he got pebbles down inside his waders. We all thought a lot of Herbert, but I must admit none of us was particularly surprised when things sort of blew up with him at home. We had seen it coming for a long time.

"In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if it happened any day now," Mac was saying at the Mayfly Club, only the other evening. We had all dropped into Charlie's room as usual after we had come off the stream, to have a quick one and hear Charlie tell how the barb came out just as he had his trout at the net or it would have gone easily three pounds, maybe four or five, and the conversation had drifted around to Herbert. "I mean, he hasn't shown up here at the club for several days," Mac said, leaning back in Charlie's chair and crossing his boots on Charlie's pillow, "and you take the way he's been acting so funny lately and all, I personally wouldn't be at all surprised if she—" He paused just a moment on the word "she"—"had been getting at him again."

"She's going to get at him once too often," Cliff nodded darkly, pouring himself another drink from Charlie's bottle. "You mark my words."

"When a nice quiet fellow like Herbert lets go," said Tom, "he lets go all of a sudden. Like a one-horse sleigh."

"Shay," said Charlie.

WE ALL paused and looked at him expectantly.

"What is it, Charlie?" asked Tom.

"I just said 'shay,'" said Charlie sullenly. "Herbert's like a one-horse shay."

"That's just what I was saying," said Tom. "She's got him to a point where sooner or later he's bound to let go."

"You'd think a wife would more or less encourage her husband if he had some healthy outdoor hobby like fishing," said Mac, borrowing one of Charlie's cigarettes. "I mean, you'd expect that a wife would make some effort to share her husband's interests a little. Like you take my own wife, the other day she actually objected to cleaning some fish I brought home. She said she was sick of the smell of fish."

"I know how it is," Tom nodded. "My wife objects like that sometimes to my fishing coat."

"Speaking of fish," Charlie began eagerly, "I had hold of one today—"

We all looked at Charlie for a moment, and looked away again.

"Anyway," said Mac after a pause, "I wouldn't be at all surprised if something happened with Herbert almost any time. You can drive a man just so far."

"He's bound to crack sooner or later," said Tom.

Cliff nodded. "You mark my words," he said solemnly.

I guess that Herbert was pretty much on my mind, because I remember mentioning him to Mary when I got home from the Beaverkill that night. Mary is my wife and she is really what you might call the fisherman's ideal wife. That is, she never asks me whether my feet are wet; she never questions my alibis; she never objects if I borrow several choice feathers from her hat to tie some special pattern of fly, and in all the years that we have been married she has never asked me whether I wouldn't catch more fish if I used a worm. Other wives, like Herbert's wife, for instance, are forever nagging their husbands and complaining about minor details like getting up at four in the morning to fix him a little light lunch; but Mary has invariably displayed a sympathetic attitude toward

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

my fishing, and she has never, so far as I know, exhibited the slightest symptom of malignant anglerphobia, or an acute dislike for trout, which gets to bother so many women who marry fishermen. That is, up to this same night I happened to mention Herbert.

AS a matter of fact, the subject of Herbert arose in a rather curious manner. I was having a late supper. I know some men's wives get pretty wrought up when their husbands are late for supper, and fold their arms, and tread around and around the kitchen with little puffs of smoke rising from the soles of their feet; but Mary always has everything piping hot, and serves it without a word of complaint, and then sits and watches me eat it with a sad sweet smile. Sometimes she murmurs, "I know those popovers are ruined, John; you don't have to pretend to eat them," or "I worked on that pudding for you all afternoon, but of course it's all dried out now after being in the oven three hours," and occasionally she will borrow my handkerchief to dab at her eyes a little—I have never understood why women who cry never carry their own handkerchiefs—but all I have to do is to pat her hand and tell her to go buy herself another bureau. Mary is very fond of antique furniture, and I can always fix things up by telling her to buy another old chair or bureau. In the course of the past ten years, I have probably bought enough chairs and bureaus to furnish a sizable summer hotel. As I was saying, I was enjoying my supper, and regaling her between mouthfuls with various items of news that I thought would be of interest.

"Like, for instance, you take a day like today," I told her, "all lowry and overcast, the average person would say under these conditions that a bright fly, like a Coachman or even a Pink Lady, would be the killer, but here were Tom and Mac and the others all trying everything they had, and yet I put on this number fourteen Whirling Dun that I'd tied with medium-light starling wings, mole-fur body with two turns of gold tinsel around the hook at the end, glossy ginger-hackle legs, and just three whisks of it for the tail—"

I noticed that Mary was sitting in her usual attitude of rapt attention, with both elbows on the table and her fingers laced together like a hammock, and her chin resting on her fingers. She kept nodding silently, "Of course," and her eyes wandered over the table and around the room and up to the ceiling. I took another mouthful.

"Because you can say all you want about color," I insisted, gesturing emphatically with my fork, "but I, personally, think that trout must be aware of color, because otherwise how would they have distinguished my dark fly today and not paid any attention to Mac's or Tom's. It is my own personal theory—"

"John," said Mary suddenly, "do you like that stuffed trout over the mantel?"

I PAUSED and looked at her in surprise. "Of course I like it," I said. "That's the first big rainbow I ever took out of the Beaverkill. In fact, that trout is really an illustration of what I was saying just now about color." I resumed eating again. "I remember I just happened to have these few Royal Coachmen that I had bought in a little tackle store near Roscoe that morning, and it seems the old storekeeper must have had them lying in his window for years exposed to the sun, because the red was faded several shades lighter than the regular standard tie. . . ." I had a sudden cold premonition, and I set down my fork abruptly. "Mary."

"What is it, dear?"

"Mary," I said slowly, "why did you ask me just now whether I liked that stuffed trout?"

"I just wondered whether you liked it, that's all."

"What made you think maybe I wouldn't like it? Don't you like it?"

"Of course I like it, dear, only I wondered whether it might look all right somewhere else than over the mantel."

"What's the matter with it over the mantel? What else would you put over the mantel if you didn't have that trout?"

"Well," said Mary. "I thought maybe father's picture."

"Do you mean to imply," I almost shouted, "that you think your father is better-looking than a stuffed trout?"

Mary began to cry. "My father was a fisherman, too," she said, a little irrelevantly, I thought.

"We won't say anything more about it," I said firmly, and I continued to eat for several moments in silence. "That trout will remain over the mantel, of course." I took another mouthful. "I hope I don't have to mention it again."

Mary shook her head.

"We'll just drop the entire subject, Mary, if you don't mind."

"Yes, John," she said.

"I prefer not to discuss it further."

"No, dear."

I put down my fork again. Another thought had just struck me.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "how did you ever happen to think of moving that trout in the first place?"

"I don't know," said Mary. "I just thought of it."

"I mean, did anybody suggest it to you?"

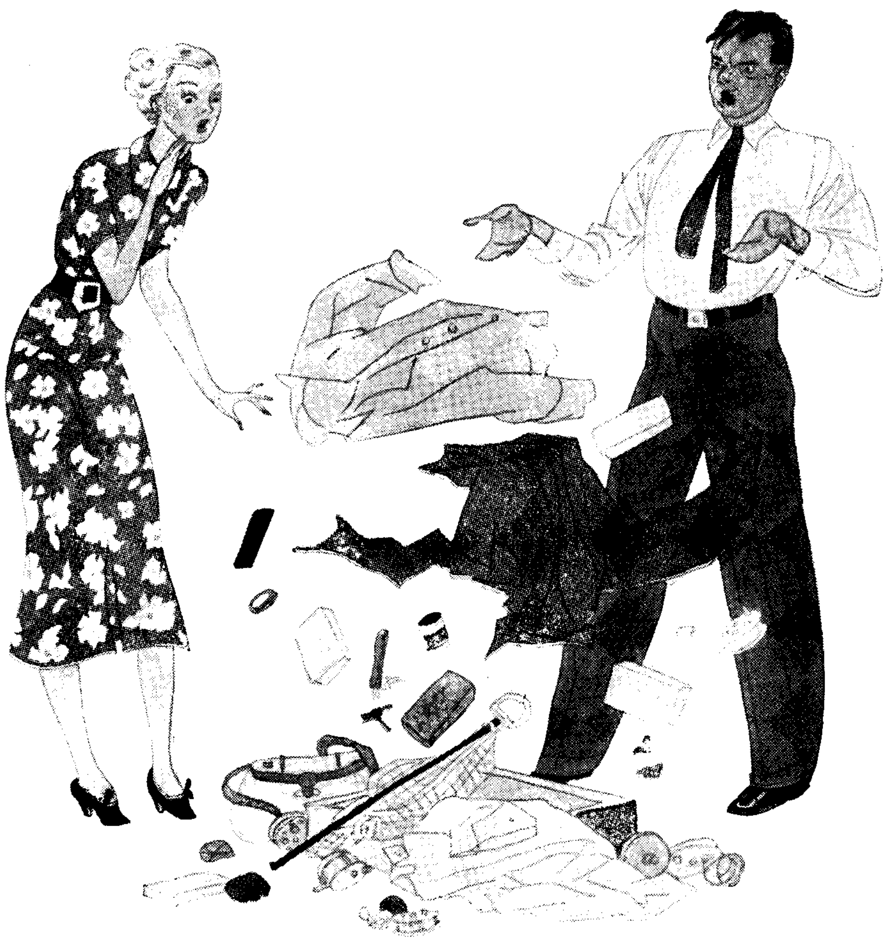
She shook her head.

"Was your mother here today, by any chance?"

"No, John," she said.

"You mean to say you just thought of it by yourself?"

She nodded but didn't say anything.



"This," he said to Edith, "is the way I like things. This is the way I always keep them"

I could feel a cold lump in the pit of my stomach.

"Mary," I said very slowly, "are you getting like that, too?"

"Like what too?" she asked, a little frightened.

"Like Herbert's wife."

"Who's Herbert?"

"Mary," I said, "I think we ought to understand each other very plainly about this whole thing."

"Eat your supper, dear," said Mary.

"Mary," I said, "I don't suppose you know what this sort of thing could lead to?"

"Dear, please eat your supper."

"I don't suppose you realize that it's just this sort of thing that has practically wrecked the Twitchells' home. I don't suppose you are aware how little things like this have turned the Twitchells' life into a veritable living hell—"

"Who are the Twitchells?" asked Mary.

So I told her about the Twitchells. . . .

THE whole trouble with the Twitchells—as I tried to explain to Mary—was that Herbert's wife did not understand fishermen.

Herbert was a typical fisherman. That is, he had certain little traits and foibles that doubtless endear fishermen to their associates but are apt to set them more or less apart from other people, such as their wives. These traits date way back to prehistoric days when men used to live together in crude fishing camps and wring out their socks every night in the fireplace; and there is nothing whatsoever that can be done about them. Fishermen, for example, always throw matches on the floor. No matter how many ash trays their wives set in front of them, their matches always end up on the floor. They track their muddy boots through the house, and when they take them off they scatter sand and pieces of sharp gravel on the rug beside the bed. They drop their waders on the front porch; they knot their wading shoes together and drape them over the bannisters; they take off their wet pants in the kitchen and they hang their underclothes to dry in the parlor. They use the best linen guest towels to wipe their reels. They leave fishhooks in upholstered chairs. They demand their breakfast at dawn— "Isn't that coffee ready yet; here it is after four!" —and they are anywhere from two to six hours late for dinner. They are jumpy, irritable and moody over the winter, and during late February and March they are apt to break off abruptly in the midst of a conversation and sit staring into space for an hour. When they come home with a nice mess of trout they are insufferable, and when they come home without any fish at all they are unbearable. They always blame their wives for the weather.

Unfortunately, a wife who is married to a fisherman (and the same thing holds for golf-wives, hunting-wives, tennis-wives, bowling-wives, squash-wives, skeet-wives, badminton-wives, and the wives of men who just sit all night and listen to the radio) never gets to see her husband often enough to learn to appreciate these tiny idiosyncrasies of his, and to make due allowance for them. An Antarctic explorer's wife, for example, sees her husband now and then between trips; even a flagpole-sitter's wife meets her husband while he is climbing down to change flagpoles; but a fisherman's wife only encounters her husband at odd moments, such as when he trips over her bed to turn off the alarm clock or bumps into her in the hall while carrying his tackle upstairs (for some reason, fishermen spend a great deal of time carrying

(Continued on page 59)

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

KNOWN to his followers as "the President," Dr. Fu Manchu, head of Si-Fan, sinister secret society covering the entire world, establishes his headquarters in New York City. The time is ripe, he believes, to seize the reins of government in America. Among his spies and aides are two beautiful women: Lola Dumas and Moya Adair; Sam Pak, a veteran Chinese assistant, and Paul Salvaletti, a brilliant orator and politician.

The details of Si-Fan's plot perfected, the "Doctor" brings about the assassination of Harvey Bragg, who is fighting against Dr. Orwin Prescott for the presidential nomination of his party. Then, with Bragg out of the way, he directs all of his energies toward the nomination of his hireling, Salvaletti. Those who oppose him are murdered—by his paid killers.

Trailing the master criminal are two great detectives: Sir Denis Nayland Smith, of Scotland Yard, and Captain Mark Hepburn, an American. They learn that he gives his orders from an office at the top of a well-known skyscraper; they learn that at times he meets his lieutenants in a Chinatown building, connected with the East River by a subterranean passage. But, although they strive frantically to capture him, the wily old Oriental always eludes them.

In the course of his investigations, Hepburn meets Moya Adair. From her he learns something of Fu Manchu's plans; and in the course of his interviews with her he falls in love with her!

Fu Manchu exercises a strange power over those whom he wishes to dominate or use. At times, he employs potent drugs which, administered to his victims, render them absolutely obedient to his will; at other times, he uses his eyes—weird green eyes of remarkable hypnotic power.

And it is the Oriental's eyes which Hepburn encounters one evening when, while Nayland Smith lies sleeping in an adjoining bedroom, he looks out of a window of the Regal-Athenian, where he and Smith occupy a suite. Having seen Fu Manchu, and been fixed by the man's hypnotic stare, he is no longer himself. He is commanded to find a hypodermic syringe, and fill it with a combination of drugs. He steals into Smith's room. Then, cautiously raising the sleeve of the unconscious man's pajama jacket, *he presses the point firmly home!*

X

MARK HEPBURN felt himself seized from behind, jerked back and hurled upon the floor by unseen hands!

He fell heavily, striking his head upon the carpet. The syringe dropped from his fingers and, as Nayland Smith sprang upright in bed, the predominant idea in Hepburn's mind was that he had failed; and so Smith must die.

He twisted over, rose to his knees . . . and looked up into the barrel of a revolver held by Fey.

"Hepburn!" came sharply in Nayland Smith's inimitable voice. "What the devil is this!"

He sprang out of bed.

Fey, barefooted and wearing pajamas, looked somewhat disheveled in the glare of light as Nayland Smith switched on lamps: spiritually he was unruffled.

"It's a mystery, sir," he replied, while Hepburn, slowly rising to his feet and clutching his head, endeavored to regain composure. "It was the tinkling of the bottles that woke me."

"The bottles?"

Mark Hepburn dropped down into a chair.

"I was in the laboratory," he explained dully. "Frankly, I don't know, now, what I was doing there."

Nayland Smith, seated on the side of the bed, was staring at him keenly.

"I got up and watched," Fey continued, "keeping very quiet. And I saw Captain Hepburn carefully measuring out drugs. Then I saw him looking about as if he'd lost something, and then I saw him go to the window and stare out. He stayed there for a long time."

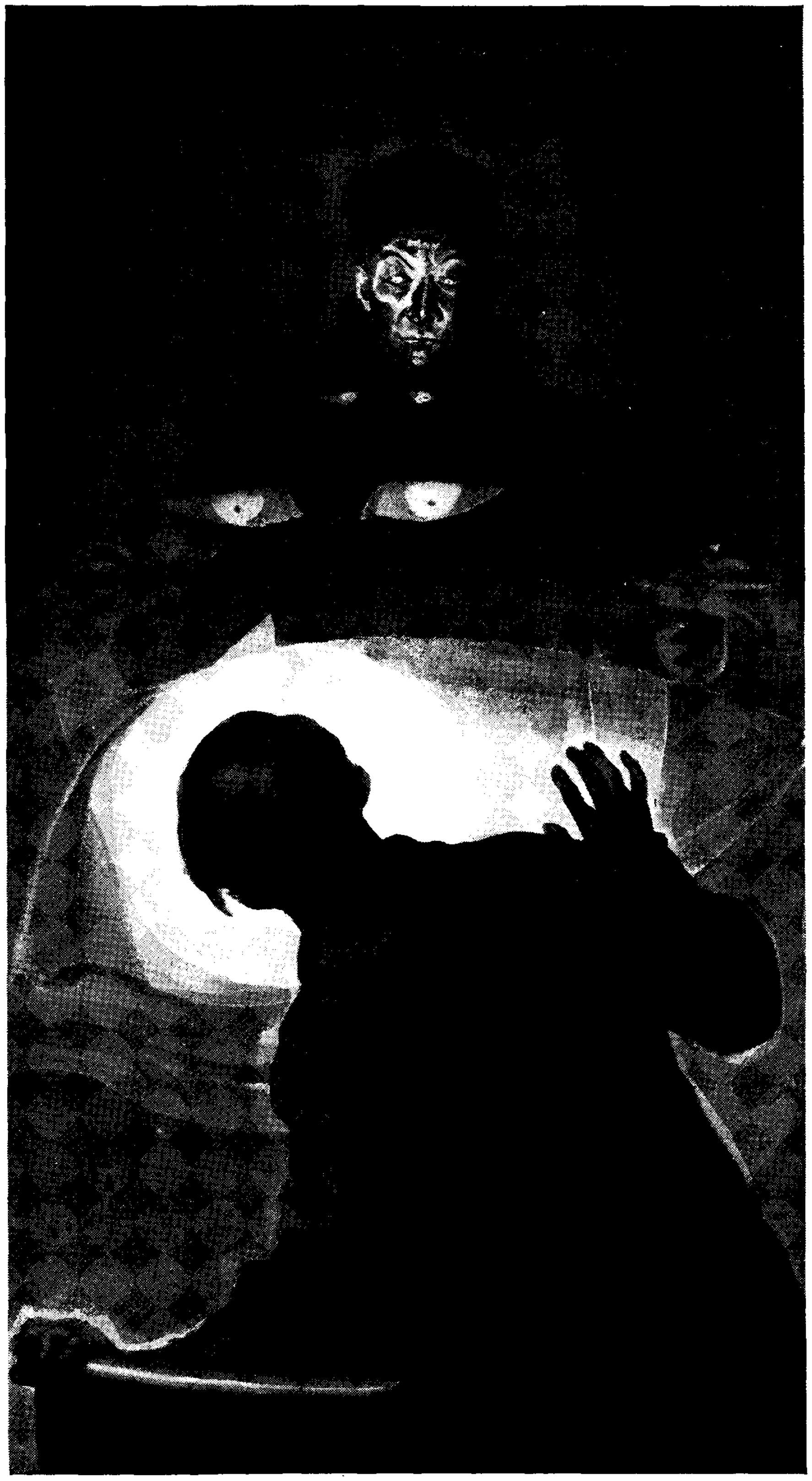
"In which direction was he staring?" snapped Nayland Smith.

Hepburn groaned, continuing to clutch his head. The memory of some strange, awful episode already was slipping from his mind.

"I thought at a window down to the right, and below, sir. And as he stood there so long, I slipped into the sitting-room and looked out from there." He paused and cleared his throat. "I was still looking when I heard Captain Hepburn come out. I shouldn't have behaved as I did, sir, but I had seen Captain Hepburn's eyes. . . ."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, it might have been that he was walking in his sleep! And so, when I heard him coming, I ducked into a corner and watched him go by. I followed him right to your door. He opened it very quietly. I was close behind him when he crossed to the bed—"



The watching eyes seemed to grow larger—they merged. He forgot his murderous intent

Now, suddenly, in a stifled voice:

"The syringe!" Hepburn cried; "the syringe! My God! did I *touch* you?"

He sprang up wildly, his glance questing about the floor.

"Is this what you mean, Hepburn?" Nayland Smith asked. He picked up a fountain pen, at the same time glancing down at his left arm. "My impression is that you jabbed the *nib* into me!"

Mark Hepburn stared at the fountain pen, fists clenched. It was a new one bought only that day; his old one had been smashed during operations in the Chinatown raid. So far as he could remember he had never filled it. The facts, the incredible facts, were coming back to him. . . . He had prepared a mixture: of what it was composed at this moment he hadn't the slightest idea. But he had imagined or had dreamed that he charged a hypodermic syringe with it. He must have charged the fountain pen; for he had no hypodermic syringe in his possession!

NAYLAND SMITH'S penetrating regard never left the troubled face, and then:

"Was I dreaming?" Hepburn groaned, "or was I hypnotized? By heaven! I remember—I went to the window and saw his eyes! *He* was watching me."

"Who was watching you?" Smith asked quietly.

"I don't know who it was, sir," Fey interrupted with an apologetic cough, "but he had one of the most dreadful faces I have ever seen in my life. The moonlight was shining on him. I saw his green eyes."

"What!"

Nayland Smith sprang to his feet. From out of his varied experience an explanation of the strange incident, phantasmal, arose. He stared hard again at Mark Hepburn.

"Dr. Fu Manchu is the most accomplished hypnotist alive," he said harshly. "During those few moments that you watched him from the window above Wu King's he must have established partial control." He pulled on a dressing-gown which lay across the foot of the bed. "Quick, Fey, get Wyatt! He's on duty in the lobby."

Fey ran out.

Nayland Smith turned, threw up the window and craned forward. Over his shoulder:

"Which way, Hepburn?" he snapped.

MARK HEPBURN, slowly recovering control of his normal self, leaned on the sill and pointed.

"The wing on the right, third window from the end, two floors below this."

"There's no one there and the room is dark." The wail which tells that the fire department is out, a solo rarely absent from New York's symphony, rose, ghostly, through the night. "I have had an unpleasantly narrow escape. Beyond doubt, you were acting under hypnotic direction. Fey's evidence confirms it. A daring move! The Doctor must be desperate." He glanced down at the fountain pen which lay upon a little table. "I wonder what you charged it with?" he murmured meditatively. "Dr. Fu Manchu assumed too much in thinking you had hypodermic syringes in your possession. You obeyed his instructions—but charged the fountain pen; thus probably saving my life."

It was only a few moments later that Wyatt, the government agent in charge below, found the night manager and, accompanied by two detectives, was borne up to the thirty-eighth floor of the hotel wing in which the suspected room was located.

"I can tell you there's no one there, Mr. Wyatt," the manager said, twirling a large key around his forefinger. "It was vacated this morning by a Mr. Eckstein, a dark man, of foreign appearance. There's only one curious point about it—"

"What's that?" Wyatt asked.

"He took the door key away. . . ." Mr. Dougherty smiled grimly; his Tipperary brogue was marked. "Unfortunately, it often happens. But in this case there may have been some ulterior motive."

The bedroom, when they entered, was deserted; the two beds were ready for occupancy by incoming guests. Neither here nor in the bathroom was there evidence pointing to a recent intruder. . . .

The detectives were still prowling around and Nayland Smith on the fortieth floor of the Tower was issuing telephone instructions, when a tall man, muffled in a fur topcoat, a man who wore glasses and a wide-brimmed black hat, stepped into an elevator on the thirtieth floor and was taken down to street level. . . .

"No one is to leave the building," rapped Nayland Smith, "until I get down. Don't concentrate on the Tower; post men at every elevator and every exit."

WYATT, the night manager and the two detectives stepped out of the elevator at the end of the huge main foyer. The tall man in the fur coat was striding along its carpeted center aisle. The place was only partially lighted at that late hour. There was a buzz of vacuum cleaners. He descended marble steps to the lower foyer. A night porter glanced up at him, curiously, as he passed his desk.

A man came hurrying along an arcade lined by flower shops, jewelers' shops and other features of a luxury bazaar, but actually contained within the great hotel, and presently appeared immediately facing the elevator by which Wyatt and his party had descended. Seeing them, he hurried across, and:

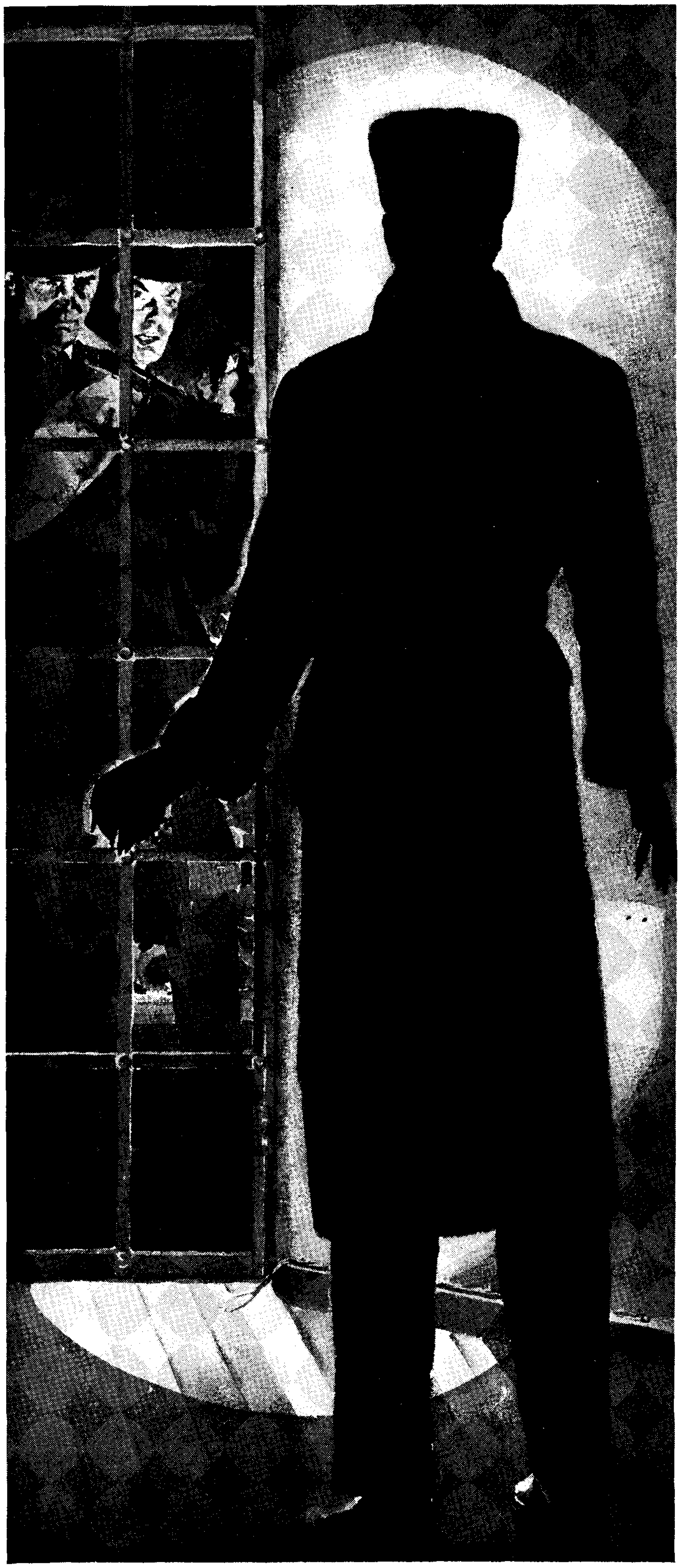
"No one is to leave the building!" he cried; "post men at all elevators and all entrances."

The tall visitor passed through the swing doors, and descended the steps to the sidewalk. A Lotus cab which had been standing near by drew up; opening the door, he entered. The cab moved off. It was actually turning the Park Avenue corner when detectives, running from the westerly end of the building, reached the main entrance and went clattering up the steps. One, who seemed to be in charge, ran across to the night porter. Federal Agent Wyatt was racing along the foyer towards them.

"Who's gone out," the detective demanded, "in the last five minutes? Anybody?"

But even as the startled man began to answer, the Lotus cab was speeding along almost deserted streets, and Dr. Fu Manchu lying back in the corner relaxed after a dangerous and mentally intense effort which he had every reason to believe would result in the removal of Enemy No. 1. Nayland Smith's activities were beginning seriously to interfere with his own. The abandonment of the Chinatown base was an inconvenience, and reports received from those responsible for covering the Stratton Building suggested that further intrusion might be looked for. . . .

Gray morning light was creeping into the sitting-room.



The bullet ricocheted as from armor plate. Dr. Fu Manchu did not stir

"Last night's attempt," said Nayland Smith (he wore a dressing-gown over pajamas) "is not uncharacteristic of the doctor's methods."

"Poor consolation for me," Hepburn replied, speaking from the depths of an armchair in which, similarly attired, he was curled up.

"Don't let us worry unduly," said Nayland Smith. "I have known others to suffer from the insidious influence of Fu Manchu; indeed, I have suffered myself. Physical fear has no meaning for the Doctor. Undoubtedly he was here in person, here in the enemy's headquarters. He walked out under the very noses of the police officers I had dispatched to intercept him. He is a great man."

"He is," Hepburn agreed.

"There is no evidence that you were drugged in any way last night, but we cannot be sure, for the doctor's methods are subtle. That he influenced your brain while you were sleeping is beyond dispute. The dream of the interminable labyrinth, the conviction that my life depended upon your escape—all this was prompted by the will of Fu Manchu. You were dreaming, although even now you doubt it, when you thought you awoke. He only made one mistake, Hepburn. He postulated a hypodermic syringe which was not in your possession!"

"But I loaded a fountain pen with some pretty deadly drugs which now it is impossible to identify."

"You carried out your hypnotic instructions to the best of your ability. The power of Fu Manchu's mind is an awful thing. However, by an accident, a pure accident, or an oversight, he failed—thank God! Let us review the position."

MARK HEPBURN reached out for a cigarette; his face was haggard, unshaven.

"We are beginning to harass the enemy." Nayland Smith, pipe fuming furiously, paced up and down the carpet. "That there is a staircase below Wu King's, with some unknown exit on the street, is certain. At any moment I expect a report that the men have broken in there. Its construction has been carried out from the point that I call the water gate; hence, Finney's ignorance of its existence. Once we have reached it, with the equipment at our disposal we can break through. It doesn't matter how many iron doors obstruct us. The entrance from the sewers we have been unable to trace. But penetration to the Chinatown base is only a question of time."

He puffed furiously, but his pipe had gone out. He laid it in an ash tray and continued to walk up and down. Mark Hepburn, laboring under a load of undeserved guilt, watched him fascinatedly.

"What Mrs. Adair knows which would be of value to us is problematical. According to Lieutenant Johnson's report, it would seem to be perfectly feasible to obtain possession of the boy, Robbie, during one of his visits to Long Island."

"The owner of the house and his family are at the coast," Mark Hepburn said monotonously. "He is, as you will have noted, a codirector with the late Harvey Bragg of the Lotus Transport Corporation."

"I had noted it," Smith said dryly, "but he may nevertheless be innocent of any knowledge of the existence of Dr. Fu Manchu. That's the devilish part of it, Hepburn. The other points are: (a) Can Mrs. Adair afford us any material assistance? (b) Is it safe to attempt it?"

"The Negro chauffeur," Hepburn replied, "may have orders, for all we know to the contrary, to shoot the boy in the event of any such attempt. Frankly, I don't feel justified."

"Assuming we succeeded . . ."

"Her complicity would be fairly evident—she would suffer."

NAYLAND SMITH paused in his promenade and, turning, stared at Hepburn.

"Unless we kidnapped *her*, at the same time," he snapped.

Mark Hepburn stood up suddenly, dropping his recently lighted cigarette in a tray.

"By heaven, Smith," he said excitedly, "that may be the solution!"

"It's worth thinking about, but it would require a very careful plan. I am disposed at the moment without imperilling the lives of Mrs. Adair and her son, to concentrate upon the Stratton Building. Your experience there was definitely illuminating."

He crossed to the big desk above which the maps were pinned and looked down at a number of clay fragments which lay there.

"I feel disposed, Hepburn," he said, "if

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Who's Goofy Now?

By Quentin Reynolds

His fans and fellow players will answer, "Lefty Gomez, of course." But Lefty doesn't mind that—as long as he can collect twenty thousand dollars and twenty victories a season from and for the Yankees

ACME

Everyone wondered what new records Lefty Gomez would break last year. But Lady Luck deserted him and he broke nothing but the hearts of the Yankee fans

Lefty Gomez and his wife, June O'Dea. Lefty works in the summer playing ball, and June works in the winter as one of the better songbirds of the night clubs

IT WAS a very nice and quite expensive night club and it was crowded with people who had come to listen to the soft warbling of the beautiful June O'Dea. June O'Dea is one of our better songbirds and when she croons something like "Come to Me, My Melancholy Bay-beeeeeee" a look similar to that found in the eyes of the dying calf comes to the faces of the gentlemen customers and each one sighs blissfully and imagines that June O'Dea is warbling to nobody but him.

Night clubs and musical shows pay important money to beautiful warblers who can cause that look to appear upon the faces of gentlemen customers and it is no secret that June O'Dea gets a very fat pay envelope every Saturday night whether she is singing in a night club or in a musical show.

I sat there listening and with me was a tall, slim, rather handsome (in a dark sinister way, mind you) gentleman who in the midst of the song leaned over and whispered, "I hope Gehrig gets off to a good start this year. When Lou is going good our whole club goes good."

The tall, handsome gentleman was Lefty Vernon Gomez and he was the husband of June O'Dea, so he might possibly be excused from thinking about baseball when she was giving out those soft notes, but I must say that only a cad and a cur would think of anything but the beauty of June O'Dea when she was warbling. Even if it was just a few days before the baseball training season opened.

"It must be very nice, Lefty," I said, trying to keep the envy out of my voice, "to be married to a girl who makes plenty of money like, for instance, June does."

"It is very nice," Gomez said complacently. "You see, she works in the winter singing—and I work in the summer playing ball. That makes it all right."

"She probably makes as much money as you do?" I suggested.

"Sure she does," Lefty said proudly, "and still they call me Goofy. Well," he sighed, "as long as I am married to anyone as lovely as June O'Dea and as long as I am snaring that twenty grand a year from Colonel Ruppert they can keep on calling me 'Goofy' or anything else. Meanwhile June and I will be doing all right, having a lot of fun and maybe salting away a dollar or two each year."

By now June O'Dea had finished her number and she came down and sat with us. She turned anxiously to Lefty. "Was I all right?"

"Yeah, you were all right," he told her.

The customers were clapping and cheering and altogether carrying on in a manner which proved Lefty's remark to be practically a new low in understatement. Despite himself, Gomez had to smile a proud little smile.

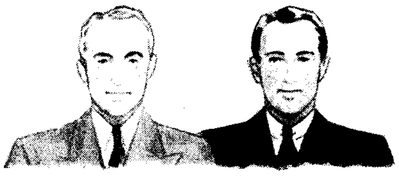
This was just before the training season opened. A week later Gomez had to report to St. Petersburg and now June O'Dea wasn't the glamorous warbler anymore—she was just Mrs. Vernon Gomez, taking care of her hard-working husband and taking especial care of his left, or salary arm, one of the most expensive bits of baseball bric-a-brac in existence. Now that the season is on she continues to be Mrs. Gomez and she has forgotten that she has a voice which would make a thrush think he had laryngitis.

June does the singing for the family—Lefty does the pitching. Actually, Lefty fancies himself as a singer, too, but I can report confidentially that Lefty has a voice like a mink. But he has a strong left arm which is worth twenty thousand dollars a year to him and usually twenty victories a year to the New York Yankees.

A consideration of the life and times of Lefty Vernon Gomez and of how he acquired his reputation for being what ball players call a "screwball" might prove of interest to aspiring hopefuls who would like one day to be goofy in the same way and who would like to earn twenty thousand dollars, and twenty victories a year for the New York Yankees.

We will omit the first ninteen years of Lefty's life and raise the curtain upon the summer of 1930. The scene is the ball park of the Detroit Tigers and before our very eyes we see a very tall, broad-shouldered man wearing the uniform of the Yankees, with his arm about

(Continued on page 72)



Like father, like son

THE SIMILARITY of the Packard 120 to the larger, more expensive cars which bear the Packard name does not end with the most famous, longest-lived lines in motoring.

It continues through every point that distinguishes a fine car from a car that is merely good.

You can prove this to your own satisfaction if you will *match Packard 120 against the field.*

For example, Packard's 35 years of experience in building motors for America's finest cars has made possible the remarkable 120-horsepower straight-eight motor which powers the Packard 120—a motor which gives it an effortless, instantaneous response to the throttle that seems incredible in a car of this size and weight.

You will find that the new Packard 120 gives you a ride whose freedom from jar, jolt and noise is literally a revelation. Yet this is understandable when you consider that these have always been Packard's objectives in building luxury cars.

Both in the things you see and the "invisibles"—the evidences of extra qualities that are hidden, the Packard 120 is the product of fine-car experience, fine-car precision and fine-car ideals.

And these things give a tangible, dollar-and-cents return to every Packard 120 owner. They give him a car which, if he buys out of income, is still young in performance and appearance long after the last payment is forgotten. They give him a car in which the *need* for service is reduced below anything he has ever experienced.

Match Packard 120 against the field. You will find the car as easy to buy as it is to own. Packard's 6% Payment-out-of-Income Plan is unsurpassed for liberality. And, if your old car is of average value, you may be able to drive away in a Packard 120 with little or no cash outlay.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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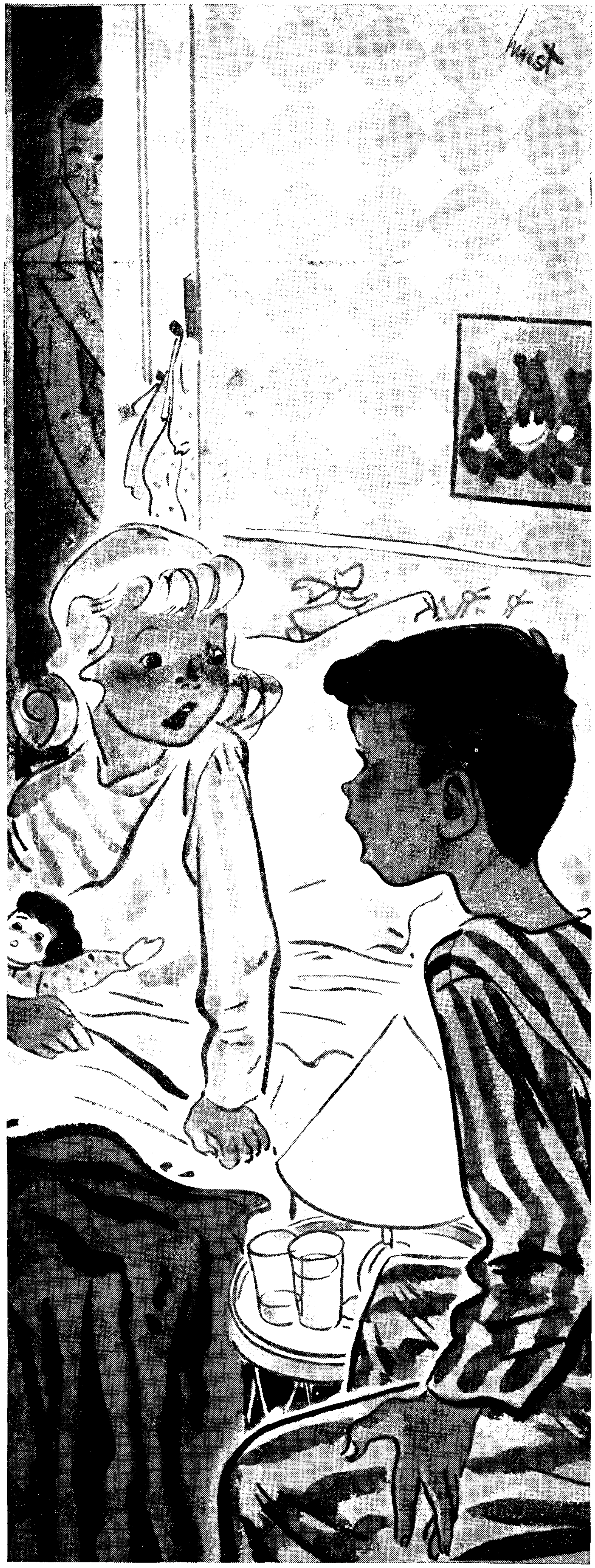


"Daddy's an old grouch," Honey was saying. "I hate him"

The Age of Reason

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Paul Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

ARTHUR PAGET opened the front door of his suburban house, put his hat on the radiator in the hall, and turned left into the living-room.

All was as he had planned it. Phyllis, his wife, bright-haired and smiling, sat on the lounge between their two children, Honey, aged six, an exquisite miniature of her mother, and Bump, four, beginning to look like Arthur. Both youngsters wore pajamas, were scrubbed, brushed, combed, ready for bed.

The ritual he had prepared was followed to the last detail. Each child received a small piece of hard candy from Arthur's coat pocket, a rapid kiss and a kind word, each gave a hand to Phyllis and the little procession went upstairs, while Arthur lit a cigarette and sat down to await his wife's return.

Marriage is like a symphony, he reflected, with many a passage of stormy, obscure music, but also many passages of unearthly beauty. That is, if it is properly composed.

Phyllis came downstairs quietly. "It worked like a charm," she reported. "They went to bed like lambs. Isn't this silence a relief?"

"It just goes to show," he commented. "A little thought will solve most problems before they happen. After all, children are only miniature adults. Like soldiers, their energies have to be directed—quietly, but firmly. Keep them to a regular schedule, and no problems of discipline will arise. You don't have to spank them."

"Of course not."

"It's just silly, the way most people bring up their kids," he expanded. "How would we feel if we didn't know what was expected of us from one minute to the next? How would we feel— What's that?"

His wife listened intently. "That's Honey, getting out of bed."

HIS face darkened, and then, with an effort, he pulled himself together. "We won't pay any attention to her— My Lord!" A fearful crash resounded through the upper floor. "What's that?" he exclaimed.

"She's probably knocked over the bed table," said Phyllis nervously. "I'd better go see."

His extended arm barred the way to the stairs. "I'll tend to this," he grated. "They've got no business getting out of bed."

She clung to his coattails. "Arthur, what are you going to do? Don't hurt them!"

"I'll hurt them, all right. Let me go." He tore himself loose and thundered upstairs. From the landing, he saw two small candy-striped figures glide with incredible speed through the hall and bound into bed.

When he snapped on the light in the children's room, they were apparently in a sound sleep. He stood the bed table on its legs and, breathing heavily, looked down on his offspring. "You must be out of your minds," he announced, and did his parental duty as he then saw it. Honey and Bump uttered piercing screams, so that his heart failed him, and he did no more than flick their seats with the tips of his fingers. The resulting howls were awe-inspiring.

He went downstairs, feeling like a cheap brute, a late Roman emperor of the worst kind. Phyllis brooded by the fireplace.

"There's nothing else they understand," he maintained savagely. "They're nothing but little animals. All this talk of appealing to their reason is so much rot. They understand nothing but a blow and, by George, that's what they're going to get from now on."

"Oh, Arthur!"

"Absolutely," he said. "You'll see. From now on, you won't hear a peep out of them— Now what's going on?"

"They're only talking in bed," Phyllis said.

"They're not supposed to talk in bed."

"Arthur, don't be severe. They're so little."

"That's the point," he said sternly. "They should learn once and for all that they must obey. I see I'll have to go up there again."

"Arthur, please!"

HE RAISED one hand forbiddingly. "Somebody has to do this, or they'll grow up to be savages," he announced.

Only this time he would employ craft. No pretense of sleep would disarm his anger, if he caught them red-handed. He went up step by step with infinite caution, reached the landing undiscovered, and paused before crossing the hall. He could hear their voices plainly.

"Daddy's an old grouch," Honey was saying. "I hate him."

A silence followed while Bump considered his sister's pronouncement. "He brought us some candy," he said finally, as one who offers a tentative defense, uncertain how it will be received.

"He brought us some candy, but he spanked us," Honey objected.

"Yes, but he didn't hurt us. We yelled like everything, but he didn't hurt us at all."

"I yelled louder than you."

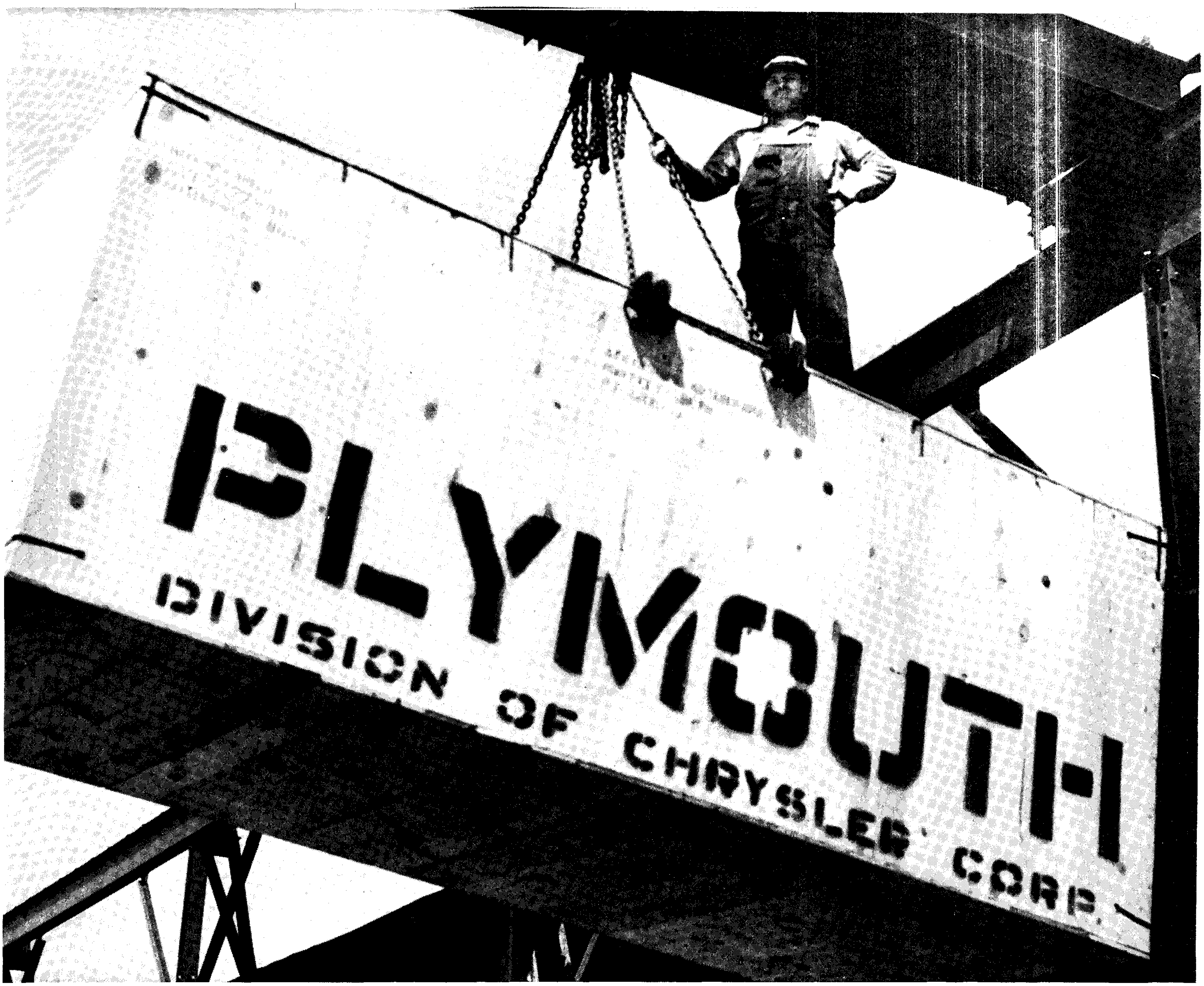
"You're older than I am. He's not a grouch."

Arthur Paget shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another in the darkness and a loose board groaned in the floor.

"Well, maybe he isn't," Honey conceded. "But—"

Arthur descended the stairs and reentered the living-room. Phyllis was reading a magazine on the lounge, and he dropped a kiss in her hair. "What about a cocktail, old lady?"

With the shaker in his hands, he delivered himself of a conclusive theory. "You've got to be reasonable," he said sagely. "After all, you've got to remember they're children. They live in a world of their own, with their own problems to work out, and if they can't talk, how can they solve them?"



"Bound for Singapore"

THIS BIG "BOX" full of Plymouth is going just about as far away from Detroit as you can get. And somebody out in the Straits Settlements will soon be driving the same beautiful car you've admired so often on your own home streets.

Because news of Plymouth quality has circled the world. And Plymouth sales in foreign countries have increased 546% in four years!

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It's the most modern of the great automotive plants. Thousands of hoists, roller-runs and trucks ...17 miles of conveyors...save human energy for good work. Each of our thousands of workers has proper tools, room and time to do his job *right*... without haste, confusion or waste!

And beyond all this is the finer engineering...the accuracy that measures in *tenths of thousandths* of an inch...the invariably careful workmanship that goes into every Plymouth...making it the best built of *any* low priced cars.

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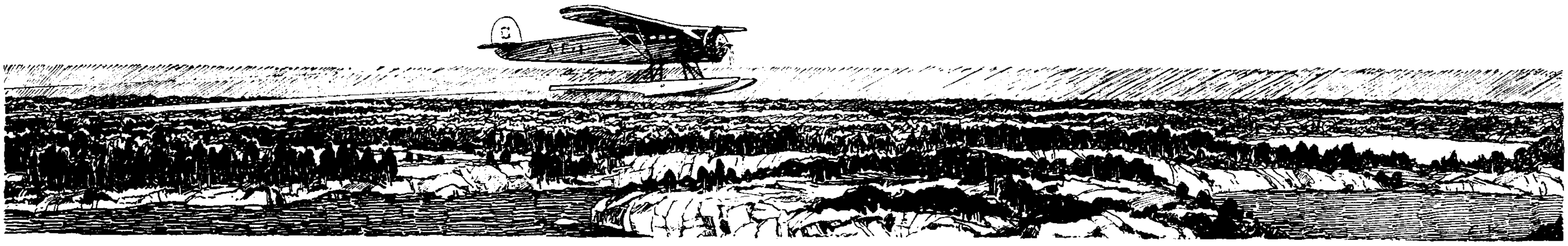
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



Wings Over Labrador

By D. K. Findlay

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

Day after day, circling, dipping, peering into the lonely wilds below them, they searched for a lost flyer. Then out of the sky came a girl—to make a perfect story end perfectly

ONE after another the four seaplanes gained speed and rose from the water. They flew north, swinging to the same angle against the drift of the inshore wind. Trenholm in Number Two position took a last look downward and closed his hatch. With Mac leading, there was no need for him to check off landmarks.

MacDermott, senior pilot of the marine division of the A. F. T., had summoned them to his office that morning—Trenholm, Milliken and Carter.

"We're going north, boys. Hastings is still missing."

They knew about it from the newspapers. Young Hastings of the Meadowbrook, Long Island, Hastings, a crack polo player and an amateur pilot, had bought a plane in England intending to fly it home by way of Iceland and Greenland.

"He's either washed out—or grounded and can't communicate. This is the dope: He took off from Reykjavik with full tanks and touched at the tip of Greenland for weather reports. From there he hopped straight for Labrador. He hopped straight into bad weather and missed his landfall. The S. S. Raritan, out of Churchill, reported sighting a plane late that afternoon. It was almost certainly Hastings'—and the Raritan's position was here." He put his pencil on the map.

"A long way out in the ocean," commented Milliken.

"When the Raritan saw him, he appeared to be heading due west. He must have picked up a bearing—likely from the Raritan—and he was probably heading for the coast before his gas gave out. That night an airplane engine was heard at Salvation. That means he is down somewhere in this area." He drew a circle which included the southern part of Labrador and adjoining Quebec. "The Royal Canadian Air Force is sending out a patrol to cover the St. Lawrence basin—so it's us for Salvation.

"We start at ten. You'll need your heaviest kit. It's always blowing up there, and generally blowing off the icefields. That's all. Trenholm, I want you for some staff work."

They worked out the ground details. A certain amount of equipment had to be taken with them. A tug was to be loaded at St. Charles with gas and oil and other supplies and sent on ahead up the coast. They would get in touch with it by wireless when they had made their base.

At ten minutes to ten Trenholm, coming in to report the flight ready, heard Mac speaking on the telephone.

"—and we'll have a party all to ourselves. 'By, honey." He broke off. "Here, Tren—say goodby to Marion."

Mac had a wife and two little boys. Their small bungalow was the only home Trenholm had known in ten years. He was fond of Marion. He picked up the telephone.

"Well, we're off. Shall I bring you back an Eskimo?"

He got a shock. Marion was crying. Marion, the debonair, the Great Unshakable, was crying.

"Aw, he'll be all right. It's just another job."

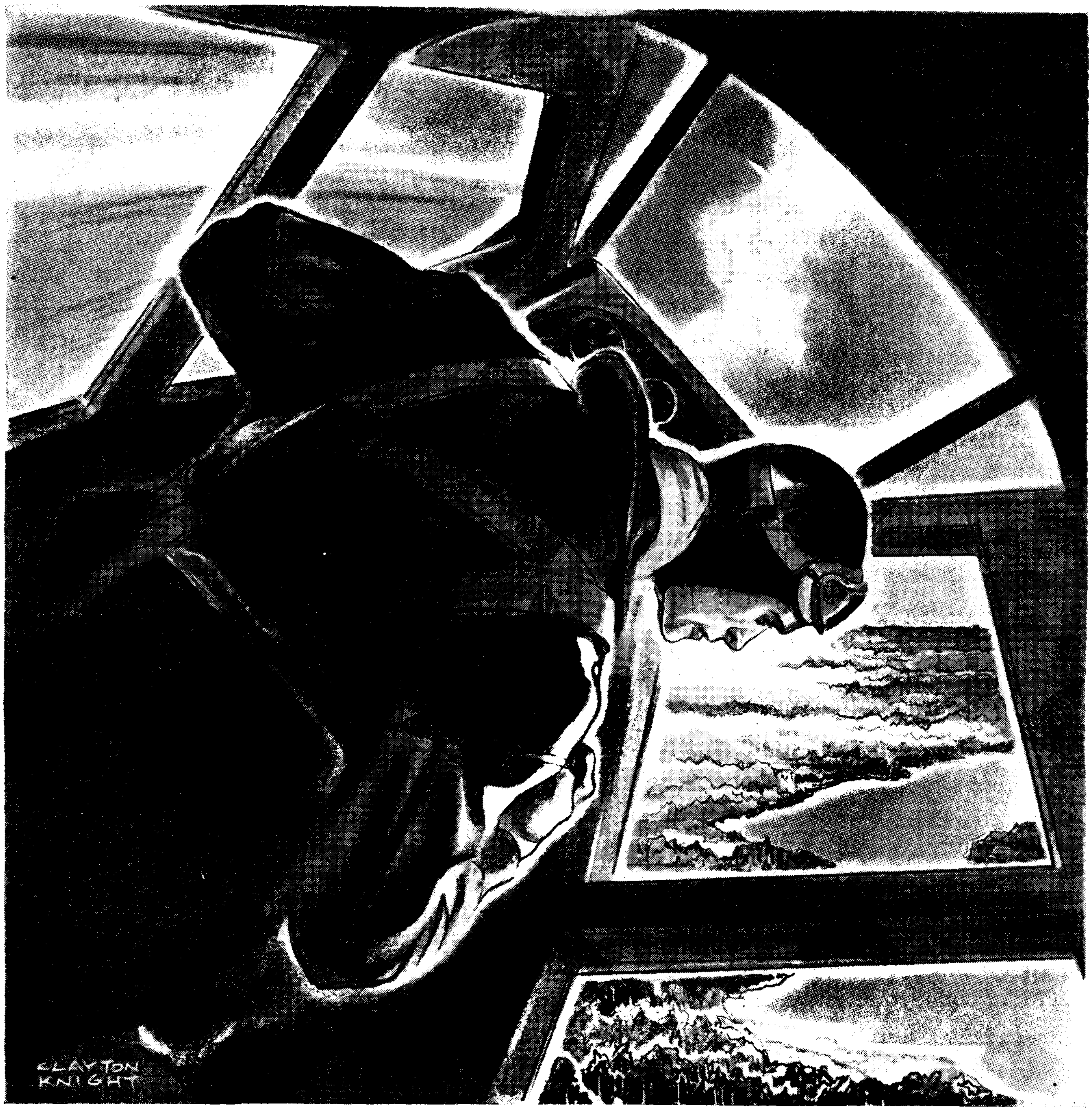
"I know . . . but this time . . . I've a bad feeling about it. I—I want him back."

"Okay. I'll bring him back. Goodby, Marion." He hung up.

"Marion is feeling seedy," said Mac.

Trenholm set down the phone slowly. Something inside him still shrank from the sound of that small, desolate voice. It was so unlike Marion to be frightened.

OVER the blue hills, the horizon turned gray. It was the ocean. Labrador was beneath them now and the flight went down for a look. A rugged land, vast and empty, with range on range of purple hills, valleys dark with spruce and spotted with tamarack swamps. Near the coast, the land was as bare as if it had been scoured—black rock without tree or shrub. A thin band of foam ran endlessly northwest at the feet of the



At noon, Trenholm circled a large lake. It looked deep and snagless, so he dropped in

10 THINGS YOU CAN'T BUY IN A Buick

LISTING A FEW OF THE AGREEABLE "DON'TS" IN OUR GREAT 1936 CARS

The new Buicks don't weave, roll or tire-squeal going around corners. *Low-swung weight and the front-end Ride Stabilizer eliminate all that.*

The new Buicks don't flood, stall or stutter even on cold-start getaways. *The automatic choke feeds the right mixture of gas under all conditions.*

The new Buicks don't get their eye-strikingly smart streamlines at the sacrifice of headroom. *The Limited, for example, measures more from floor to roof than even the lofty cars of five to seven years ago.*

The new Buicks don't side-creep, jitter or climb up on front-wheel "tiptoe" at speed. *Road-hugging steadiness due to the Torque-Tube Drive keeps their flight level as a lance.*

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The new Buicks don't get sluggish or lose their brilliant powder-flash action in the first few thousand miles. *New temperature control and light, tough Anolite pistons insure long-lasting nimble behavior and high resistance to wear.*

The new Buicks don't call for special ingenuity to service. *The silent oil-cushioned valve-in-head straight-eight engine stands clear and upright under the sleek bonnet and is completely accessible.*

The new Buicks don't achieve their ample size, fresh beauty, sparkling performance, new low prices at any cost of quality. *We build to Buick standards, and the price tag is literally the last thing we put upon a car.*

★ ★ ★ ★

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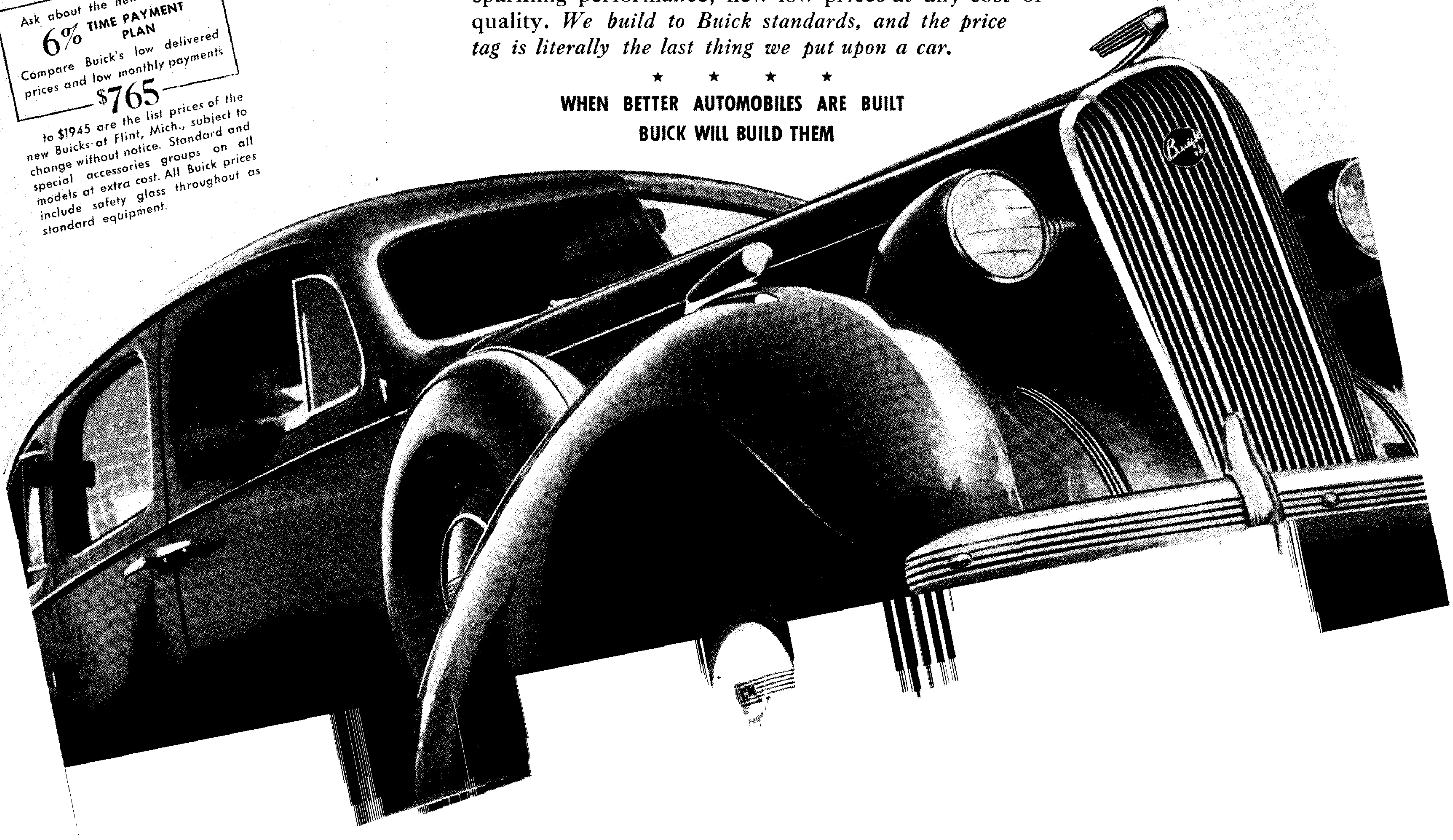
$765 to $1945 are the list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment.



headlands. It had fretted out innumerable inlets and left behind a peppering of islands to break up the first rush of the Atlantic rollers. The tall cliffs threw up air currents which bumped the machines about. Trenholm pictured a lone ship nosing down through the dusk, searching for quiet water. No hope, young Hastings. And so, goodby, young Hastings.

They dropped their pontoons into the tiny harbor of Salvation. The women stood within the doors of the small white houses, a few men and a group of wondering children waited by the fishing stages. It was a lad of fourteen who had heard an airplane and reported it to a fishing schooner.

"Yes, zur, I heard un. 'Twould be about ten in the night. I was driftin' in the marnin' and I was wakeful. I slipped out to see if the wind wur changin' an 'twas then I heard un."

"Did you see anything?"

"No, zur. 'Twas clouded over and the noise was a long way off yonder." He pointed inland.

"Was it like the noise our machines make?"

"No, zur. Yours make more of a buzz like—this un were slower."

"Good lad," said Mac, and gave him five dollars.

THEY took off again and flew inland up Hamilton Inlet. Far up Lake Melville they made their base. In a sheltered cove they found an anchorage for the machines and there was an empty cabin on the shore. It would serve as kitchen, mess and dormitory. They set about the task of converting an old landing stage into a fueling float. Mac's plane was equipped with wireless and his mechanic raised the supply tug.

That night in a cabin crowded with their belongings, Mac outlined the campaign.

"We can be pretty sure it was Hastings the lad heard. He spotted the difference between Hastings' motor and ours. So Hastings made the coast all right and he's somewhere to the south. He couldn't have had much gas left—he'd been bucking the wind all day. Say two hours at the most. That means a landing in the dark and a possible crack-up.

"Tomorrow we start the gridiron stunt. Each of us will take an east-west lane of twenty to thirty miles wide—depending on the ground. How far we go depends on ourselves, but the idea is to cover as much territory as possible. Milliken, you and I will sleep in the planes tonight—the rest of you turn in here."

The seaplanes were in the air next morning as soon as the light was strong. Trenholm had drawn the home lane, farthest north. He explored the banks of Lake Melville, followed the beds of crooked rivers. At noon, he circled a large lake. It looked deep and snagless, so he dropped in. A caribou splashed up the bank and disappeared. The echoes of his engine died away, leaving utter stillness. For all he knew he was the first white man to disturb this water. As he ate his sandwiches, he calculated that if anything ailed his motor it would take him three weeks to walk out—if walking were possible.

He had a headwind all the way back. It was freshening in gusts and he dropped down into their inlet on gasoline from his reserve tank. Milliken and Carter were working on the float. Milliken was excited.

"I saw a bear!"

"Don't tell us—let us guess," said Carter sardonically. "You saw a caribou. The country is full of them. And don't sit there like a statue. It's your turn to get dinner."

Mac came in just before the light began to fail. His face was drawn with fatigue. "That's a respectable mountain range to the south. The air was pretty rough."

That night Milliken tacked to the cabin wall a picture torn from an illustrated paper.

"Introducing Miss Brette Hastings, the guy's sister. Veddy high hat and full marks for looks. And if anyone should roll up in a lobster trap and inquire, I say she adds class to this dump."

The tug landed its supplies and went away again. The wind worked around to the northeast, blowing colder. The air was full of pockets. Trenholm was reassembling Mac's oil pump after the completion of the second day's patrol when his head jerked up, listening. The others swarmed out of the cabin, dirty and unshaven. A dark spot in the sky grew into a big yellow seaplane. It circled them, dropped down and drew into the mooring. The pilot relaxed, lifted his tired arms over his head and looked at the log tilt and the barren shore.

"Nice little place you got here, boys."

The door of the cabin slid back and a girl in flying clothes dropped onto the float. It was the girl in Milliken's picture.

Mac's face was like a thundercloud. She went straight to him. She was a tall slip, with grace in her movements, and no one would ever call her puddingface. There was bone in it, clear-cut. She had gray eyes and her eyebrows were odd. They made a slight angle and instead of descending at the corners, persisted in a fine, rising line. Like the wings of a hawk, thought Trenholm. A strong exultation swept over him. She had not changed. She was just as he had pictured her a thousand times.

"I don't suppose I am very welcome, Major MacDermott, but I didn't come to be a nuisance. I thought another plane might be useful—and I brought some of the things the boys forgot."

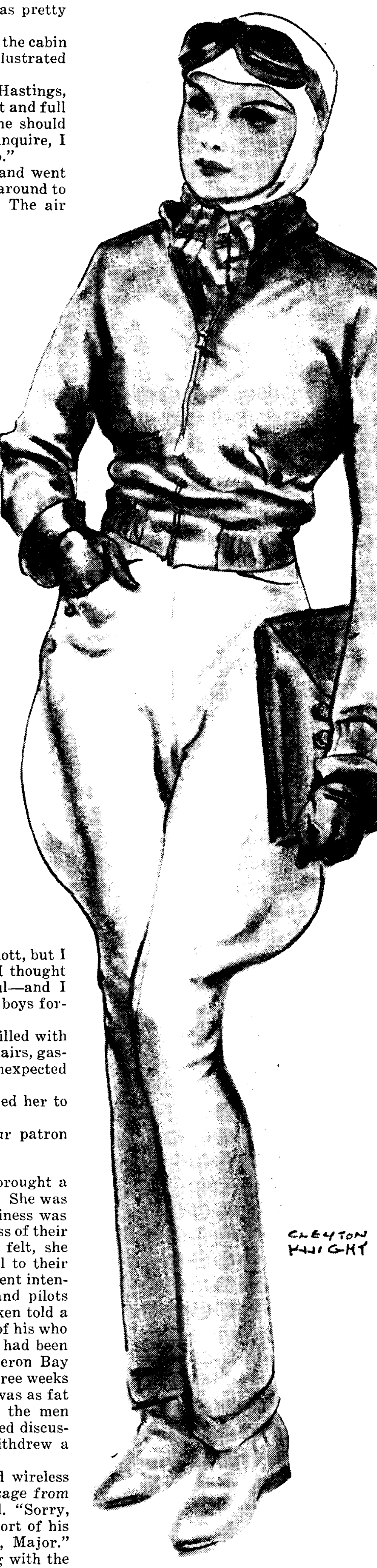
The cabin of her plane was filled with duffel—air mattresses, camp chairs, gasoline lamps, fruit—and most unexpected—newspapers and mail.

At dinner, Milliken introduced her to the picture.

"Our only ornament and our patron saint," he said gravely.

HER presence at the table brought a subtle lightening of spirits. She was a girl and beautiful; her happiness was intimately involved in the success of their work. Whatever anxiety she felt, she hid beneath a casualness equal to their own. Their talk, with transparent intention, was of missing planes and pilots who were always found. Milliken told a circumstantial tale of a friend of his who had been lost down north. He had been freighting groceries into Cameron Bay when he crashed. "It took us three weeks—and when we found him, he was as fat as butter." Afterward, when the men gathered together in a low-toned discussion over their charts, she withdrew a little from the light.

Adams, Mac's mechanic and wireless operator, came in with a message from the Canadian Air Force patrol. "Sorry, no trace." Adams added a report of his own. "Big storm blowing up, Major." The cabin was already shaking with the force of the wind.



Brette Hastings

Trenholm, glancing up from his maps, was stirred by compassion for the girl sitting lonely there. Just waiting was the worst. Her profile was as pure as ivory against the shadow. She belonged to a world whose chief concerns he guessed were amusement and decoration, yet she had two great gifts—courage and quietness.

He went out to look at the weather. The wind, wet with spray, blew with a violence that awoke a half-forgotten primordial terror—and it was still rising. From the lee of a rock, he watched the few remaining stars blotted out.

"If I were lost out there," said a shadow beside him, "I would not be afraid of starvation. I should be afraid of madness."

"A land without gods. Not like Guatemala."

"I thought you had forgotten Guatemala," she said.

HE HAD once known Brette Hastings, briefly but intimately. It was when he was a pilot for Dr. Schacht's expedition, exploring for Maya remains in the jungles of Central America. She had come on a yacht to Puerto Barrios and had flown in with a party to see the excavations. Trenholm had been detailed to them to instruct and amuse.

Darkened and worn by the tropics, he gave her an exile's appreciation. To him she appeared as fresh, as sparkling as morning in the north. Always about her there was a faint, cool elegance, delicate as perfume, which even the deadening heat of those latitudes could not enervate. For a week they lived in each other's pockets. They climbed about the excavations, hunted orchids through the dim glades and trotted on mules after the bands of howler monkeys. On her last night, he flew her to the Lake of the Idols.

The silent jungle was drenched in moonlight. Gigantic stone faces stared through the trailing vines. Around them, reducing them to dwarfs, were the ruins of a vast temple, the thrown-down emblems of a once-great religion. Rising white and steadfast, splendid in its grace and power, a stairway curved up to emptiness. She stood transfixed by beauty, rapt in wonder and mystery.

In that crystal moment, he felt his world swing and become still again. He knew that it had reoriented itself. Its center had become the face of a girl with the moon in her eyes. Something had happened to her, too. He saw it in her shaken, questioning look.

They said goodby before her tent in the dawn.

"You will come to see me in New York, when you get back?" she asked.

"New York—or somewhere."

But he had not gone to see her in New York. He had wanted to, but some instinct made him hesitant and shortly he was off on his wanderings again. Three years stretched between them—years that had hardened him, taught him to temper all things with humor but the memory of that Guatemalan night had never left him.

"No, I had not forgotten," he said.

"Since then you have been winning golden opinions. I know something of your exploits. I was glad when they told

(Continued on page 68)

This ONE light says "STOP-GO" to 32,000 cars a day!

MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO... *typical of "stop-and-go" traffic in hundreds of American cities*

Everywhere today... it's "STOP-and-GO" 4 out of every 5 miles you drive!

Already, America has over 40,000 traffic lights . . . blinking "stop" a total of over 12 million times a day! And thousands more traffic lights will be installed this year!

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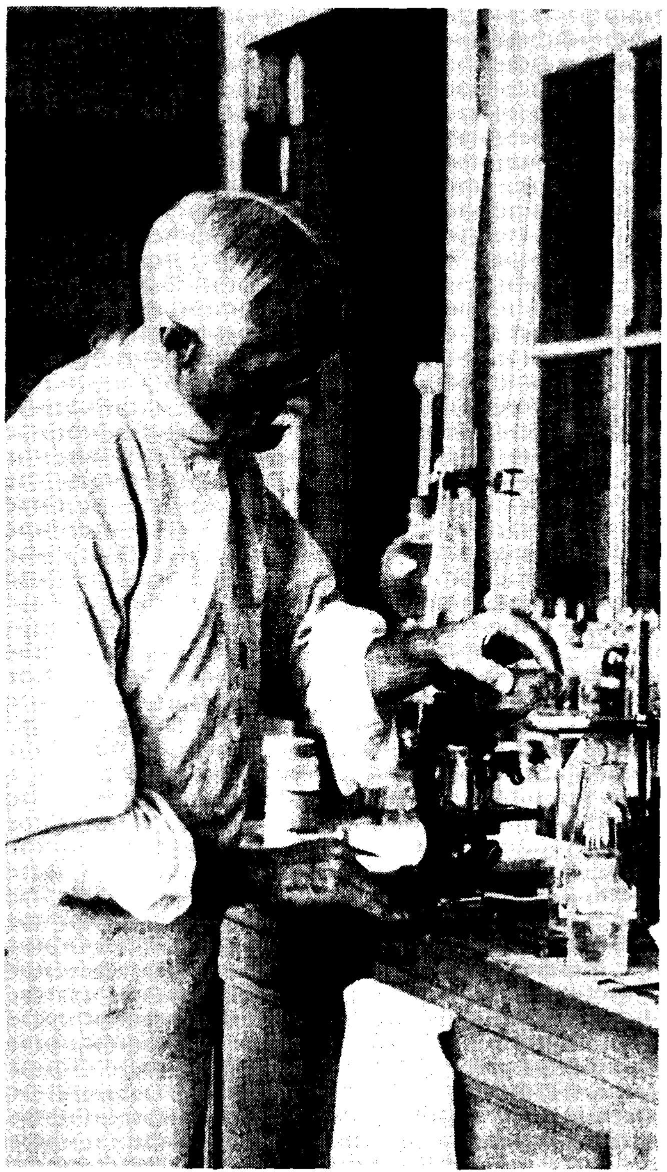
IFOR THOMAS



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The Elmer Sperrys, father and son, who put the toy gyroscope top to work steering and stabilizing ocean liners automatically, guiding blind-flying planes and in dozens of other jobs. Sperry, senior, died in 1930 and his son now carries on

Directly below: An early stage in the development of the gyropilot which relieves an airplane pilot at the controls. At bottom: The gyropilot which Wiley Post used in the first solo flight around the world in 1933

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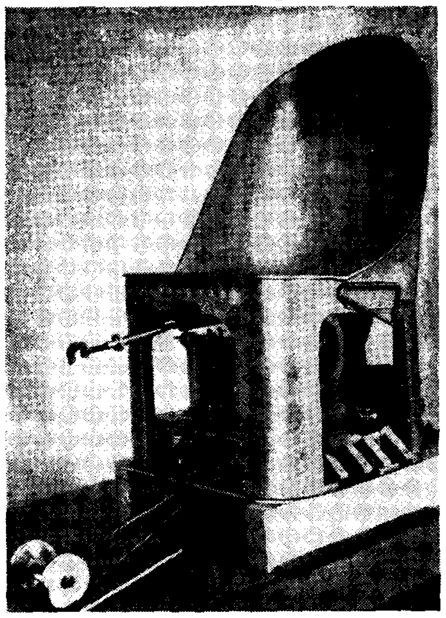
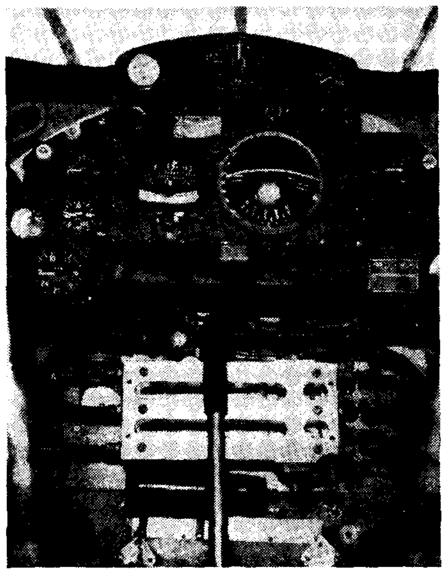




It's the Top

By Frank D. Morris

If you think it's impossible to get ahead in the world by spinning round and round in the same place, look at the Sperry family. They've been specialists in spinning, and as a result their inventions have invaded the sea and sky and penetrated the earth. And Elmer Sperry, junior, is still performing new miracles with the gyroscope top, the toy that made good

THE Navy was shouting from the mast-tops for ash cans. It was early 1917 and Admiral Sims was readying his ships for a dash to the war zone. But he didn't want to leave without ash cans.

Now everyone knows that the ordinary, furnace-room ash can is of practically no strategic value in war, so possibly we'd better stick to its technical name, the depth charge—although the men in the dungaree and splinter fleets called them just plain ash cans. They were huge metal cylinders, loaded to the gills with several hundred pounds of TNT, carried on racks at the stern of destroyers or other fighting ships. A depth-pressure device—called a striker—was set, the ash can was dropped off the stern and in about fifteen seconds—BOOM!

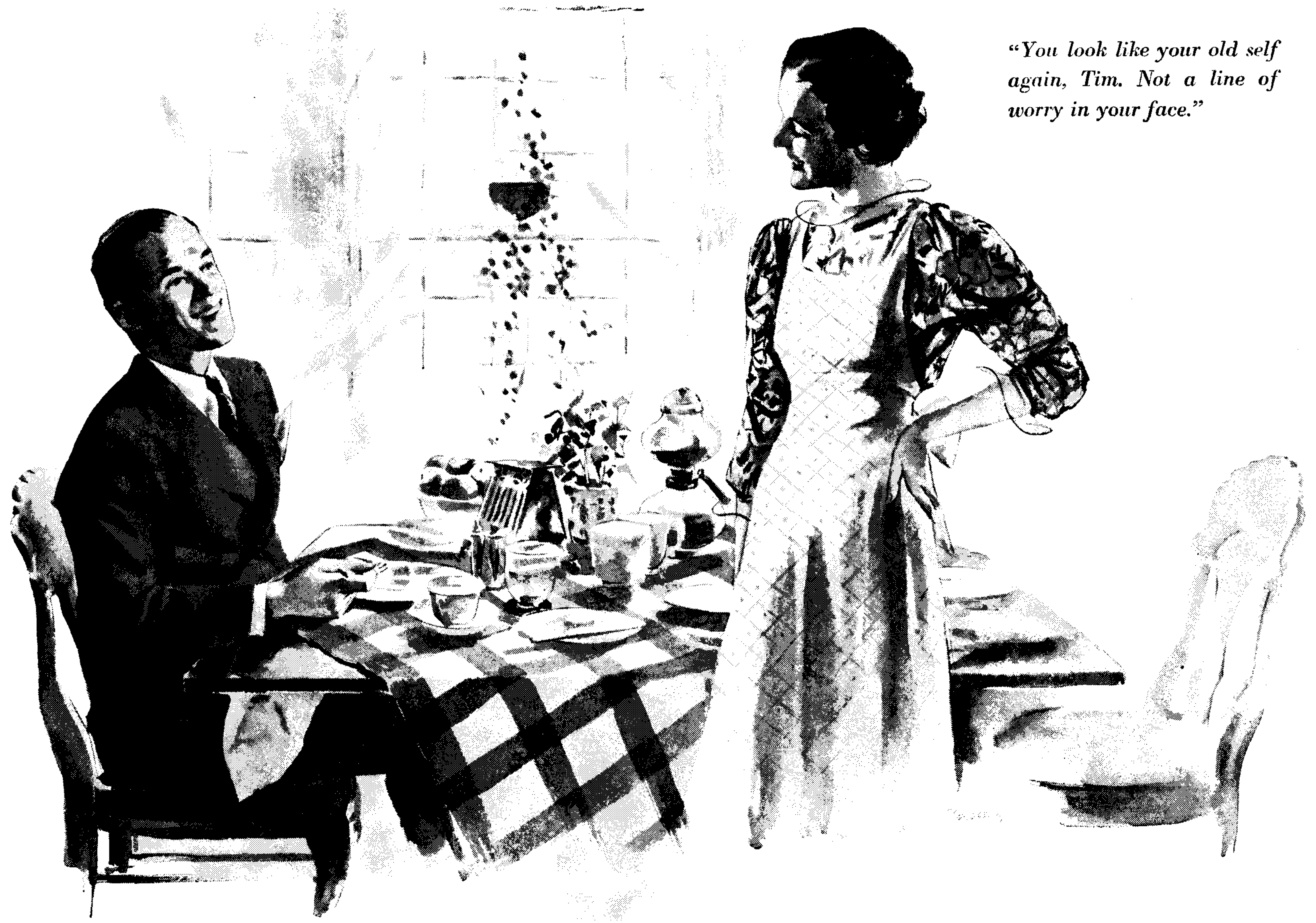
Heaven help the U-boat that came within range of that boom. Water, you see, is incompressible so a direct hit wasn't necessary. The hydraulic pressure set up by an exploding depth charge was sufficient to cave in the shell of any submarine reckless enough to be in the immediate vicinity. The Allied navies had just discovered that the ash can, or depth charge, properly placed, could do more damage to U-boats than all the mines and gunfire in European waters.

Yes, the U. S. Navy needed all the ash cans it could get its official hands on. It tried the Allies' models and said no, thanks. Although effective, the Allies' depth charges were clumsy, complicated and expensive. How about a little Yankee ingenuity and economy?

They found both within a six-inch shell's range of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. A man named Sperry, Elmer Sperry, Sr., had a small laboratory where he had taken that fascinating toy, the spinning gyroscope top, and had put it through amazing stunts, operating compasses, automatically steering ships and planes, taking the roll out of rolling vessels and . . .

But all of these can wait—the Navy still wants those ash cans. Sperry, senior, had never seen a depth charge and his two sons, Lawrence and Elmer, junior, knew equally little about the critters. Nevertheless, the Sperrys unblinkingly accepted the Navy Department challenge and young Elmer was made project engineer for the job. We'll follow Elmer from now on. He scratched his head, scrawled preliminary sketches, had them approved by the Navy, and in two days' time—which meant forty-eight hours without sleep for Elmer—he had the first Made-in-America ash can, a fifty-pound test model born without benefit of a blueprint, ready for

(Continued on page 44)



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The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

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COLMAN
(Beau Geste)

featuring
Claudette
COLBERT
(It Happened One Night)

VICTOR McLAGLEN
(The Informer)

ROSALIND RUSSELL
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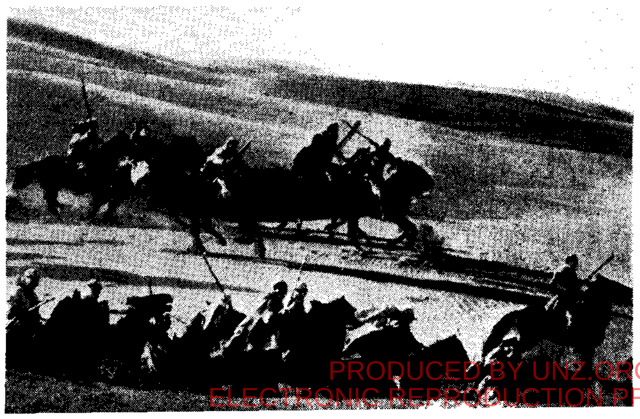
(Les Miserables . . House of Rothschild)

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Frank Lloyd *(Cavalcade . . Mutiny on the Bounty)*
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida

20th CENTURY FOX



triumph for its caller and sponsor, Mr. Talmadge. Whoever paid for it didn't get his money's worth. Too many other barney-bawlers, political clip-joint keepers, bigot-buyers and stale-hokum slingers got into the picture. Somewhat to his chagrin, Gene found himself sharing the cheers with Kluxers, professional lily-whites, racketeering nigger-haters, lynch-mob promoters, Yankee-baiters, left-over Populists, something-for-nothing brethren, pension preachers and a wide assortment of free-lance hookworms who would howl like a full-moon dog for anything that omitted work. Mr. Talmadge was only half the show, a dismal fact to which the newspaper clippings and the after-gossip bear witness. The only person of anything resembling importance at the Macon bazoo-derby was Mr. Talmadge himself, but after the "delegates" had retired to their homes to talk it over, Gene's contribution to the Great Day petered out to less than heroic proportions.

Gene wanted to put them all to work, a laudable if not wholly popular ambition, at old-fashioned Georgia wages—wages that would pay for no more than a modicum of beer and absolutely no skittles. He wanted them to join him without questioning in blind hatred of Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal. He wanted them to plant cotton right up to the windows of the State House, better known as King Gene's Palace, and look to Heaven for markets, whereas a large percentage of them were perfectly willing to rest on their rib bones and take government money for keeping away from the cotton rows. Gene wanted them to r'ar up and fight for the Constitution; but, as Mr. Deans saw it, "most folks felt that Gene didn't really mean it because he was too partial to a fight to want to share one." Moreover (and this is very important) Gene failed to tell them what they were going to get out of such a fight ifen they did r'ar up and haul off.

A Trick up Gene's Sleeve

No, the suspicion grew, not only along the nameless roads whereon Mr. Deans and his like reside in semisomnolence, but in the cities and towns, too, that Mr. Talmadge hadn't told all, hadn't come clean. True, Mr. Talmadge's shills were trouping the roads assuring all and sundry that he would be the next President of the United States, that his cabinet would be a patriotic Cracker box, that with Gene installed at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, would cease to be "a heaven for niggers and the home of the Jew Deal." And everyone had been told (each personally and in confidence) that with Gene in the White House cotton was going to vault to twenty-four cents a pound and that side meat and grits were coming down to—oh, two, three cents a pound with a pound of coffee and free tradin' stamps throwed in. And yet, there was something lacking, something missing—something, as one of Mr. Deans' neighbors had it, "Gene ain't took outen his pocket yit."

It may be quite to Mr. Talmadge's credit that he has refused to find virtue in the Townsend Plan, Huey Long's spavined hobbyhorse—Share-Our-Wealth; Technocracy, Social Credit, Utopia, and all the other free-lunch foundations. But Wall Street applauds his lack of enthusiasm for these more than Ellaville, Ty Ty, Dahlonega, Lula, Benevolence, Gobbler's Knob, Young Harris or any of the paintless Georgia corners which were his political ramparts. One of the lesser heirs of Huey Long's Kingdom-Come hoopla made quite a hit at the Macon rodeo. Had the really brilliant Louisianian been running that Macon show, the gentleman would have been thrown out the moment he opened his mouth.

The Shouting Dies

Continued from page 13

So Mr. Deans and all the rest of the small folk of Georgia are studyin' hard. Gene is equally opposed, and more vocal therein, to Socialism, Communism, Collectivism or any other left turn whatever name it may bear or cloak it may wear—the National Youth Movement, The American Commonwealth Political Federation, Farmer-Labor, Production for Use, Epic, Planned Abundance, Planned Obsolescence, the Workers' Alliance, the Progressive Party and on to such frankly dues-collection rackets as the National Relief Workers and The Farm Mortgage associations. So what?

The feeling grows that Mr. Talmadge is either a twenty-two caliber Fascist devoted to the dictator ideology, Bible-backed with sincerity, or as Mr. Deans and so many of his neighbors are beginning to suspect, "there's sure somethin' Gene ain't took outen his pocket yit."

"It was him, Chief! Honest! I only stole the jewels!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Naturally, Georgia doesn't stop at mere speculation. At least the populace is doing its best to give a name to whatever it may be that Mr. Talmadge aspires to. It is so generally conceded that Mr. Talmadge isn't going to be nominated for President by anyone except Mr. Talmadge, and therefore isn't going to be our President, that it amounts to common knowledge. Of course, the possibility that the United States will be so foolhardy as to let Mr. Talmadge slip through its fingers is not admitted by all of his satellites. For example, we talked to one of Georgia's greatest judges—an august occupant of the bench who told us that Mr. Talmadge was no longer the master of his own fate, that he had been taken over by the grea-a-a-at American people who were, the judge had found, praying to Mr. Talmadge to lead them "out of bondage, away from the stench of Communism, and back, sir, to the principles of Jefferson, Jackson and Grover Cleveland.

"I take my pen in hand, sir," said His Honor, "to enumerate for you the electoral college vote which will be Governor Talmadge's no matter what transpires in the city of Philadelphia. Let the debauched party of Jefferson, Jackson and Grover Cleveland renominate the Communist Roosevelt if it will, but let the people in their holy wrath speak, sir. I shall not enumerate the electoral votes of all the states which will repudiate the Communist Roosevelt and replace him with a true-blue American, Governor Eugene Talmadge, but we shall start with these: Florida, seven electoral votes; Georgia, twelve; Louisiana, ten; Alabama, eleven; New York, forty-seven. How many does that make, sir?"

"Before we count," we said, "would you mind telling us whether our ears are true to us. Did you say New York?"

"I did, sir," said the judge. "In November when the votes are cast the great state of New York will be found to have cast its forty-seven electoral votes for Eugene Talmadge. Scoff if you choose, but I can demonstrate. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Raskob, the grea-a-a-at Alfred E. Smith and the vast banking and business interests of New York will reject the Communist Roosevelt and give New York to Governor Eugene Talmadge, sir. And now, sir, how many electoral votes have I enumerated?"

Mr. Deans Has His Doubts

But we must close that scene, having introduced it merely to show you that Gene's office-holding friends are choking with loyalty. And we resume our report of what Georgia is doing by way of identifying Mr. Talmadge's as yet unspoken motives. Before we do, however, we may as well tell you that New York is not the only state in the judge's list which will *not* cast its electoral votes for Mr. Talmadge. Even Georgia will vote for Mr. Roosevelt—quite definitely.

In Georgia, as we set these political pleasantries down, only a few private citizens are being generous enough to ascribe Mr. Talmadge's war dance to a purely sincere itch to save this country from becoming a rural free delivery suburb of Moscow. Even Mr. Deans, although he is convinced that whatever it is that's going on in Moscow is scandalous and unchristian, has his doubts. And of course some of the politicians—the Roosevelters—are openly scornful of Mr. Talmadge's shining armor and flaunting plumes. In fact, as we left to have a look at the patriotic whimwhamming in other sovereign states, some of these latter were debating the value of impeachment proceedings.

"And they'd do it too," said a gentleman who was assisting in holding down the courthouse steps in Milledgeville, "ifen they thought Gene wouldn't git mad."

But several businesslike reasons are ascribed to Mr. Talmadge for his current uproarious gallumphing. One has it that it will come right down to a mountain and mouse denouement that Gene seeks again to be Georgia's governor. Under the state's constitution he may serve only four years—two two-year terms. He is now concluding his second term—"scratchin'," says Mr. Deans, "harder'n a houn' dawg which was bit whar there wasn't no reachin'." In November Georgia votes on a constitutional amendment which would increase the gubernatorial term to four years.

The Man of Mystery

Mr. Talmadge, having consulted his lawyer, a fellow named Eugene Talmadge, has been advised that he may run for governor at the same time the people are voting on the constitutional amendment. If it is accepted by the people and he too is accepted by the people, (Talmadge advises Talmadge) everything will be legal because the old provision that a man may not occupy the office for more than two consecutive two-year terms will have been rendered obsolete, null and void. So be it.

A second conjecture is that Mr. Talmadge will seek to enter the United States Senate, where the visibility is greater and the acoustics better. He would in such event aspire to the seat now held by former Governor Richard B. Russell, a judiciously enthusiastic New Dealer who must face the electorate in November. Scarcely an atom of love links Mr. Russell and Mr. Talmadge.

But the next possibility snags the imagination of all. We may say before plunging into its intricacies that we found no facts to substantiate this one; but we found plenty of people who were having a lot of robust fun playing around with it. Suppose, they tell you, that Gene is absolutely sincere in his distaste for Roosevelt, the AAA idea, government professors, wholesale relief, crop limitations and dropsical budgets. What's he going to do about it? Take a walk and turn Republican? Is he going to join up with Al Smith and the Liberty League Democrats? And if he does, is he figuring on the Cracker vote to follow him—the burr-head whites and the back-road cotton choppers who still regard Yankees as "white niggers in dress suits"?

Or has Gene ambitions to become Secretary of Agriculture, forcing his way into the Cabinet as a price Mr. Roosevelt will have to pay for Gene's surrender? Might be, might be, says Mr. Deans.

Of course, at Gene's pourin'-on at Macon there was plenty of evidence that

(Continued on page 34)

I dinna ken ECONOMY ...'til noo!

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They SEAL THE POWER in the engine and give you more thrifty miles per gallon, zippy get-away, increased highway speed, and better power on the hills.

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(Continued from page 33)

Mr. Talmadge wasn't forgetting that this is a white man's country and that he isn't upholding the nigger, Constitution or no Constitution. And to be sure that we understood this, Mr. Deans and quite a few of his backlands brethern gave us copies of The Georgia Woman's World which they got at the convention. Gene didn't say anything about the "nigger-lovin'" that was a-goin' on in Washington; but there it was in black and white for every visitor and delegate to read while Gene was down-poundin' on the woe-tide of the farmers. There it was—with pictures.

Right on the front page of The Georgia Woman's World, which could be perused between speeches or when a body retired to the corridors for a breath of air, it said that President Roosevelt was "permitting Negroes to come to the White House banquet table and sleep in the White House beds." Of course everybody knew that Gene would fix that; Gene would throw all the nigger-ridden furniture out along with the Frankfurters, Tugwells, Epsteins, Rubinows, Zimmermans, Morgenthaus and Ickeses ("did you know that Ickes is a Jew Communist?") and make the White House live up to its name. Also, the paper said, all these names of Roosevelt's advisors are men "whose birth, training and thought lie wholly outside the United States." Gene was for a hundred-per-cent America run by hundred-per-cent Americans.

The High Cost of Lynching

Mr. Deans was particularly interested in the Wagner-Costigan bill. It came as a great surprise to him that the citizens of any county wherein a lynching should occur would have to pay ten thousand dollars to the relatives of the lynched one. To Mr. Deans that seemed a bit excessive. Ought to git a whole passel of niggers for all that money and maybe a Yankee throwed in. Furthermore:

"Chargin' most of the counties ten thousand dollars for lynchin' up a nigger would be a tolerable big surprise to the folks."

Nevertheless, very few of the ladies and gentlemen attending Gene's convention knew just how bad things were under the New Deal. The paper warned them that if it weren't for Gene Talmadge and such organizations as the Klan and the Women's National Association for the Preservation of the White Race that "Black African Communism marching out of the White House arm in arm with Red Russian Communism would be now at work murdering the white wives, mothers, daughters and sweethearts of noble American men." And anybody knows that isn't the thing to do. Moreover, there were two organizations—the African Blood Brotherhood and The Symbolic Snake—which "had ought to be watched close." These, the paper told the delegates, are composed of "Jews or people of Jewish ancestry and Negroes" and aim without mercy to "prevent the teaching of the word of God to the youth of our land, causing atheism and Communism to be taught instead . . . forcing our own children to become atheists and Communists and destroy the white race."

There was lots of this to be read in The Georgia Woman's World, which wanted to know frankly whether we were going to stand for New Deal legislation which wanted to "get the anti-lynching bill passed—for the purpose of permissive ravishment." But the pictures were fine, too. There were lots of pictures, the editors being more or less familiar with the literacy limits of their circulation. Anyway the pictures were magnificent. Sometimes a writer will forget something or, believe it or not, fall short of the whole truth. But the camera doesn't lie. Hain't got sense enough.

Look at that picture—on the front page. An Assistant Attorney General of the United States, a Negro, eatin' taxpayers' vittles at a New Deal banquet, wearin' a full dress suit and a-sittin' up straight as a white man. But worse, this same black man "insulted the editor of the Woman's World." The paper doesn't say how the fellow insulted the editor. In fact, the name of the editor isn't in the paper. The managing editor's name is there—a Mrs. James Rogers Wakefield. We went around to the office of the Georgia Woman's World but the place was hard locked. We asked a Negro. He didn't know, Cap'n, but "I expec's they's gone river fishin' since a week ago countin' on some trouble mebby."

There had been a little trouble. The Honorable Alexander Howell, brother of Gene Talmadge's chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, had been indicted. Mr. Alexander Howell had been handed a WPA job of bossing a group of unemployed girls whose duty it was to compile public school records and file them in Georgia's archives. But WPA announced that it had found these girls working at circulating The Georgia Woman's World—wrapping and mailing. And the grand jury had indicted Mr. Alexander Howell for misusing WPA funds. The trial, we were informed, was going to blow a lot of roofs off a lot of houses.

Anyway, about those pictures. There were several showing Mrs. Roosevelt being escorted into and out of Howard University by students and members of the faculty who, God help the White Race, are Negroes. Then there is a photograph of President Roosevelt talking to members of the Colored Elks—proof in itself that we are headed for racial social equality. Next a photograph of Miss Josephine Roche, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, standing beside Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, president of Bethune-Cookman College (colored). Arise, proud men and noble mothers of the Southland! Do you know that this picture was taken at the meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People? Are we to permit the people who rule us to go truckin' around like that with niggers? But just one more picture. We simply can't go on like this.

Betrayers of the South

Mr. Deans was pretty exercised about this one. At the convention in Macon he had been told that "a white man who took and wrote to the President of the United States oughtn't to be surprised none ifen the reply answer he got back was writ by a nigger field hand in store clothes and a white education." And here in the paper was proof. No wonder Gene Talmadge was pourin' it on. To Gene a nigger was a nigger and "one" who'd be crawling up on the Supreme Co'thouse if'n they wasn't somebody around to shoot him off. But this picture shows Fred D. Pryor, a minor clerk at the White House offices. Over the photograph is the caption Confidential Secretary to President Roosevelt. But under, this is modified a bit. Fred Pryor becomes "assistant to Louis McHenry Howe" of the White House Secretariat. Anyway, as almost everybody at the Macon hollerin' agreed, "the Constitution never had no mind to put up niggers in the government."

As for the other literature handed out at Mr. Talmadge's palaverin', more attention was paid to insidious problems that aren't racial. The Honorable Tom Linder's paper, The Georgia Market Bulletin, told Mr. Deans that "the Rothschilds and Astors of Great Britain, through Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, and Mr. Hull, Secretary of State, are taking the business away from the cotton farmers of the South and giving it to cotton-growing countries fostered by Great Britain." This, as all the sharecroppers and tenant farmers (white) know, is traitorous.

"Listen, Mr. Cotton Farmer," shouts Mr. Linder, who is Mr. Talmadge's Secretary of Agriculture. "Listen: In 1934 Germany sent an order to the United States for 800,000 bales of American cotton. Washington told you that you had grown an unreasonable quantity of cotton and had a great surplus piled up that couldn't be sold. What did Washington do about that 800,000-bale order from Germany? They turned it down cold on account of Communism from Russia in Washington and forced Germany to buy the 800,000 bales of cotton from South America, from India and from Egypt."

Who Pays the Bills?

Now if this were all that bumbles around in the wistful mind of Mr. Deans as he sits there in the amiable loosenin' of spring, his problem would be simple indeed. But, like the adder snake that slithered from under his porch to taste of the new warmth, like the shoat that was rasping its hide against the sweating pine yonder, Mr. Deans was studyin' on the world.

Gene Talmadge was a poor man. He had said so himself a hundred times. Once when Gene went into Tully Benson's store to price a pair of new galluses he made a hojus roarin' about the price. Said he was only a farmer tryin' to git along honest and fair and couldn't afford no such Yankee price for galluses. So he took off his coat, tied up the old galluses whar they were down-busted and bummed an eight-penny nail from one of the boys. Just nailed his busted galluses to his punyin' britches and said he was right ready then and thar fo' to git goin' on a po' man campaignin'.

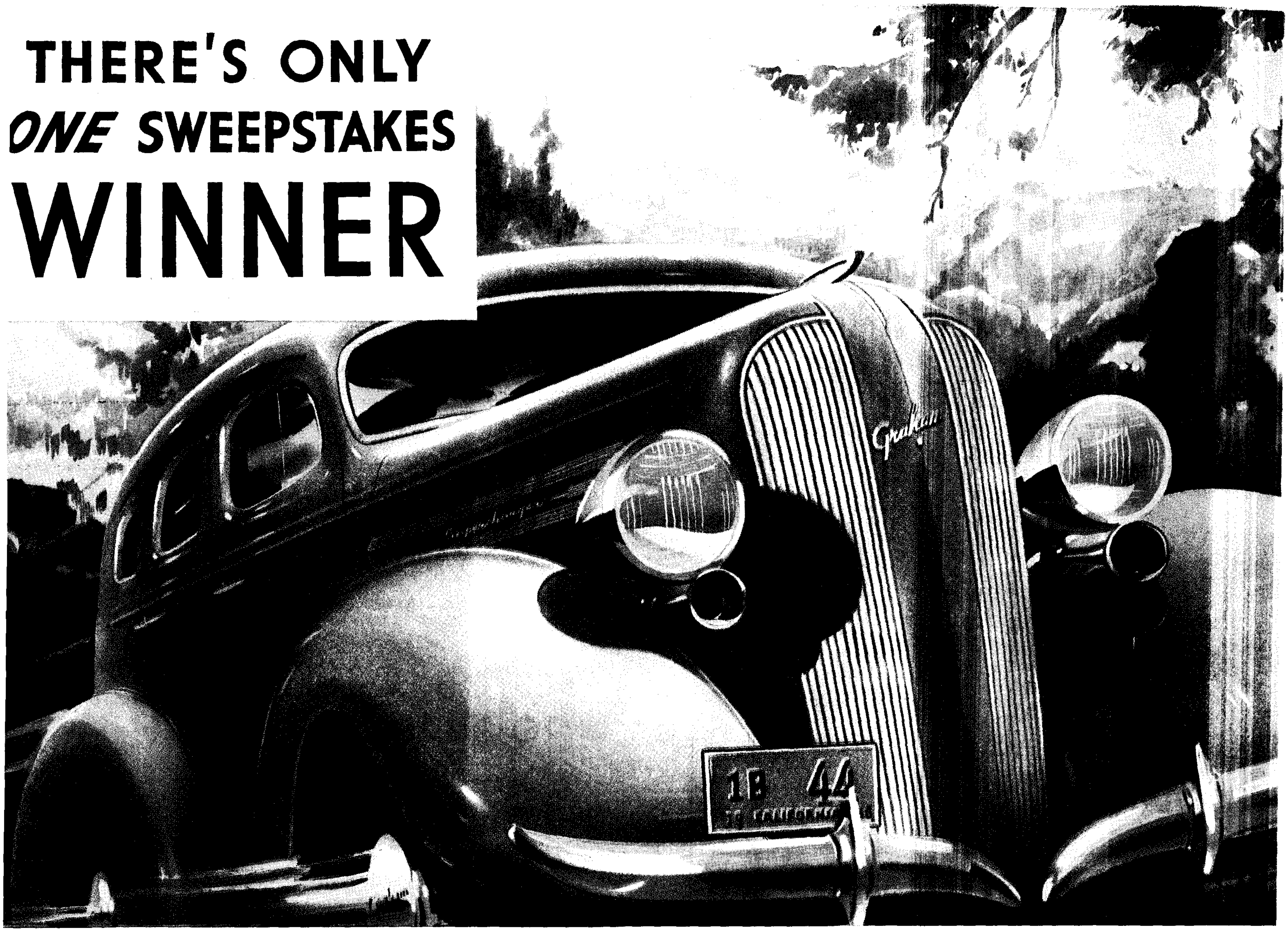
Gallivantin' and slapdashin' around the country runnin' for President cost a heap of money. Mr. Deans knew that it must cost a lot of money because somebody had told him that it cost a man fifty thousand dollars anyway just to go foot-splashin' around the state to get elected governor.

Not that Gene Talmadge wasn't honest, mind you. Reckon Gene Talmadge is as honest a man as ever got a po' man's vote. Honester. But just to have the answer to dish out when city folks happen along with their fat faces grinnin' up and smarty words fallin' loose, Mr. Deans plumb wishes Mr. Talmadge would speak up as only Mr. Talmadge can and tell 'em whar he gits the carfare and eatin' money for them journeyin's. Can't mek it on a farm. Governor's wages are high—$5,000 a year—but it costs a bar'l of money to be governor.

And Gene wouldn't take no money from no Yankee Liberty League. And that Yankee-owned newspaper in Atlanta—the one that's fightin' the President—Gene wouldn't take no money from no such just for goin' around pourin' it on against what he believes in his heart is wrong. And he ain't ridin' and eatin' free on no railroads. . . .

"And somethin' else too," said Mr. Deans. "Gene gits right excited when he gits to unravelin'. About Abraham Lincoln, now. I reckon Abraham Lincoln was a fine man. Every man's got a right to his own mind. Some says one thing and some says another. My Pappy and his Pappy didn't hold with Abraham Lincoln much. I reckon he was a fine man. But there's lots of things for Gene to talk about instead of Abraham Lincoln—which he did out west there. Gene says what we need is another Abraham Lincoln. Gene gits excited sometimes."

THERE'S ONLY *ONE* SWEEPSTAKES WINNER



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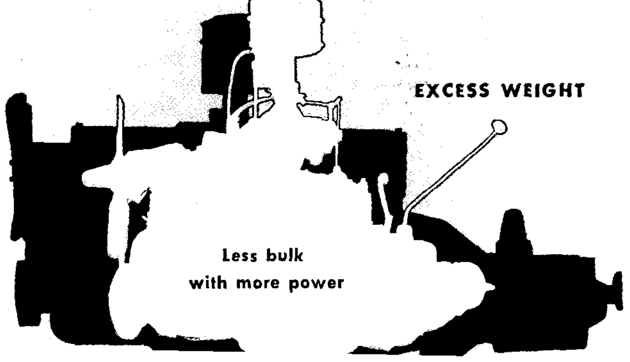

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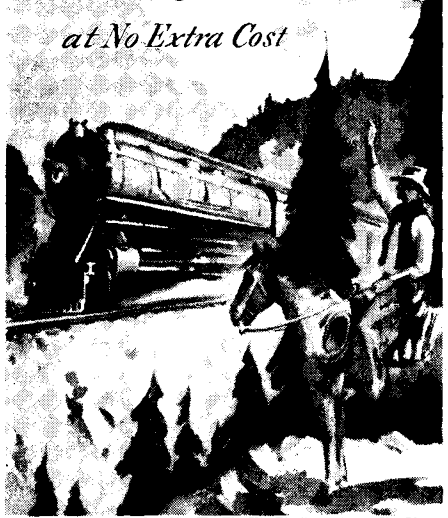

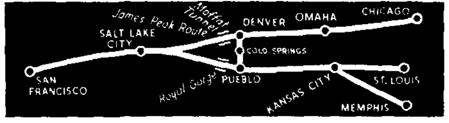

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The trains are air-conditioned as to all of the regular cars—coaches, chair cars, dining cars, tourist and standard Pullmans. Economy meals, prepared in the diner and served at your seat, for as little as 90c a day in coach, chair car and tourist cars.

Go to California over either of these spectacular daylight scenic routes—without changing cars, without paying a cent extra fare; on the ARISTOCRAT or the OVERLAND EXPRESS from Chicago or the SCENIC LIMITED from St. Louis.

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MAIL THIS COUPON TO ANY OF THE ABOVE OFFICES

Please send me, without cost, illustrated booklets and full information about a trip to California via the "Daylight Scenic Routes."

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Money to Build Your Home

Continued from page 11

Act, stands willing to lend $12,000, or eighty per cent. The three thousand dollars, or twenty per cent, is what Mr. Jones must have, in a lot that he either owns or is able to buy. After this preliminary discussion with the banker, a formal loan application is filed, and goes to the Federal Housing Administration.

Now the *new* machinery starts whirring. First of all comes an accurate, scientific appraisal that considers every feature of the property from the standpoint of Mr. Jones and his future. Sewage disposal, water supply, electricity, gas and telephone service, nearness of schools, shopping centers, transportation facilities—all of these have a bearing on value. He is helped to protect himself from making an unwise investment, for under the Insured Mortgage Plan, a home is viewed not only from the standpoint of its worth today but its value when paid for in full.

Next in order is for Mr. Jones to show his architect's plans and specifications. Under the old system this was not important, but the FHA definitely demands higher housing standards, with emphasis on taste and originality rather than the ugly and hackneyed. To quote Stewart McDonald, the Administrator, "Along with substantiality and durability, convenience and efficiency, we want attractiveness. To encourage sub-standard housing, or housing in declining or unprotected neighborhoods, simply imperils the development of better housing conditions and of sound housing finance."

Mr. Jones, fortunately, will have no bother in this quarter, for in his hand he has the complete set of working drawings and specifications supplied by Collier's, and these have all received the FHA stamp of approval. Enthusiastic approval! Where he will have to grow specific, however, is when the investigators reach the matter of his income, for, unlike the old system, FHA guards against foreclosure, and insists on making sure that the borrower can meet his payments.

For Your Protection

The FHA, as a general rule, holds that it is not wise for a man to commit himself to a home investment for a total cost of more than two or two and a half times his annual income. No more than one fifth to one third of the monthly income should be allocated to upkeep and repairs. These are rigid insistences, for the real interest of the FHA is not in the soundness of the security, and the banker's collection of his interest, but in making sure that Mr. Jones will own his home debt-free at the end of twenty years.

Every cent of expense is figured with the most scrupulous care. First comes the five per cent interest on the twelve thousand dollar loan, and then a payment on the principal, a service charge by the bank, and an FHA charge for its insurance. These items are added up and divided into monthly payments over the twenty-year period. Nor is that all. The new system leaves out nothing, and also figures in the cost of taxes on the property, fire-insurance premiums and water rates, for the borrower is obliged to pay these charges each month along with the money for his interest, amortization and service charges. Everything, you see, is brought under one roof.

When the payments are ascertained, Mr. Jones is called upon to show ability to meet them, not just for one month, but for the whole twenty-year period. This does not mean that he must show a letter from his employer, guaranteeing him a job for the rest of his life at a fat salary, but it does mean that he should have held his place for five or six years, and that his firm thinks well of his ability, honesty and industry.

When all of these demands are satisfied, FHA tells the bank to make the loan, and insures the mortgage. That, however, is not the end of the government agency's interest. Regular inspections make certain that the architect's specifications are followed in strictest detail. Exactly the specified type or quality of materials must be used, for FHA insists that Mr. Jones shall get what he pays for.

Such, then, is the New Way for American home builders. Only the one mortgage and no necessity of renewal. Never at any time will Mr. Jones have to hunt a new lender to take the place of one that demands his money. No more lump-sum payments that wreck the family budget like a blast of TNT. Each monthly payment includes interest on the money borrowed, a reduction of the sum borrowed, and an installment on his taxes, his fire-insurance premiums and his water bills. Best of all, the whole transaction is robbed of doubt and uncertainty. From the minute Mr. Jones enters his new home, he can sit down and figure out to a penny just what he will have to pay each month. The exact figures are given in the box at the top of page 11. Estimated additional charges during the first year are:

IT'S YOURS TO BUILD

Collier's House, designed for modern living by Architect Edward D. Stone and described in the March 28th issue, scored a direct hit. Complete working plans and specifications for which you would have to pay hundreds of dollars are yours merely for the cost of reproducing and mailing them—$3.

●

Address: Collier's House, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Please do not send currency.

Taxes	$31.25
Insurance	2.00
Water	1.00
Total	$34.25
	89.13
Monthly Charges	$123.38

In explanation of these figures, the service charge made by the bank reduces yearly; the five-dollar mortgage insurance charges cover the expenses of the FHA; the taxes are figured as two and one half per cent of the true valuation; fire insurance is estimated at 20 cents per $100 on the building only, and the water rate is based on an estimate of three dollars per quarter. With these figures in mind, let us see what Mr. Jones would have had to pay under the Old System:

Taking seven per cent as the rate, however, and contrasting the monthly actual mortgage charge of $92.50 with a monthly mortgage charge of $89.13, it will be seen that Mr. Jones, under the New Way, will have to pay $3.37 less during the first month. Under the FHA amortization schedule, his payments in succeeding months are slightly less, so that over the twenty-year period he pays a total of $20,847 as contrasted with $22,200 under the Old System. Thus the FHA plan saves him $1,353. Under the Old System, moreover, Mr. Jones would have still rested under the burden of his $12,000 mortgage, while the New Way hands him his home absolutely debt-free at the end of twenty years.

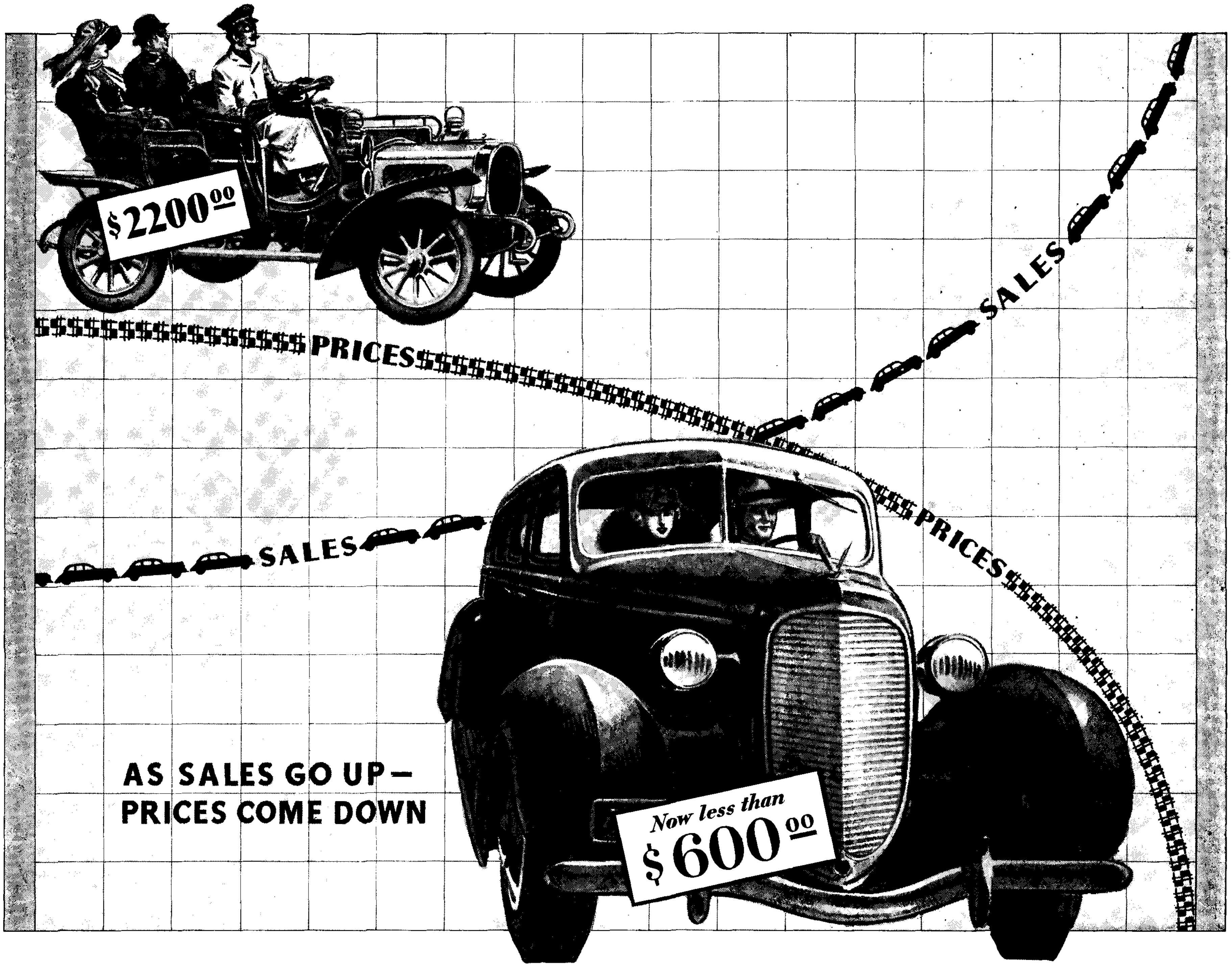
By way of even greater particularity, the FHA will supply Mr. Jones with an amortization schedule showing him figures for each month of the two hundred and forty months of the twenty-year period, so that he can tell exactly how much he has whittled away and how much remains to be paid. To explain:

Success Story

On January 1, 1937, the interest would be $50, amortization $29.20, service charges $4.93 and mortgage insurance $5, a total of $89.13. Skipping five years, January 1, 1942, would find the interest charge $41.73, the amortization payment $37.47, the service charge $4.09 and the mortgage insurance fee still $5, a total of $88.29. Jumping ahead again to January 1, 1947, the interest would be $31.11, the credit to principal $48.09, the service charge $3, and the same $5 for mortgage insurance, a total of $87.20. On January 1, 1952, the fifteenth year, the interest charge will have dropped to $17.48 and the service charge to $1.61, while the amortization payment will have mounted to $61.72, which, together with the unchanged mortgage insurance fee, totals $85.81. Coming down to December, 1956, his last month, the payments will be as follows: interest 32 cents, amortization $76.81, service charge 21 cents, a total of $77.34.

Although the FHA has been featured in this article as Mr. Jones' best bet for quick, efficient and economical action, it is by no means the case that he is without an alternative. In its essence the FHA was an emergency measure designed to give private lending institutions sufficient courage, confidence and security for the release of credit to the home builders of the nation, not only because more and better housing is needed, but out of the conviction that a great construction program is necessary for complete recovery. The objective has already been attained in a marked degree, for many savings and loan associations, saving banks, life insurance companies and like institutions are now granting five per cent loans for amortization periods ranging up to twenty years.

On the whole, Mr. Jones never had a better chance for his own home than today, and Collier's house, meeting every standard of beauty, comfort, convenience and economy, is not the least of the many incentives for fifteen million Joneses to quit the army of rent payers and get homes of their own.



From "Horseless Carriage"—to Motor Miracle

with the aid of Instalment Buying

Forty years ago only "Diamond Jim" Brady and a handful of other Americans owned "horseless carriages." Twenty years later cars were still a luxury—and terms were *cash*.

Then instalment selling was introduced and a great new market opened up. A responsible man with a modest income could pay part cash and the balance out of his monthly earnings.

Both Cash and Credit Buyers Benefit

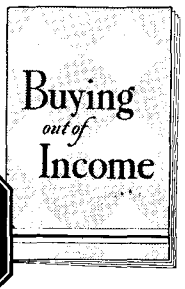
Motor car sales increased by the millions. Prices dropped by hundreds of dollars per car. And better automobiles appeared. For a fraction of the price which "Diamond Jim" paid for his rattletrap contrivance, you can get a car today with power, comfort and dependability unimagined even ten years ago—whether you pay cash or buy on the C. I. T. Budget Plan. And the automobile industry is now employing, directly or indirectly, one out of every eight of the nation's workers!

Mass production, and mass consumption aided by instalment selling are turning onetime luxuries into everyday conveniences or necessities. Through them new industries spring up, payrolls increase, prices drop and products are improved.

For more than 28 years C. I. T. has taken a leading part in this industrial and social development. Today millions of Americans are proud owners of cars purchased on the C. I. T. Budget Plan; and with its aid countless families are enjoying refrigerators, washing machines, radios, automatic heating equipment and other conveniences which make the home healthier and happier.

Send for this Free Booklet

"Buying out of Income" tells you why it is to your advantage, when purchasing on the instalment plan, to mention C.I.T. It explains how the C.I.T. Budget Plan works. May we send a *free* copy? Write to C.I.T. Corporation, 1 Park Ave., New York, Dept. C.



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WIDENS THE SCOPE OF BUSINESS

“At last we met a salesma

Long trip or short . . . a Hudson Eight will *show* you more than any salesman can *tell*

You have to *drive* a Hudson to learn what every Hudson owner knows . . . that words can't describe *all* that its many exclusive features mean in satisfaction to you.

Any salesman will point out for example, that a Hudson Eight gives you 113 to 124 horsepower. And that for even $200 more than Hudson's price, you can't buy any other Eight with over 105 horsepower.

Why Hudson "Rules the Eights"

But only at the wheel will you discover how *far* this Hudson outclasses other Eights . . . in smoothness, flashing acceleration, hill climbing ability, swift travel over long distances, endurance.

Motors that are *perfectly* balanced . . . free from vibration at any speed! More power per pound of load . . . finer materials, more high grade alloys . . . than in any other Eight!

These are some of the reasons why a Hudson can do so many things that other Eights can't do. And why Hudson holds more official stock car records than any other Eight in the world.

You will be told that the Hudson Eights are the biggest cars ever priced so low. With wheelbases up to 127 inches. With more shoulder room, leg room and head room than any other Eight costing so little. And with the biggest baggage compartment any car ever had.

But only a Hudson owner can appreciate what this extra size means in extra comfort, in front seat or back. Along with the smoothness of Hudson's Rhythmic Ride . . . long, gentle leaf springs free for the first time from steering and braking strains, with nothing to do but cushion your ride.

Proof of Economy . . . Not *Claims!*

Perhaps you have read of the record set by a Hudson Eight in the Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run . . . 22.86 *officially certified* miles per gallon, over 352 mountain miles, with three

BUILT BY HUDSON — TERRAPLANE, $595 AND UP; HUDSON SIX, $710 AND UP; AND HUDSON SUPER STRAIGHT EIGHT

"We'd all make good Hudson salesmen . . . after a trip like this!"

passengers and baggage, and *no coasting allowed.* No wonder thousands of Hudson owners *swear to* better economy than that of smaller cars whose chief talking point is economy.

And Here's *Proof* of Long Life!

And to the Hudson owners, all over the country, whose cars have traveled 150,000, 200,000 miles and up, it isn't surprising that the first Hudson of 1936 production has already been driven nearly 90,000 miles in a punishing endurance run.

You'll learn the real value of these and many other features *on the road.* Bodies *all* of steel, with solid, seamless steel roof. The most complete ventilating system built . . . the only one in which ventilators raise and lower independently. The Electric Hand (optional at small extra cost) . . . gear shifting at a finger flick without taking your hands from the wheel . . . and a front floor *clear* of gear and brake levers.

Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes (patent applied for). The latest and finest hydraulics, with a separate safety system operating from the same pedal. No other Eight gives you this double protection. And with it, a third braking system . . . the easiest handling, most convenient parking brake you ever saw.

At the nearest Hudson showroom you'll find a Hudson salesman who will be glad to tell you all that words can tell about the Hudson Eight. See him . . . then drive out and learn why the best Hudson salesman, after all, is the Hudson Eight itself.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.
Hudson Motors of Canada, Ltd., Tilbury, Ontario

AND UP, F. O. B. DETROIT

HUDSON SUPER STRAIGHT EIGHT **$760**

and up; Hudson Six, $710 and up, f. o. b. Detroit. Standard group of accessories extra . . . 113 or 124 H. P. in Eights, 93 or 100 H. P. in Sixes. Longer wheelbases . . . up to 127 inches.

Save . . . with the new HUDSON-C. I. T. 6% Time Payment Plan . . . low monthly payments.

A Friend of Alma Mater

Continued from page 9

With a curt nod, Hollis hurried away.

We didn't have to lie to Rip's mother. Prexy Harthrow, prompted I think now by Pat McGroarty, took Mrs. Mathison in tow. I heard her telling Rip: "Of course, anything President Harthrow says is right and proper—"

"Bus" Byrnett kept things humming between football seasons. A group of eight professors, led by Dr. Wiltern, head of the philosophy and Bible department, protested to the Governor that Byrnett was interfering with the faculty. The Governor made himself popular on the campus by sharply telling the profs to keep their noses in their textbooks. Then, one of the profs—a young instructor in English named Kirting—wrote an article for an eastern magazine entitled "Political Bossism at State U."

Prexy Harthrow, afraid of the American Association of University Professors, refused to fire Kirting.

Boss Byrnett sent Pat McGroarty over from State City.

WE CALLED a meeting of the Student Council. It was the first time I saw Rip Mathison really angry. Rip got to the floor and said: "Mr. Byrnett is our friend. Kirting lied about him and disgraced our school. If you don't vote to strike until Kirting is fired, I'm going to quit school!"

Hollis was the only council member who voted against the strike.

"Mr. Kirting is a brilliant man," Hollis said. "And while, ordinarily, I would oppose washing our dirty linen in public —I think it could stand a lot more publicity!"

Hollis and Rip glared at each other.

"What dirty linen?" Rip said.

"You ought to know," Hollis snapped, "you're wearing some of it!"

Rip was white in the face; but he said nothing. I said: "Hollis, you apologize to Rip." Hollis said, "I'm afraid I can't do that"—in a gaspy, small voice. Then, she left the meeting.

We called the strike; and after two days we won. Prexy Harthrow fired Kirting.

"Bus" Byrnett showed his gratitude by jamming through the legislature an appropriation for a new gymnasium and swimming pool. He was growing rapidly in power. He began to take a still more active part in the administration of our school.

THE rest of that year was one long jamboree. "Bus" piped a merry tune and we danced his jigs in a sort of hypnotic rowdyism. "Bus" threw out textbooks. He canceled courses and added practical jokers like "Kitchen Mechanics." He became angry at a newspaper chain which was urging military preparedness and changed a state law to make military training optional. When he was attacked for that in our own state press, he ordered a monster barbecue; and feasted the student body.

His speech on pacifism so moved us that we voted never to fight for our country for any reason. "We'll show those smart alec papers they can't boss us!" Rip said, grimly, as he signed at the top of the list. We paraded this rebellion with self-conscious gusto; and were very pleased when our action made page one in the New York Times. Good old "Bus" Byrnett! Who was for us if not "Bus"? Who was making our school famous in the land? Who was fighting our battles right and left? Who was promising us good jobs when school was over?

Rip and I were jolted, momentarily, when Hollis organized a Liberal Students' Committee and petitioned the legislature for an investigation of affairs at the State University. I recollect reading the newspaper in our room . . . pointing to the name . . . Miss Hollis Lee. . . .

I knew what that was going to cost Hollis. So did Rip. In a twinkling all my anger vanished and I said: "I've got to stop it. They'll kick her off the Student Council."

Abruptly, Rip grabbed my arm.

"I . . . uh . . . I love Hollis, Ted," he blurted.

We stared at each other.

"You?"

"Yeah. I . . . uh . . . I asked her for a date."

"I love her, too," I said.

Rip was nineteen and I was twenty. Of course, we didn't love Hollis . . . not very much. I know that, now, because it was too easy for me to do what I did. I went to Hollis and played Cyrano.

Hollis cried.

"You don't care for me," she said, rather sensibly, "or you wouldn't ask me to go with Rip Mathison."

"But Rip can save you," I said, "and he's the only one who can. The Council will vote you out. They'll send you to Coventry. You'll have to leave the school."

Yes, I said that. And I felt no shame. Rip was my hero. He had translated into action what "Bus" Byrnett had so shrewdly prophesied.

Hollis dried her tears.

"'Mourn not the dead'"—she said, being young, too. "Just tell Mr. Mathison I wouldn't be seen with him. And as for the Council—I've already resigned!"

I held out my hand.

"I guess it's goodby, then?" I said—playing Cyrano to the final curtain.

Hollis turned away, snuffling. She walked, her narrow shoulders hunched, stumblingly around the corner of "Bus" Byrnett's new Law School building.

I went back and reported to Rip.

He was dressed in khaki shirt, riding breeches and high-topped shoes, I remember. Byrnett had given him a part-time job on the Chemistry Lab construction work.

"Women . . . uh . . . just don't understand," Rip said.

"No, they don't," I said.

"All this howling against Mr. Byrnett is just politics, Ted. And we've got to stick."

"We'll stick," I said.

RIP handed me a telegram. It was from his big brother Stevie, who had returned from the China station and was coming home as soon as he could get leave.

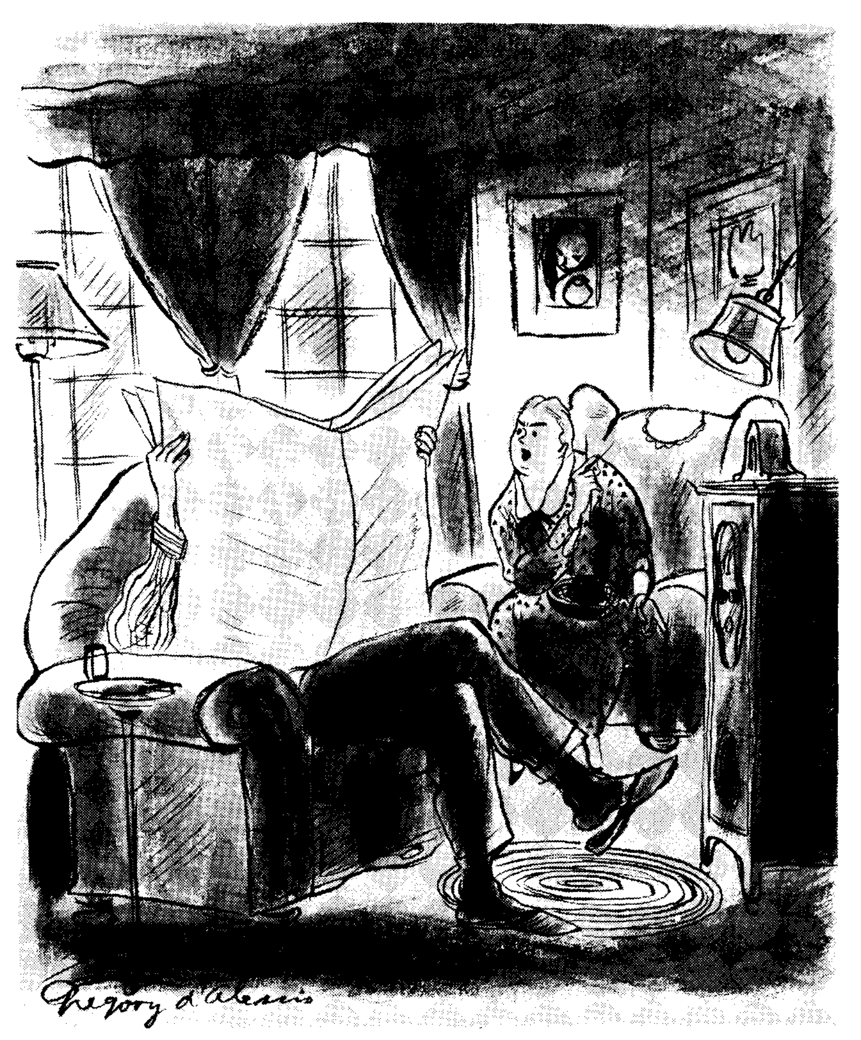
"Steve will see how it is," I said.

"Uh . . . sure he will," Rip said.

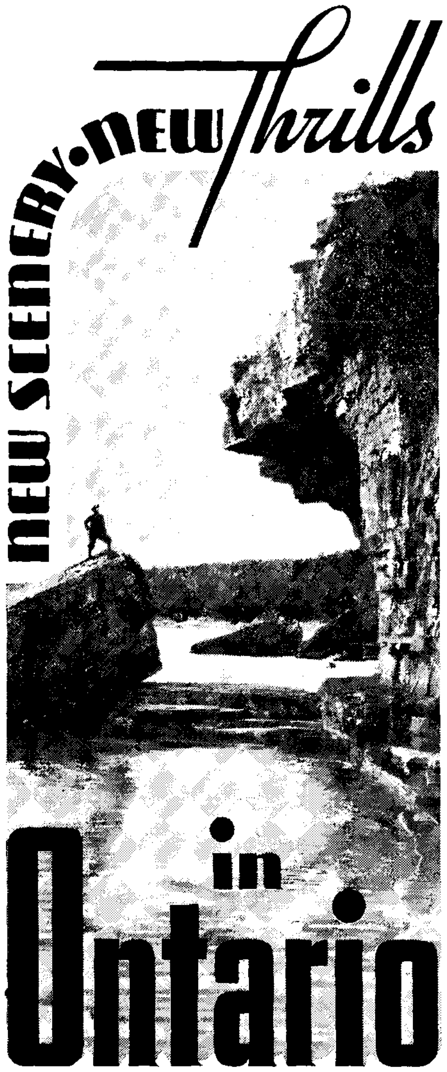
I should have looked around our room, at that moment—while the dubious, troubled sound of Rip's voice was fresh. It was more prosperously furnished than any fraternity house room deserves to be. We had elected "Bus" Byrnett an honorary brother; and he had been grateful as always. Rip and I had an expensive radio, a new portable typewriter, a whole rack of ten-dollar pipes. There were new suits in the closet, too. Rip was drawing seventy-five dollars a month from his part-time job in the construction company office; and as soon as school was out I had been promised a job with Rip.

"Bus" Byrnett's answer to the Liberal Students' Committee was to announce,

(Continued on page 42)



"Pay attention, Herkimer! The Ajax Jack and Vise Corporation is leaving a thought with us!" GREGORY D'ALESSIO



● A short motor trip from most states in the union will land you in Ontario. There you follow the smooth highways along silvery lakes, through virgin forest, past granite promontories. Cosy cabins await you. Modern cottages. Quiet or palatial hotels. All at reasonable rates. Golf, tennis, boating at most points.

It's a thrill to fish in Ontario. Speckled trout, bass, muskies, lake trout. Guides by the day or week. How about a week's canoe trip through the lonely frontiers?

Come by highway, boat or train. Take Ontario's Government-owned railroad to James Bay on the rim of the Arctic. Golden summer holds sway in the land of the Eskimo, polar bear and walrus.

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Please send me your 72-page, illustrated book on Ontario, also complete road map showing highway connections from U.S. points.

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100,000
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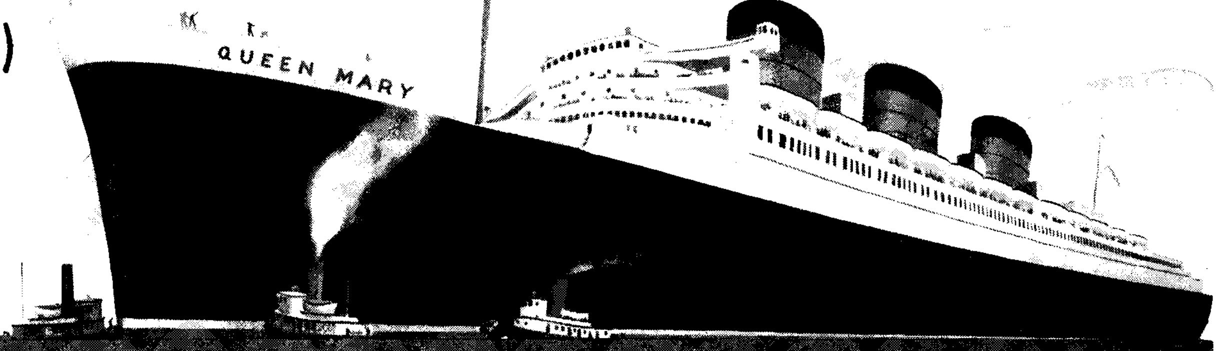
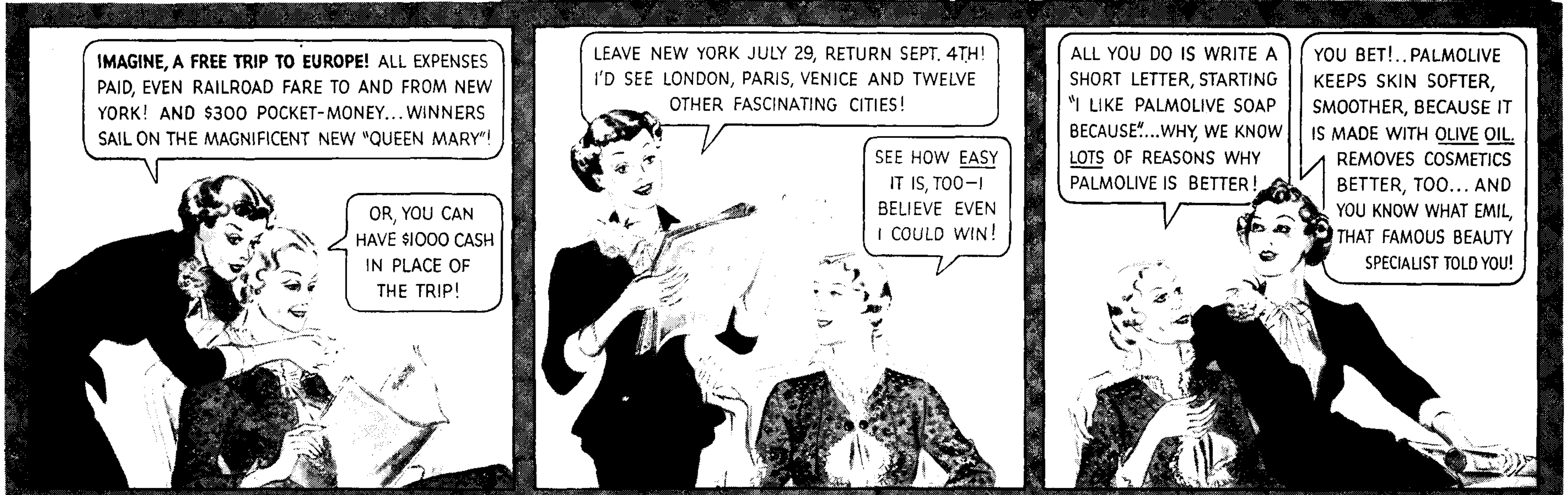
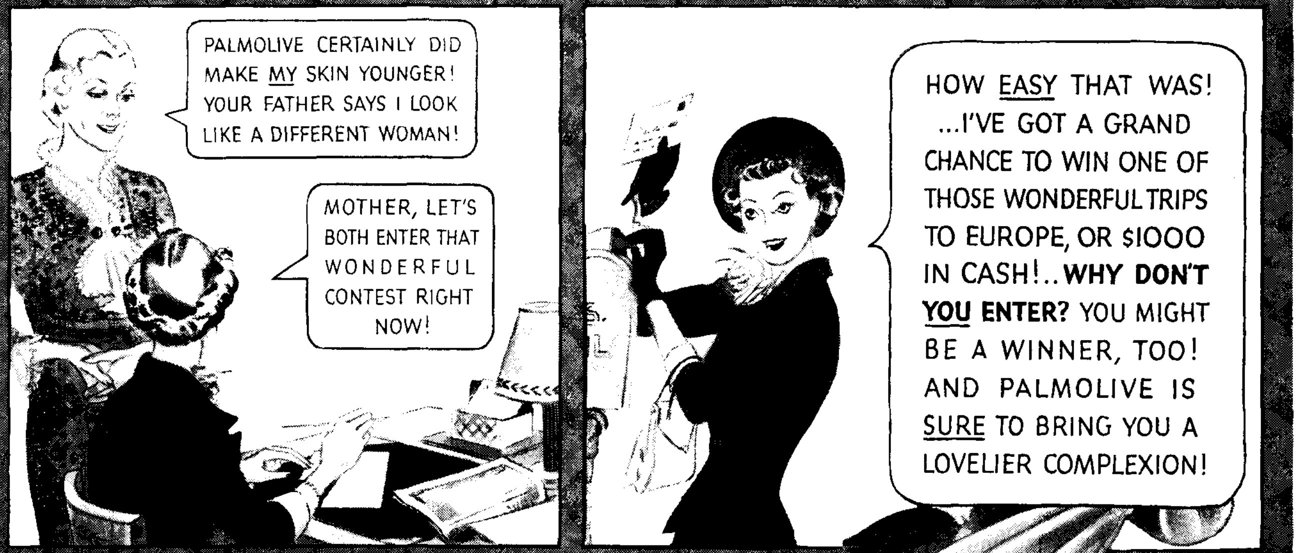



IMAGINE, A FREE TRIP TO EUROPE! ALL EXPENSES PAID, EVEN RAILROAD FARE TO AND FROM NEW YORK! AND $300 POCKET-MONEY... WINNERS SAIL ON THE MAGNIFICENT NEW "QUEEN MARY"!
OR, YOU CAN HAVE $1000 CASH IN PLACE OF THE TRIP!
LEAVE NEW YORK JULY 29, RETURN SEPT. 4TH! I'D SEE LONDON, PARIS, VENICE AND TWELVE OTHER FASCINATING CITIES!
SEE HOW EASY IT IS, TOO—I BELIEVE EVEN I COULD WIN!
ALL YOU DO IS WRITE A SHORT LETTER, STARTING "I LIKE PALMOLIVE SOAP BECAUSE"...WHY, WE KNOW LOTS OF REASONS WHY PALMOLIVE IS BETTER!
YOU BET!..PALMOLIVE KEEPS SKIN SOFTER, SMOOTHER, BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. REMOVES COSMETICS BETTER, TOO... AND YOU KNOW WHAT EMIL, THAT FAMOUS BEAUTY SPECIALIST TOLD YOU!

What Emil Rohde, famous Chicago beauty specialist, told Betty's mother about Palmolive!

"Because it is made with olive oil, Palmolive soap has a special protective quality all its own. Its gentle, soothing lather protects the natural 'youth-giving' oils which feed and nourish the skin. Without these oils, skin becomes dry, rough, old-looking. With them it stays soft, smooth, young!"

Emil Rohde


PALMOLIVE CERTAINLY DID MAKE MY SKIN YOUNGER! YOUR FATHER SAYS I LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT WOMAN!
MOTHER, LET'S BOTH ENTER THAT WONDERFUL CONTEST RIGHT NOW!
HOW EASY THAT WAS! ...I'VE GOT A GRAND CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF THOSE WONDERFUL TRIPS TO EUROPE, OR $1000 IN CASH!..WHY DON'T YOU ENTER? YOU MIGHT BE A WINNER, TOO! AND PALMOLIVE IS SURE TO BRING YOU A LOVELIER COMPLEXION!

PALMOLIVE, THE BEAUTY SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, INVITES YOU TO ENTER THIS $120,000 CONTEST! RULES ARE SO SIMPLE AND EASY. *Anyone can win!*

HERE'S HOW TO WIN . . .

1. Any man, woman or child in the United States may enter (except employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and families).

2. Here's all you do. Just write a short letter starting with the words "I like Palmolive Soap because . . ."

3. Entries will be judged only on clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. You may submit as many entries as you like.

4. Each entry must be accompanied by the black bands from 3 cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies).

5. Print your full name and address on *each* entry; also name and address of the dealer and clerk from whom you bought your Palmolive Soap.

6. Mail entries to Palmolive, Dept. M-39, Jersey City, N. J.

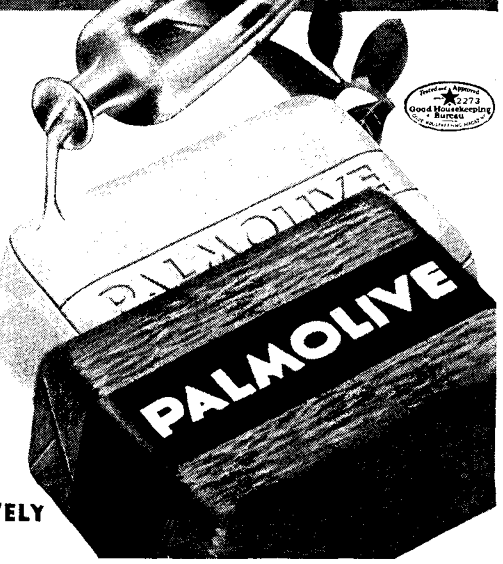
7. Contest closes June 15, 1936. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.

8. Judges' decisions are final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Entries become property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.

. . .

In addition to the 20 first prizes, there are 100,000 beautiful complexion brushes, worth $1.00 each!

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO KEEP SKIN YOUNG AND LOVELY



A Friend of Alma Mater

Continued from page 40

magnificently, a new two-million-dollar building program for State U.

Then the storm broke.

A downstate legislator stood up on the floor of the State Senate and charged that "Bus" Byrnett had stolen two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars from the State U building fund. He alleged that Rip Mathison "and other members of Byrnett's hired football team" were in on the graft. He made the further assertion that "Bus" Byrnett was in fact the absolute dictator of the state.

I found Rip dressing for spring football practice. I offered him a newspaper, but he brushed it aside, keeping his eyes on his shoe lacing.

"They can't prove a thing," Rip said.

I TRIED to speak a question, but could not. Fear for Rip, fear for myself, fear for all of us choked me.

I recollect that I tramped slowly all around the campus before returning to the fraternity house. Hollis herself was waiting for me in the living-room. She had been talking with Mrs. Burgeson, our housemother.

"Teddy! Where's Rip?"

"Over at the Gym."

"Has—has he said anything?"

She tried to get me to look at her. But I wouldn't be caught; I turned away, snarling: "Why should he say anything about a pack of lies?"

"Oh, Ted, listen to me—it's true; you know it's true. Now is our chance to prove it. Go get Rip . . . let *me* talk to him!"

"Go get him yourself," I said.

Hollis started to argue; and then an odd-looking duck, wearing a rumpled gray suit that didn't fit him and carrying a battered handbag, walked in.

"I'm Stephen Mathison," I heard him telling someone. "Where will I find Rip?"

Both Hollis and I turned to stare.

Big brother Stevie. He looked a little like Rip, but what Hollis and I noticed more than anything was his air of lost bewilderment. He looked like some traveler from a far-off island who had just wandered into a completely strange atmosphere.

I stepped over and held out my hand.

"I'm Ted Draney," I said, "Rip's roommate. Rip is over at the Gym, but he'll be in presently. Er . . . Rip's talked a lot about you."

BIG brother Stevie smiled faintly, although his handshake was warm. I saw Hollis edging toward us, so I said, hastily: "Shall we go up to the room?"

"Yes. I'd like to wash. Been on the bus all the way across. Stopped off here . . . when I read the papers."

"A lot of lies," I said.

"Yes?" he said. "I thought so."

Hollis said loudly: "I'll wait for Rip, Ted." I pretended not to hear.

In the room Steve looked around and remarked pleasantly: "H'mm . . . nice layout."

He sat down—took out an old pipe and a tin of cheap tobacco. There was an angry grimness to the set of his jaw.

"Has Rip demanded a retraction from the newspapers?"

"N-not yet."

"Does he know where we can find this politician who made the charges?"

"I guess he's at State City."

"We'll talk to him. Does Rip know Byrnett?"

He asked the question simply and directly, as if it had not occurred to him that Rip *would* know Byrnett.

"Mr. Byrnett is a friend of every student in this school, sir," I said. "He has political enemies and they're trying to frame him."

Junior Lieutenant Mathison blinked. "Rip is friendly with *Byrnett?*"

"Why, yes, he is. Mr. Byrnett put this school on the map—"

It was no good. My heart sank. To try to defend us and the filthy mess we were in to big brother Stevie was hopeless.

I heard his voice, rasping: "You college kids playing ball with a heel like Byrnett? My brother calling Byrnett a friend?"

That enraged me. He had no right to come walking in here and pass judgment on me . . . on Rip. . . .

"Say," I yelled, "what do *you* know about it? You've got a job. You know how you're going to eat. That's what Byrnett means to Rip and me. He's rich. He's got pull. He can give us jobs, do you hear? Jobs . . ."

"Pipe down, Ted!"

Rip's voice. He stood in the doorway with half a dozen of our fraternity at his back. Big brother Stevie turned and gave Rip a long stare.

"The rest of you clear out," Steve said. "I want to talk to Rip. . . ."

We went down to the living-room. While we were waiting, a long-distance call came from State City. "Bus" Byrnett wanted Rip. I explained that Rip was busy:

"Who is it? Ted? Oh . . . that's good . . . listen, Ted—I want you to tell Rip not to talk. Get it? This is just the State City gang trying to frame me. Nothing to it, ab-so-lute-ly. You boys sit tight and say nothing, see? I'll handle it. Tell Rip. I love you boys like you was my own sons—you know that—"

"Y-yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Byrnett!" I said.

Jim Merkell, our house president, grabbed the receiver.

"This is Jim Merkell, Mr. Byrnett. Just wanted to tell you we're for you one hundred per cent!"

I looked around. Steve Mathison was coming down the stairs. I think he had heard what Jim said.

"Where's Rip?" I said. . . . "Wait, Jim, hold the phone . . . Rip can talk to Mr. Byrnett now—"

Steve stepped up, took the receiver from Jim and banged it down.

"Rip's going to do his talking to the grand jury," Steve said.

We gaped at him, uncomprehending. He was coldly furious.

"I think I understand why you sucked after Byrnett's money," Steve said. "A lot of your teachers did the same thing. But which one of you talked my brother into signing that no-war-under-any-circumstances resolution? Answer me!"

"You may be Rip's brother," said Jim Merkell levelly, "but you can't talk like that to us!"

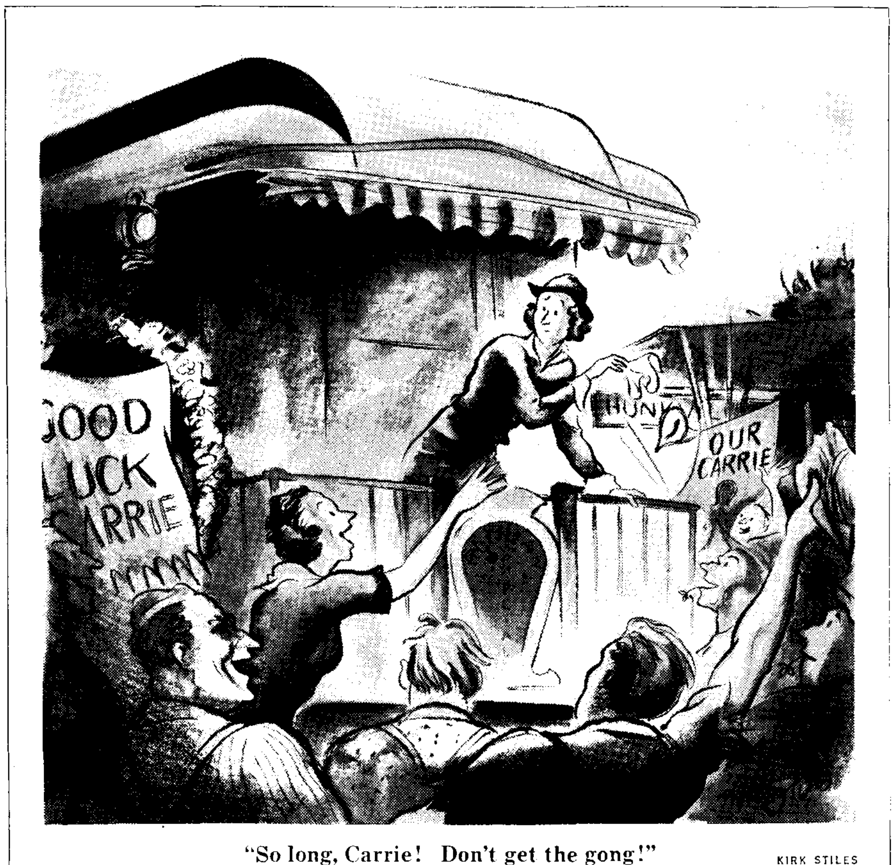
Mathison's voice, crisp, hard, sure, rang out: "I can't, eh? I think you're a disgrace. I think you're a pack of yellow pups. I'm ashamed to be in the same room with you. I'm leaving!"

WE FOLLOWED him outside, seven or eight of us. We hated him. We were dirty; and he was clean. We were befuddled; and he knew what he stood for. His very shabbiness was intolerable. His scorn burned us.

I think Merkell hit him first. But we all hit him before the fight was over. We ganged him and pounded him down to the frozen ground. We kicked at him there . . . until Hollis threw herself on her knees and lifted his bleeding face. . . . "How could you?" Hollis said. "How could you?" . . .

Well, that was long ago (thirteen months) and far away (the distance between State U and my newspaper office desk). Rip didn't get to testify. Byrnett's cohorts in the legislature squelched the inquiry. "The cowed and meek" . . . Steve and Hollis took Rip out to San Diego, where he is living with them until he finds a job. Good old State U is going great guns. But I am not cheering the boys, leaving that to "The apathetic throng."

I still like that poem, Hollis, I really do. Especially the line: "And dare not speak!" If you see this, Hollis, you will know that, at least, I have spoken.



"So long, Carrie! Don't get the gong!" KIRK STILES

year-round performance

Perma-Spun

A New Suiting Woven by KENWOOD MILLS Exclusively for TIMELY CLOTHES

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Thorobred quality and grace that will see you through *all* seasons with equal comfort and smartness! • KENWOOD MILLS have magically transformed high grade, sturdy lambs' wool into a tight, pliant *homespun* that resists wear and wrinkling, tailors handsomely and is priced for the modest budget. All patterns original. See it or write us direct. Send for Booklet-C, a guide to color harmony in men's dress, containing actual fabric samples.

TIMELY CLOTHES
Rochester, New York

© *Keller-Heumann-Thompson, Rochester, New York*

DOES IT PAY?

PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE
BLOW-OUTS CAUSE
ACCIDENTS LIKE THIS
DON'T GAMBLE ON TIRES

ONLY SILVERTOWNS GIVE YOU GOLDEN PLY *Blow-out* PROTECTION

Look at the accident above. A blow-out has thrown the car out of control. He can't steer! He can't stop! Fortunately no one was injured, but you can't tell when a blow-out may be much more serious than just a smashed car.

* * *

When thousands are killed or injured in blow-out accidents every year isn't it foolish to take unnecessary chances?

Let a well-known engineer give you a quick, simple 1-2-3 description of what happens to a tire to make it blow out. **1.** Any car today will do 60. Yet think of this. Even at normal speeds of 30 or 40 miles an hour, terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. **2.** The tire gets hottest where the tread joins the carcass. At this danger point rubber wilts—loses its grip on the tread—*and a blister forms.* **3.** This blister, a tiny thing at first, begins to grow. Before long it becomes the *weakest* spot in the tire. All of the air is pushing and pressing to get out. And, sooner or later, it does—and BANG—a blow-out! You're headed for trouble.

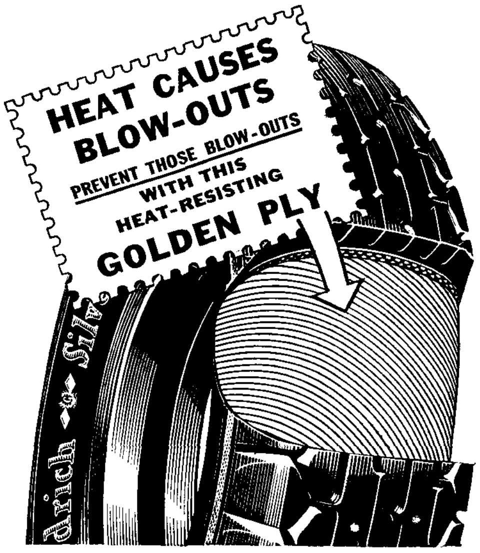
Right at the point where the tire gets hottest the Life-Saver Golden Ply is built into every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown. This ply has a special heat-resisting construction developed by Goodrich engineers to overcome the great, unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs.

A "Road-Drying" Tread

Another Silvertown life-saving feature is a remarkable tread that works like your windshield wiper. At the first sign of a skid the center ribs *sweep* away water, giving the deep, husky outer row of Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip. Which means that you'll be *extra safe* on wet, slippery roads.

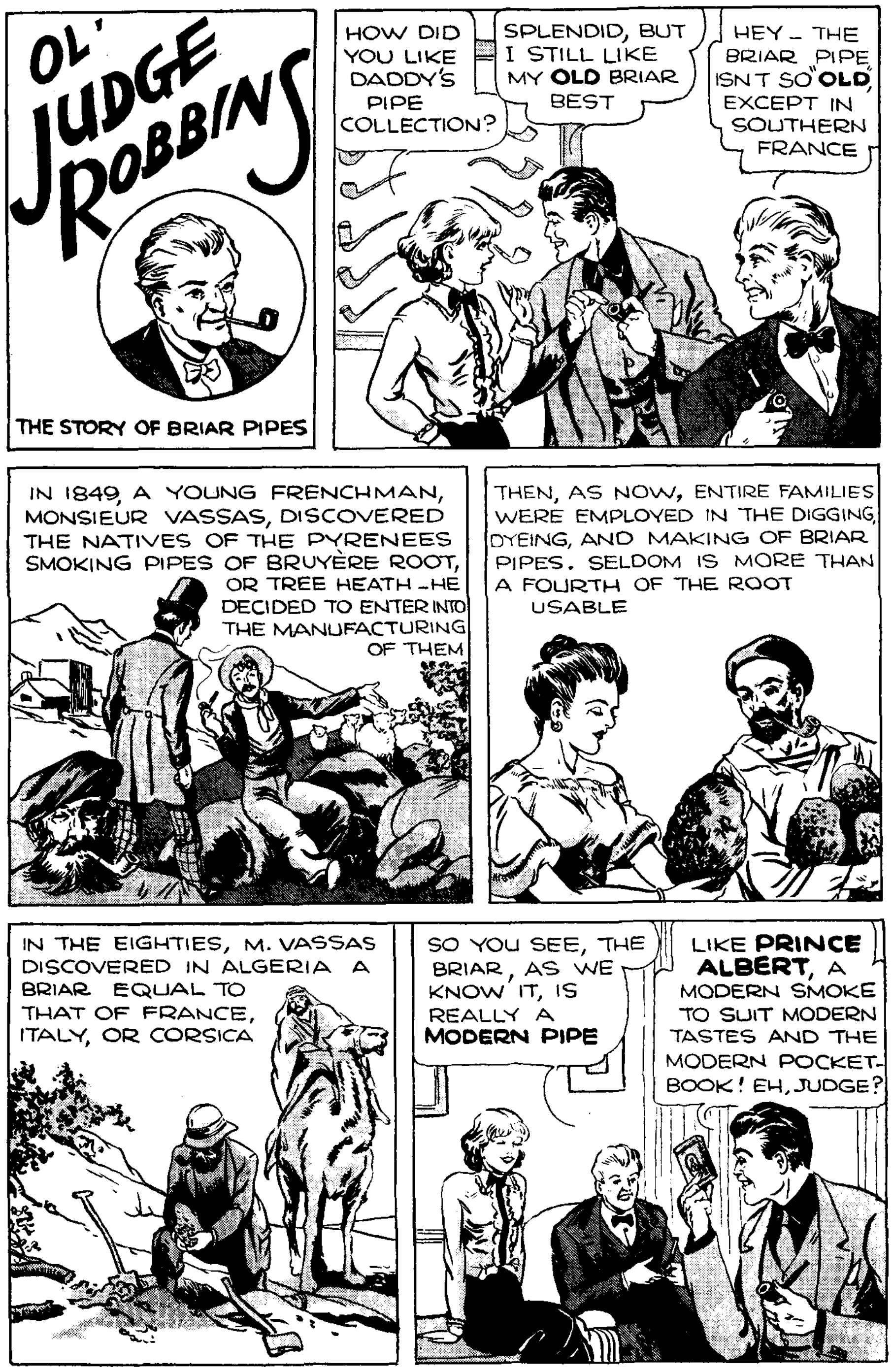
No tire is safe unless it protects you against today's high-speed blow-outs. Goodrich Silvertowns are the only tires that give you Golden Ply blow-out protection. Yet Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires. So go to your Goodrich dealer and have him equip your car with a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns right away. They'll give you months of extra trouble-free mileage and greater riding comfort.

FREE! Take the Safe Driving Pledge. Prove that you are doing your part to cut down accidents and make driving conditions safer. Go to any Goodrich dealer. Join the Silvertown Safety League. When you sign up, your Goodrich dealer will get for you—absolutely free—a handsome Safe Driving Emblem which has a red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light fails. There's nothing to buy—no obligation—The Goodrich Safe Driving Emblem costs nothing.



The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

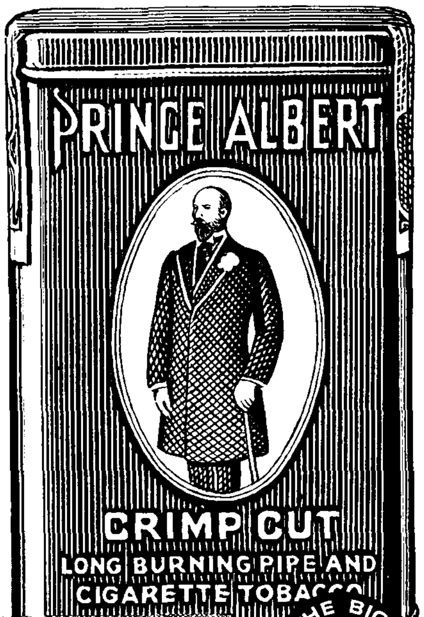

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE STORY OF BRIAR PIPES
HOW DID YOU LIKE DADDY'S PIPE COLLECTION?
SPLENDID, BUT I STILL LIKE MY OLD BRIAR BEST
HEY – THE BRIAR PIPE ISN'T SO "OLD" EXCEPT IN SOUTHERN FRANCE
IN 1849, A YOUNG FRENCHMAN, MONSIEUR VASSAS, DISCOVERED THE NATIVES OF THE PYRENEES SMOKING PIPES OF BRUYÈRE ROOT, OR TREE HEATH – HE DECIDED TO ENTER INTO THE MANUFACTURING OF THEM
THEN, AS NOW, ENTIRE FAMILIES WERE EMPLOYED IN THE DIGGING, DYEING, AND MAKING OF BRIAR PIPES. SELDOM IS MORE THAN A FOURTH OF THE ROOT USABLE
IN THE EIGHTIES, M. VASSAS DISCOVERED IN ALGERIA A BRIAR EQUAL TO THAT OF FRANCE, ITALY, OR CORSICA
SO YOU SEE, THE BRIAR, AS WE KNOW IT, IS REALLY A MODERN PIPE
LIKE PRINCE ALBERT, A MODERN SMOKE TO SUIT MODERN TASTES AND THE MODERN POCKETBOOK! EH, JUDGE?

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

EXPECT P.A. TO HIT THE JOY NOTE!

Men, don't put off trying Prince Albert. It is mild and mellow—wonderful in flavor—too good to miss! So we invite you now to smoke 20 pipefuls of Prince Albert at our risk. Whiff its fragrance. Note how cool and long-burning each pipeful is. Enjoy steady pipe smoking that does not bite the tongue.

So join up today with the world's biggest group of contented pipe smokers—the Prince Albert fans! You risk nothing. P. A. *has* to please you. Special note for "makin's" smokers—P. A. makes grand roll-your-own cigarettes.



THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS
"You must be pleased"
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

It's the Top

Continued from page 30

test. Just to be sure, he made two extra copies.

Navy tugs carried young Sperry and his three war babies out on Long Island Sound to a spot off Huntington. A long line was attached to one of the ash cans, the depth-pressure timer was set and a loud splash marked the spot where further American history was about to be made. Elmer and the naval observers, stop watches in hand, lined the stern, waiting tensely. Ten seconds—fifteen seconds—thirty seconds. No boom! The only noise to disturb the silence of Long Island Sound came from the ticking stop watches and from waves lapping the side of the tug.

Elmer wasn't discouraged. He had set the striker to go off at a depth of one hundred feet. He then had soundings taken and the lead line showed that the water was a scanty few feet deeper than that. The depth charge, Elmer decided, simply hadn't enough elbow room to operate in.

A small boat was put over the side of the tug and the sleeping ash can was hauled by its leash up on the beach. Now fifty pounds of TNT, even in a dud, is something to be respected, especially when it is equipped with a booster charge, a sort of enlarged fuse, and all ready to make Huntington beach look like a volcanic crater. But Elmer had to have a look at that firing mechanism. Despite their protests he left the rest of the landing party, walked over to the ash can and with a spanner wrench removed the obstinate striker and booster charge. Fortunately for Elmer, there still was no boom.

He adjusted the striker and the next test produced a very beautiful boom. The naval observers, relieved, ordered the tug to hurry back to the navy yard where a destroyer was to carry the second test ash can to an impatient Navy Department in Washington. But you know how tugs are and when the booming party arrived in Brooklyn they learned that the destroyer had left.

Elmer knew that the deadline for Sims' ships' departure was mighty close. Hastily he shrouded the lethal ash can in wrapping paper, hopped into a taxicab and headed for the Pennsylvania Station in New York City. He cautioned the porter on the night Washington train, "Be extra careful of that bundle—there's a bomb inside."

Jitters in Car 87-B

The porter shuddered and almost dropped the package. When Elmer and his cargo were safely deposited in a lower berth, the darky headed straight for the conductor. "There's a maniac in Car 87-B with a bomb—probably a German spy."

The conductor must have been just as jittery, for when Elmer detrained the next morning—after an anxious, sleepless night with his berth mate—he found the Union Station in Washington bristling with secret service men. A phone call to the Navy Department, however, brought a rescue party.

All was not so quiet along the Potomac the next day when Elmer and the Navy engineers dropped ash can number two overboard in that river. The final convincing boom made the Washington monument shudder and the Navy ashcan hunters nodded their heads in approval. Elmer was told to rush five hundred of the same to Sims' ships, please, and before the year ended ten thousand had been ordered and delivered.

And that is just a wartime overture to the career of Elmer Sperry, junior, who vigorously maintains he is no great shakes as an inventor. His father and brother Lawrence—yes. They, he says, supplied most of the ideas and he simply improved on them. Yes, he admits having thirty-four patents in his own name, but look at his father's record—more than four hundred inventions patented before his death six years ago.

Such modesty calls for a deeper investigation. Let's go back a few more years to 1910 when Flatbush was in flower, and Elmer was a student at Erasmus Hall high school.

Elmer didn't take applied education very seriously then. He gladly would have swapped a dozen classrooms for his father's tiny laboratory where, as a lad, Elmer had been taught to read blueprints and wind armatures actually before he could read or write.

His brother Lawrence was equally apathetic about book larnin'. No, the Sperry boys were quite content with their basement workshop where they repaired motorcycles, bicycles and roller skates after school hours, following in the footsteps of the Wright brothers. Business thrived and soon they had collected, unknown to their parents, eight hundred dollars and an idea. Lawrence, who was interested in aviation, suggested that they use the shop profits to build a plane. The next morning after the two boys had started for high school they detoured by way of the Sheepshead Bay race track, then being used as a pioneer flying field.

Stunt Fliers' Initiation

Algebra and eighteenth century poets were completely forgotten that day and many succeeding school days while Elmer and Lawrence put together a box-kite biplane model that would make today's most reckless stunt flier shudder. It flew, though, on short hops over the field, and the kids were as tickled as the Wright boys had been at Kitty Hawk a few years previous. Before more ambitious flights could be made, alas, Papa and Mamma Sperry were visited by a worried high school principal and the two young Merriwells were summarily shipped off to boarding school—cannily, to separate schools—Exeter, New Hampshire, and Mesa, Arizona, two thousand miles apart.

Elmer followed his banishment to Exeter with a regulation four-year engineering course at Cornell which he finished in approximately two years. Then back to Brooklyn to help his father perfect the marine gyrocompass and its big brother—"Metal Mike." Both inventions were based on the original gyroscope top which used to entertain and mystify you when you were years younger. Briefly, the gyroscope is a heavy flywheel, the rapid spinning of which resists any force tending to change its position in space. For instance, a gyroscope flywheel spinning horizontally in its cagelike frame resists any attempt to tilt it up or down from its horizontal couch. A vertically spinning wheel similarly objects to any attempt made to tilt it to either side. This resistive force is so great and the gyroscope is so sensitive that it has proved the ideal stabilizer for counteracting the rolling ships, automatically steering marine vessels and airplanes and for twelve dozen other uses.

Navigators used to rely on the standard or magnetic compass which never gave a true reading because its delicate balance was affected by magnetism in the earth and in the steel of the ship carrying it. Two separate corrections had to be made frequently for these errors, variation and deviation, else a skipper bound for Singapore might find his ship plowing up someone's front yard in Coney Island.

The Sperry gyrocompass was the answer to a navigator's prayer, for it automatically and uncannily corrects the two errors before they occur and tells him the exact course of his ship, and no fooling. More, it passes this information along to repeater compasses installed in strategic parts of the ship—the engine-room, the after bridge, the skipper's cabin, etc.—just as though you had a radio in the living-room and connecting loudspeakers in every other room.

Elmer's father had originated the new compass but there were plenty of rough edges to be buffed off and Elmer, who as a boy had wound the armature of that first model, soon qualified as an expert buffer. He was working on improvements to the gyrocompass when the Navy's three-alarm call for ash cans interrupted.

After the development of the depth charge he was called to the Newport naval station to work on a gyroscopic torpedo. A torpedo leaving its tube, if not properly directed, has a nasty habit of chasing around in circles and sometimes it acts as a boomerang to the ship dispatching it. An improperly guided torpedo has been known to cavort around the water for minutes at a time and even to leap over the bow of its parent destroyer like a flying fish. The steadying influence of the gyroscope was needed to correct that playfulness and Elmer spent months at Newport as a torpedo tamer.

While there he struck up a friendship which eventually came to a tragic and ironical end. Lieutenant Elliot, in charge of torpedo experiments at the Newport station, worked hand in hand with young Sperry and in their few hours of relaxation outside the laboratory they became very good pals. Later Elliot was transferred to destroyer duty overseas. While standing an aft watch one night his destroyer was rammed astern by another naval ship. The collision detonated a stern rack of depth charges—Elmer's invention—and blew his friend to eternity.

The Birth of Metal Mike

November 11, 1918, brought at least a temporary armistice to development of new war weapons and Elmer returned to his gyrocompass and its successor, Metal Mike. Now the gyrocompass is a marvelous piece of engineering but Metal Mike makes even that look silly. It takes the wheel out of the helmsman's hands—they call him a quartermaster on the bigger ships—and does a much better job of steering than he ever could. Install one of these gadgets on a vessel, set the compass dial, say due south, just as you would set your alarm for six o'clock, and Mike does the rest, automatically steering the ship due south until you change the dial setting.

When Mike was graduated with honors from the experimental school Elmer virtually leaped from the sea into the air. The year was 1927. Lindbergh's hop to Le Bourget Field had given a new life to paralyzed commercial aviation. More and safer planes were being built; more reliable instruments were needed to help fly them. The gyrocompass was even more important to aircraft than to marine ships, for it was the only type which could give an accurate reading aloft. The old standard of magnetic compass which had served ships so many years went haywire the minute a plane deviated from its course.

To adapt the gyrocompass to the airplane its size and weight had to be reduced to fit the crowded cockpit—no easy task, but it was finally accomplished and practically every transport plane in the air today carries one on its instrument board. The gyro helped make planes safer and the other Sperry airplane instruments which followed it from the Sperry laboratories increased that safety factor. The artificial horizon and the directional gyro, for instance.

Jimmy Doolittle, crack Army pilot, walked into Elmer's office one day in 1928 and said he needed some gyros. The Guggenheim Foundation had set Doolittle up in a flight laboratory at Mitchel Field for the development of equipment which would enable a plane to land safely in fog or storms when ceiling and visibility were reduced to zero. In such soupy air the pilot literally was blind, for he couldn't determine whether his ship was flying straight ahead, climbing or dropping, turning or banking to either side. And if he didn't know when his ship was going through any of these motions dreadful things could happen—and did happen. The radio beam had been developed to enable a ship to keep on its prescribed course, but what good would that do him when the weather was so thick that he couldn't see his way to a landing? Gas supplies being limited, he couldn't fly around all night waiting for the ceiling to lift.

The Key to Blind Flying

The Navy had wanted ash cans. Jimmy Doolittle of the Army wanted blind-flying instruments. Elmer dropped whatever it was he was working on then. He and Jimmy spent hours, days, months together, combining the inventive genius of the one with the flying knowledge of the other. This marriage of minds brought into the flying world twin instruments which are as necessary to blind flying and landing as the wings and motor of the plane. Briefly, the Sperry directional gyro tells the pilot his direction and the tilting or turning of the ship when, looking out over his cockpit, he sees only darkness or murkiness. The artificial horizon tells him the true position of the natural horizon—even when that is obscured by darkness or soupy weather—and whether his ship is climbing or diving.

The experimenting occupied several months. Then one day Jimmy climbed into a plane at Mitchel Field, pulled a hood over the cockpit, took off, made a short flight and landed, all in complete darkness. For this feat Jimmy assumed the honor of being the first pilot in the world to make a covered cockpit flight and, as his share, Elmer will march up the aisle next May to receive the Edward Longstreth Medal, a Croix de Guerre of science and invention, at Franklin Institute in Philadelphia.

The Navy had its ash cans. Ships had their Metal Mikes. Aviation had its blind flying instruments. Let's see, now. Oh, yes—the automatic or robot pilot, or (officially) gyropilot. If you have ever looked at the instrument board of a modern transport plane you doubtless have wondered how the pilot, even with the assistance of the co-pilot, if he has one, could possibly keep a weather eye on all the gadgets and dials and whatnots, handle the controls and still take an occasional peek outside his cabin. Well, the gyropilot relieves him of the most arduous and monotonous of these chores. It is the good old Metal Mike again, having become air-minded. Not quite as simple as that, of course. Remember, a plane has two more motions than a ship—up and down. The gyropilot handles all of these quite successfully while the human pilot is reading his dials, checking his maps or doing his knitting.

Elmer passes on all credit for the gyropilot to his brother Lawrence—who

(*Continued on page* 48)

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL in the Human Heart

Perhaps half the disappointments in the world are occasioned by people trying to get more than they pay for. Regardless of the laws of economics, the striving for a bargain is ceaseless. Yet, the *dollar* sign is the *quality* sign. You *get* what you *pay* for. La Salle, for instance, is a *quality* car—built to the highest Cadillac standards. It does not sell—and *cannot* sell—in the low-price field. Yet, day after day, people try to find La Salle quality in the price range below. Of course, they are disappointed. If you want La Salle style, beauty and quality, you must *buy* a La Salle. There is no substitute.

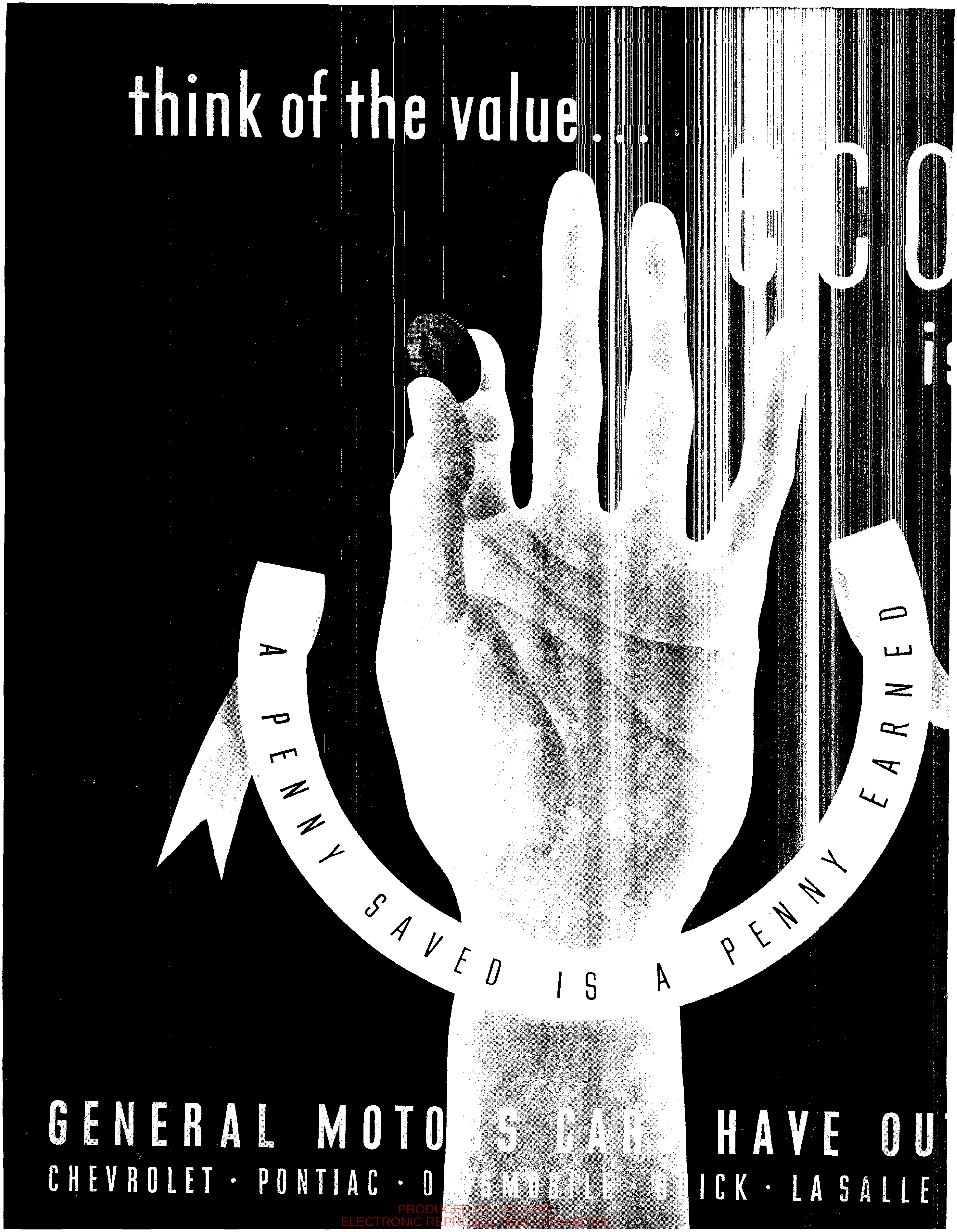
THE CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

La Salle

$1175
PRICES LIST AT DETROIT, MICH.

La Salle not only delivers exceptionally generous gasoline and oil mileage—but all service charges are unusually low. Furthermore, La Salle is so soundly designed and so superbly built that it requires much less service attention than cars of lesser quality. Almost anyone can afford to drive a La Salle.

Monthly payments to suit your purse on the G. M. Installment Plan.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A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED
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DILLAC ALL AVAILABLE ON NEW LOW COST GMAC

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Every automobile that General Motors builds is planned to be not only a good car, but an economical one. Saving in operation costs, as well as freedom from the annoyance of repeated repairs, contributes much to owner satisfaction.

"A penny saved is a penny earned," says the old adage. And a little saved here on gasoline, there on oil, again on maintenance, earns you a sizable sum over the miles and years you drive.

That is why General Motors makes such a point of economy in the cars it builds. Buy a General Motors car today and, when you replace it in time to come, the record of its sterling character and continued economy will bring you back to buy another automobile from the General Motors family.

Only General Motors cars offer all of these modern elements of motor car satisfaction:

KNEE-ACTION

reduces maintenance costs, saves tires

TURRET TOP

eliminates top renewals and repairs

HYDRAULIC BRAKES

easier on tires and brake bands

BODY BY FISHER

high quality for lower upkeep

[redacted]

You are invited to tune in on the General Motors Concerts every Sunday night from 10 to 11 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, over the coast-to-coast NBC red network.

FRIGIDAIRE
a General Motors value, is to electric
refrigerators what General Motors cars
are to automobiles.

Impressions of
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
by children who have never been there!

(An Indianapolis school teacher asked her third-grade pupils—averaging 8 years of age—to write what they thought Southern California was like. She sent us their papers, which proved so interesting to us that we're passing some of them along to you:)

JEAN S.: I think it has an ocean. It must be lots warmer. They grow lots of oranges and bananas. It must be down in South America. There must be lots of palm trees.

★

IOLA T.: In some parts I think it has mountains. They have orchards that grow oranges. They have palm trees. It is warmer in California than it is here. It is snowy up in the mountains.

★

LELAND H.: I think that California is warmer than our country. California is different from our country because it has mountains. It has an ocean which ours doesn't have.

★

BARBARA S.: I think it looks like Indiana. It is warmer than it is here. It has mountains. Hollywood is where movie actors are. There they have oranges and bananas.

★

ROSS B.: I think California has mountains. It grows a lot of fruit. California must be a big country.

★

JIMMY E.: The beach is most beautiful in California. There are mountains all around California. There are big fruit ranches.

★

RIGHT OR WRONG?

Now, let's look in the back of the book and see what grades they get. *Mountains, ocean, oranges, palm trees, movie studios, actors & actresses*—Yes. *Desert*—Yes (but we stay away from it in summer). *Bananas*—trees, yes, but no commercial crops (too cool and dry). *Warmer*—Yes, in winter, but cool (69.4° average) in summer. *In South America*—No, Jean, we're right here in your own United States (even from New York, just an overnight hop by plane; 3 days by train; 5 to 7 by auto or stage; 2 weeks via Panama).

And now (since this is really a vacation advertisement) may we quickly mention a few other things in and near Los Angeles County: Sports of *every* kind, from surf-boarding to glacier-climbing. Hollywood's night life. Pleasure islands. Mile-high lakes. Ancient Missions. Interesting industries like oil, citrus and movie making. Cities: Pasadena, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Long Beach, Pomona, Glendale. And costs 18% under the U. S. average (no short-season "peak prices").

FREE: *Automatic Trip Planner*

This 80-page Official Guide Book—widely acclaimed by travel experts—plans your trip for you from start to finish: what to see and do, how to get here, time required, itemized cost schedules, plus over 100 photographs, maps, etc.... authentic facts available only through this non-profit, community organization. Coupon brings it FREE by return mail.

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Come for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, the attractions are unlimited.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. 5-B, 629 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me *free* book with complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation. Also send free routing by ☐ auto, ☐ rail, ☐ plane, ☐ bus, ☐ steamship. Also send free booklets about counties checked: ☐ Los Angeles, ☐ Santa Barbara, ☐ Orange, ☐ Riverside, ☐ Inyo, ☐ Ventura, ☐ San Diego, ☐ San Bernardino, ☐ Kern, ☐ Imperial.

Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________________
(Please Print Name and Address)

It's the Top

Continued from page 45

was lost when his plane fell into the English Channel in 1923. More than twenty years ago Lawrence, Elmer and his father had collaborated on the prototype of the gyropilot which they then called the gyrostabilizer. The first models weren't so successful, but in 1914, after the "bugs" had been taken out, Lawrence sailed for France, a Curtiss flying boat equipped with his automatic stabilizer as luggage. The French government had offered a prize of 25,000 francs for a stable airplane. Fifty-three manufacturers competed in the contest, which Lawrence won hands down. A gyropilot in 1914, no less!

The war stifled all subsequent interest in the stabilizer since military planes were then built more for maneuverability than for stability and it was not until the late twenties that development of the gyropilot was resumed. Commercial aviation and regularly established transport lines were just climbing out of their swaddling clothes when the Elmer Sperrys, senior and junior, built another automatic pilot which was tested out on an Army bombing plane. Elmer, junior, accompanied the bomber on many of its test flights, crossing the continent and flying one hundred miles out over the Pacific with only a gyro at the controls. The data gathered on these flights encouraged the Sperrys to build two more gyropilots, one of which was snapped up by the late Thorpe Hiscock, experimental engineer of United Air-lines, after he had seen its predecessor in action on the Army bomber. The other gyro was kept in the Brooklyn laboratory for experimental purposes.

It was kept there, that is, until Wiley Post arrived. Post had just completed his trip around the world with Harold Gatty and now he was planning to play a solo over the same route. Some one had told him of the Sperrys' gyropilot and Wiley dropped over to Brooklyn to look it over. For days he stayed around the Sperry laboratory, quietly observing the robot as it went through its shop tests. He tried it himself on the apparatus which had been set up to simulate the movements of a plane in actual flight. The results must have satisfied him, for he approached Elmer with the blunt statement: "I want that for my next round-the-world flight."

Wiley Got What He Wanted

When told that this was the only model they had and that it was not for sale, Wiley wasn't discouraged. He haunted the Sperry laboratory, spent hours watching the gyropilot in action and daily he told Elmer he must have it.

The repetitions of this request threatened to be endless until the sales department, thinking to discourage Wiley by setting a stiff price, said they would not let the gyropilot go for less than ten thousand dollars. "Sold!" snapped Wiley.

Shortly after that Wiley took off on his famous solo flight, the first such round-the-world jaunt. When he returned his ardor for the gyropilot which had accompanied him was still undimmed. To quote from a letter he sent the Sperrys: "During this flight the automatic pilot was in use practically the whole time and gave me plenty of chances to relax, study my maps, operate the radio and watch for landmarks."

The ten thousand dollars was never collected, by the way. Before Post left on his trip, the asking price had been reduced to five thousand dollars and upon his return he was given back the check, still uncashed.

Meantime Elmer had taken more than a passing interest in aviation. Driving past Curtiss Field, Long Island, one day on the way to his summer home at Bellport he stopped his car to watch a plane taking off. The graceful rise of the craft thrilled him. Here, he thought, I've been fooling around with airplane instruments for years and I've never learned to fly myself. Why not?

He drove up to one of the hangars; a few minutes later he was up in the air on his first instruction flight. Subsequently he took four more lessons with a total of three hours' flying time. Then he soloed and liked it so well he stayed up for twenty-five minutes while his instructor on the ground wondered and worried. But Elmer landed smoothly to learn that he had established a field record for student flying.

The Gyroscopic Eye

He also found time, heaven knows when, to work on other experiments. The gyroscopic eye, for instance, which is extensively used today in drilling for oil. This instrument, another grandchild of that prolific gyroscope top, tells engineers on the earth's surface whether the bore they are sinking is following, at different subterranean levels, the course of underground oil flows.

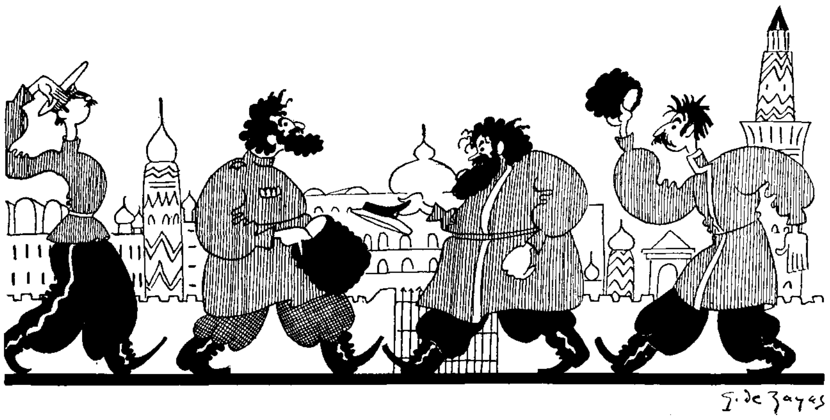
Much of Elmer's time and research has been devoted to war inventions—an antiaircraft defense system, fire-control mechanism for the Navy's big guns, military searchlights and, of course, the ash can and the torpedo.

The bombing plane, he says, can do more damage than all the artillery ever built. Quoting him, "The bomber is the cheapest and most effective way to deliver a ton of explosives to an objective. A large caliber gun is the most expensive. Witness the Big Bertha in the World War. It cost thousands of dollars and was able to fire only a half-dozen shells, not too accurately, before being taken down and overhauled. Today's giant bombers can cruise hundreds of miles, drop their much more destructive eggs at a fraction of the cost and can repeat the performance without undue time out for overhauling. The gyroscope-controlled aerial torpedo, still in the experimental stage, will do the same job by remote control and will effect even a greater saving in time, expense and efficiency."

The flywheel keeps spinning and Elmer keeps creating new jobs for it. He was occupied with such thoughts one day recently while crossing Fourteenth Street, New York, on his way home to Brooklyn. As he approached a subway station the inevitable Union Square sidewalk vendors were making much noise and few sales. He was about to pass them when he heard a familiar name. He halted and walked back to one of the hawkers' stands to hear the rest of the pitchman's spiel: "Here y'are, folks. Step right up and see the marvel of the century. It baffles scientists—it holds the secret of perpetual motion—it entertains—it mystifies—all for a dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar."

Elmer drew closer and the hawker suspected a sale. "Right this way, sir. Step up and I'll show you how it works. Ya see that little flywheel there—well, that flywheel defies all the laws of gravutty. It keeps on spinnin' and spinnin' and the inertia, or momentum or somethin' makes this here gyroscope top balance in any position. Now, look—ya just pull this string to start the flywheel spinnin' and . . ."

Elmer nodded gravely and went home to Brooklyn.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Almost up to the 1917 revolution in Russia, every royal palace throughout the empire was faithfully saluted by nearly every man who passed, on the off chance that the czar might happen to be there on an unannounced visit and, at the moment, be looking out a window.

Nuns direct and operate a number of women's prisons in various parts of the world. Sometimes they have taken over the management of penitentiaries after others have failed in disciplining the inmates. Three of the most famous prisons that they run today are in Rennes, France, in Mislea, Rumania, and in Maria-Nosztra, Hungary, 90 per cent of the convicts in the last one being murderesses.

Recently a New York stock brokerage firm arranged an amazing demonstration of the speed of its service. An order was placed in its Paris office, coded, cabled to New York, relayed to its office by private wire, decoded, telephoned to the floor of the Stock Exchange and executed—all within seventeen seconds.—*By J. Franklin Daley, Watertown, Massachusetts.*

No spot on earth, it is believed, has been struck by lightning more times than that occupied by a large wooden cross which stands on a mountain peak overlooking Oberammergau, Bavaria, the home of the world's most famous Passion Play. After nearly every severe storm, a new cross has to be erected.

The increasing use of the horse and buggy in the United States at the beginning of the 19th century apparently hurt church attendance, for in Philadelphia the church authorities became so perplexed by it that they had permission, between 1798 and 1831, to stop all vehicular traffic on Sundays by hanging large chains across the principal streets. —*By Arthur D. Styles, Montreal, Canada.*

The tallest man in history, according to the record of all authenticated cases, lives today in Bushire, Iran. Although only 20 years of age and still growing, this Persian giant is ten feet six inches in height and weighs 450 pounds. Incidentally, he is so weak that he cannot walk or hold up his head for more than a few minutes at a time.—*By Dr. A. W. Thomas, Ashtabula, Ohio.*

Although the military tanks used in the World War were bullet-proof and armed, and appeared to provide maximum protection for their crews, they were highly dangerous to operate. In fact, 60 per cent of the men in the Tank Corps of the French Army were killed, a mortality rate higher than that of any other branch of the service.—*By C. L. Savage, New York City.*

Within living memory the currency of the United States has included, in addition to the small change of today, a ½-cent coin, a 2-cent coin, a 3-cent nickel piece, a 3-cent silver piece and a 5-cent silver piece; and 3-cent, 5-cent, 10-cent, 15-cent, 25-cent and 50-cent denominations of paper money called "shinplasters."

Before public opinion and resultant state legislation dealt a staggering blow to the breach-of-promise suit racket in this country a short time ago, it provided a comfortable living for more than 50,000 "heart balm" specialists, including ladies, lawyers and witnesses.

Despite the fact that the members of the British Royal Family are almost always surrounded by a large staff of employees and servants, they have always been able to keep their strictly personal affairs to themselves through a secret code which they use in their private communications.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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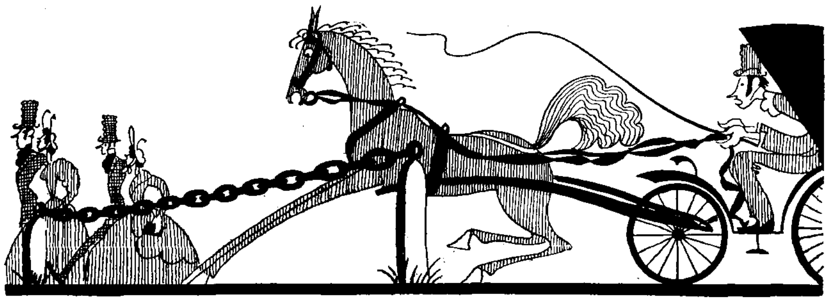
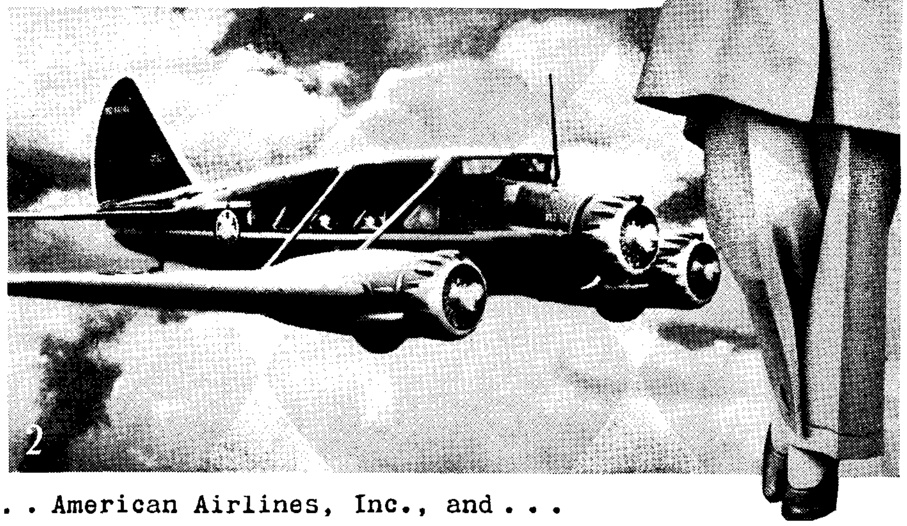


Judith Allen, of the movies, arrives at Newark Airport via TWA, the Lindbergh Line. TWA together with . . .



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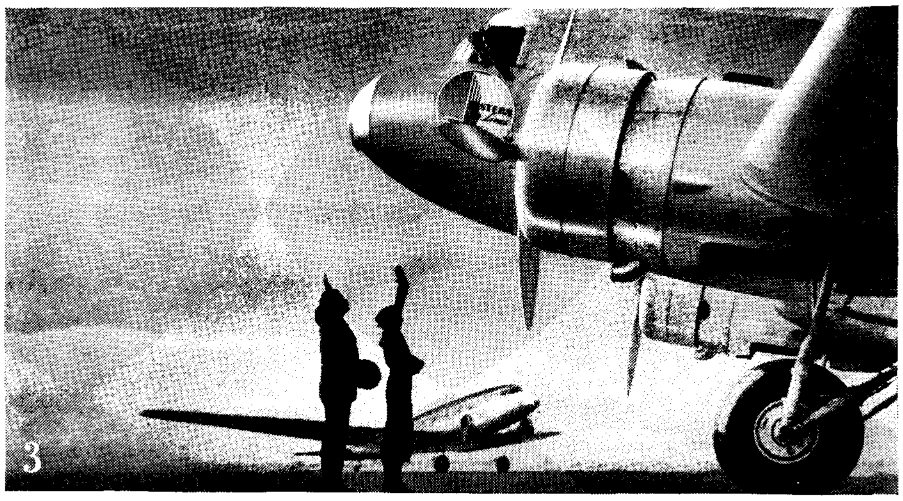

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Babes in the Vineyard

Continued from page 15

"Informally. I first met Mike on a story. Pat was with him." He tucked the girl's hand under his arm and squeezed it. Cold. Something going on. What?

"Mr. Riccardi often mentioned how you treated everything with laughter, even at a time you were doing him a great favor. Shall we go inside, Mr. Ballard?"

"In a moment. Mike and I haven't seen each other for a long time. We'll be along." Charley grinned at Pietro. "Go and cool off," he said.

Almost before the door was shut Paula Michelson pressed against the ex-reporter; Ballard could feel the beating of her heart. "I'll not stay here," she trembled. "They drew cards for me. Pietro won. Next . . . next . . ."

"Next," said Ballard, "I'm apt to lose some skin from my knuckles." He spoke placidly, the reporter after a story. "Calm down, Mike. The little heiress doesn't form any entangling alliances against her will. Tell me—"

"I was Mr. Riccardi's nurse. I don't want his vineyard. I won't stay here to get it. I don't want anything—"

Charley saw the approach of hysteria. "Not even me?" he chided.

"I came here yesterday. There's a housekeeper. Pietro followed me around. Last night, when . . . after . . . I had to sleep in the housekeeper's room."

"Our first joint act," Ballard promised, "will remove Pietro, with gestures."

"We can't. We can't, or I can't, say anything to Mr. Warren. It's in the will. I won't stay. I can't stay. I—"

BALLARD put his arm around her, and with the other hand lifted her chin. "Mike," he said, "the enemy are upon us. Shall we flee? What? Never. I like Santa Elena. I like grapes. I like you. So let's go inside and sit in rocking chairs."

The high-ceilinged old parlor of the house was dim and comfortable; the room was filled. Most of the men wore jeans; most of the women were wrinkled and old. Only where Pietro sat were the men, also, young. Ballard took Paula Michelson to a chair, and stood behind it.

Warren began to read, very slowly, explaining as he read. There were many bequests to old employees, who accepted them with bowed heads and moving lips. It took considerable time before the attorney reached the most important part of Riccardi's will. Ballard already understood its terms as it regarded himself. The girl, also, had to fulfill certain requirements. No employee was to be discharged, save for gross neglect, for five years. Paula Michelson must not "speak ill of any person" and must live on the vineyard in the old house.

The attorney went outside of the terms of the will in explaining the reasons for the conditions. All of them, Warren said, were caused by Riccardi's unfortunate marriage. The old vintner had felt that alcoholic beverages, during prohibition, had a part in his wife's affairs, therefore Ballard must not be a drinking person. Wine, of course, was not considered alcoholic. Riccardi had attempted to reform her, and had failed; this caused the "sobriety" clause.

Maria Riccardi had wished to discharge the old hands, and had been forever criticizing; these two things had brought about the terms by which Paula must abide.

There were no blood relations. Should either of the legatees be found lacking, their half of the estate was to go in trust for various charitable institutions. If both failed, the land, securities, winery, house and money all became a trust. To his divorced wife, Maria Riccardi, the old man left the sum of five hundred dollars that "she may be given Christian burial."

"You will find," Warren said, "that the will is incontestable. You, Miss Michelson, were unfailingly kind to a broken old man; you, Mr. Ballard, did him a kindness when he most needed it. He took this way to thank you. I wish you both joy of your good fortune."

Old workmen, their wives, stepped up to their new padrona, took her hand, and pressed it against their foreheads; one of the women, after that, raised a fist in the air and spoke hotly, fiercely, while the others nodded. Ballard caught a word. "What did she say?" he asked the attorney.

"She was cursing Mrs. Riccardi. The old people hated her."

Charley said, "That wasn't the word she used."

Warren lowered his voice. "It is whom she meant; she is old-country and called the woman in old-country style. Maria Casarelli. Her former name. She . . . what did you say, sir?"

"Just that it's a small world," Charley repeated. Not so surprising. The vineyard towns, during prohibition, when the men had no work, had furnished their quota of bad boys and bootleggers. Pietro and his companions were staring sidewise at him. He talked too much. "If we're done here, Miss Michelson's going to show me the town. I feel pastoral tonight."

Away from the vineyard, the girl's fears seemed to vanish. Ballard sent the cab back to the city, and, in the warm evening, they walked back to the old house. Someone, on some pretext, was always near them, at dinner, on the veranda, when, later, Ballard inspected the upper floor. He selected a bedroom which had a door into another bedroom, which was to be the girl's; after that, in silence, they sat on the long stairway, where, as Ballard said, you could hear 'em coming and going.

Pietro and his friends, obviously, wanted at least half of the great property, and had expected to get it by marrying one of their number to Paula. Probably they would have a shot at his half, also, Charley decided. If only they would be crude about it, the matter wouldn't be so difficult. But if they were sly and shrewd, he imagined that he was vulnerable. . . .

THERE were coffee and crisp Italian rolls for breakfast, in a kitchen hung with shining copper pans; then, in the early morning, Ballard and Paula went with the old foreman to watch the first of the grape harvest. Charley's education began.

Under cover, in great open receptacles, were the first of the crushed grapes, sweet and aromatic, not yet fermenting; the foreman went from vat to vat, examining, smiling, pointing, until he came to those where Pietro and the younger men were tossing pans of crushed grapes; the machinery, Pietro said, was broken, and it was necessary to do it by hand.

On the way back to the house, as the sun came higher, the foreman growled that those ones were too lazy to place a drop of oil in the proper place. "But you," he warned Paula, "must say nothing of it. Nothing. It would be fatal."

The idea of coffee and cigarettes on the veranda was marvelous; the first edition of the city paper was even waiting for man and girl.

"This," Charley said, "is certainly the life for me." He opened the newspaper, and the cigarette in his mouth began to droop lower and lower. Then he said, "And it had to break when I was canned. It couldn't have happened sooner." He was reading swiftly. "Just where I said it could be done. Over the wall between Six-Post and the machine-gun tower. Over the hill. Through the vegetable gardens to the highway. The guards there are pulled in after lock-up. A machine was waiting for him." He waved the paper before the startled girl. "And he had inside help, too."

"What *are* you talking about?"

BALLARD slapped the paper, and began to read: " 'Condemned man flees prison.' A rotten head. 'Casarelli escapes during night. Warden'—the old porpoise!—'at loss to explain.' Here's the story. 'When Guard A. A. Henekin and trusties brought breakfast to Condemned Row, Luigi Casarelli failed to open his wicket. Alarmed, Henekin summoned Warden Russell'—that's a lie; he sent for the captain of the yard—'and when the cell was opened' . . . Casarelli had made a getaway. Somebody let him out. *Somebody* . . . good morning, Pietro. Taking the day off?"

Pietro said, "Not feel so well."

"Let's get this into the record," Ballard said sharply. He was angered that he had missed covering this story, and he didn't like the way the dark man had silently appeared. "Hang around Miss Michelson just once more, and me, myself, all alone, will run you so far off this place that one more jump will take you to Little America. I won't fire you, baby. I'll . . . and get that dirty look off your pan."

Pietro bowed. "A month," he said, "is long time."

"Exit the villain," Charley growled, as the squat man shuffled away. "He was listening. Why? Now . . . I'd certainly like to pick up the trail of Casarelli. I'd have an exclusive which I'd put on a hook and let old George McHale nibble at." The escaped convict, Ballard felt, would never select Santa Elena to hide in, but would go to some place furnished by his gang.

Just the same, he had to find out what was going on. He took the girl with him. There were dicks everywhere, and boys from the sheets, who told him what they could. No tips. The highway patrols were stopping cars. Deputies guarded all bridges, and ship passengers were being watched. There were roundups in every city.

Casarelli, with at least six hours' start, had vanished.

In a couple of weeks, by the time most of the Santa Elena grapes had been crushed between great rollers and run into the redwood fermenting vats, the story had been pushed back to page three. In the vats the mass of juice and stems and skins heaved and gurgled. Solid matter which rose to the surface shook like a restive volcano, and was continually perforated, to allow the fermentation to continue. When workmen entered the vat buildings they carried candles, and, if these flickered and went out, the men immediately ran to the fresh air; the fumes which arose were dangerous.

And Pietro had apparently given over his pursuit of the girl. Charley Ballard, for lack of real work, poked around.

He had the reporter's way of seeing a good deal without letting on that he

(*Continued on page* 52)

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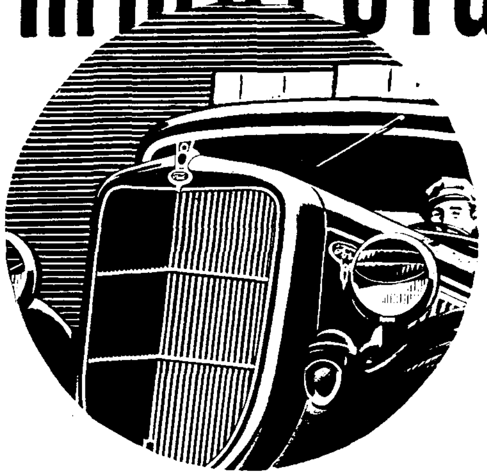

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Babes in the Vineyard

Continued from page 50

himself was observed. For example, he could go wherever he wished, but one of Pietro's companions was always in sight. After three weeks Ballard began to play a game. He knew, having been told, that the old cellar dug into the rock of the hill was not to be opened until the heat subsided . . . and he knew that whenever he went near the huge, solid door of this cellar, his watcher would show signs of excitement. Merely because one of the younger men didn't want anything to happen to the precious wines within? Ballard didn't think so.

It was actually the same length of time, three weeks, before he kissed Paula, but he missed no opportunity after that. Some day they'd live in the city. The old foreman could run the winery. An apartment on the Hill, with Paula in it. Near the office. The girl sensed what he thought.

"Not that I love you less," Charley said, "and newspapermen have no honor, but with our money, your looks, and my brains, I might even rise to the top of my profession and, heaven forbid, give talks to chambers of commerce."

THE Casarelli story flared spasmodically when some "clue" was revealed. The last of the late grapes went into the crushers. Pietro and his friends seemed satisfied. Charley Ballard, from his window at four in the morning, with a low moon, saw the door of the old rock-cellar open and Pietro go inside, coming out again in a half hour. Taking in food? It was after that had happened that, in town, he telephoned McHale; he asked for the names of everyone ever associated with Casarelli in the old bootleg gang; he promised nothing, and insisted that if a man from the paper came to Santa Elena again, he was through.

The last day of the month of probation was in sight. The attorney suggested that he come early in the morning, in the cool. For breakfast, Ballard and Paula insisted. Late the night before, Charley had driven into town, and had telephoned again. McHale, before Ballard told what he wanted, informed him that someone had been questioning the managing editor about Ballard . . . had even gone to the Nugget to inquire about him, and Ballard could guess what was wanted. McHale, however, after Ballard began to talk, forgot all about Charley's "reputation" . . .

It was so stifling when he returned to the house that, as he crossed the lawn, he looked for a hose. Set water going; cool the air. All of the hoses were gone.

Paula called, "Looking for four-leaf clovers?"

"Got enough luck." They kissed. "You got a smart guy, Mike," Charley said.

"Pietro seemed pleased with himself, too."

"Getting lovin' again? I'll—"

Paula said, "Forget about him," and they kissed again. It was that way until time for bed.

It was hot in Ballard's room; he turned and twisted. When, at last, he dozed, it seemed as if there were not enough air, although he had left the windows wide. He once tried to climb out of bed, but, before he could do it, began to sleep heavily.

Paula was down first in the morning. It was fun to superintend breakfast. The aroma of coffee, freshly ground. Iced melon. Thin strips of bacon ready for broiling. The housekeeper pinched her cheek, saying something which made the girl laugh and flush. Fun. Then she heard a machine crunch up the drive, followed by two others, and, surprised, in the dim cool hall was introduced by Mr. Warren to men she did not know. Mr. McHale. The managing editor of McHale's newspaper. Someone the others called Joe. A Mr. Marinello, who had visited Pietro in the past.

"I'll call Mr. Ballard," Paula said.

It was not necessary. "Hi!" yelled Charley. "Happy New Year!"

He was sitting on the top stair. In pajamas. While everyone stared, he began to bump down the stairs, still sitting, with his long legs kicking in the air at each successive bump.

"How'm I doin'?" he shouted.

Paula whispered, "Oh!"

"Why," said Mr. Warren, "he's drunk."

Ballard had reached the hall. He pulled himself up. "'Tox'cated's better word. More p'lite." He began to laugh.

Mr. Marinello remarked, "He is so obviously under the influence of liquor, Mr. Warren, that it is unnecessary for these gentlemen to tell his reputation—"

"Pooh," Charley said. He saw McHale. "What you doin' here, George?"

"Charley," said McHale, "you certainly have a beauty."

"Beauty? Oh. Bes' lookin' kid in town." He pawed at the girl, and she, with chin high, put her arm about him. "I tell you t' come meet her? That why you come?"

His former city editor had turned away. To the M. E. he said, "I'm sorry, sir. You can see how it is. I thought—"

"Time you thought," Ballard grinned. "Time. Hmm. Time. What time you got? No watch in m' evenin' clothes. Time. You better shoot flash for first 'dition." He almost fell; Paula defiantly held him tighter. "Go 'way, woman. Got talk t' George." He stumbled over to McHale and pulled him aside.

At first, for a half minute, Ballard continued laughing, and then, forehead puckered, he began to whisper to the other man. Without warning, when Ballard paused, McHale stepped away from him and ran outside, as if Charley had given him an exact location. . . . Ballard slipped to the floor, turned on his side, and slept.

In the cool hall there was no sound except Paula's unhappy breathing. Then, in Italian, there was a cry of warning, outside, and, without hesitation, a shot and another. The San Francisco attorney, Marinello, was first to the door, the others not far behind him. Paula only went as far as Ballard and, kneeling, lifted his head.

THERE were, outside, state officers everywhere; they had already herded together several of the vineyard people. Pietro was on the ground, held there, while one officer searched him, and took keys from him . . . the door to the rock-cellar was opened, and, with flashlights, men in khaki slipped through it. A gun roared; there was a tat-tat-tat which was an echo, and an officer dropped. . . .

The foreman was wailing, "My wine!" as sound battered out of the rock-cellar, and what was happening in the cold gloom there could only be guessed at, until men reappeared, carrying Luigi Casarelli. The state had been spared the formality of his execution. The patrol captain had a notebook in his hand.

Not once during the noise did Ballard awake; he was taken to his bed, and slept until a doctor administered to him. When he stirred it was to open his eyes, sit up, and lie back again. Shaky. But with a clear head.

"So we're all here," he said. "Where's George?"

"Telephoning."

"Get him. I've got a story—"

Paula said, "Rest, darling, and—"

"Woman, a reporter never rests. I want George! I'm not mistaken. I've seen a lot of little things happening, and . . . I'm positive. I—"

Mr. Warren said, "You've done a great service, but it doesn't alter the terms of the will. I'm sorry for that."

"So I've missed something?"

"You missed everything," Paula said. "Who cares?" Waves of heat came into the room. "I'll get the hoses going, darling," she said, "and perhaps you can sleep—"

"Hoses," said Charley Ballard, "And you all think I've been drunk." Thinking wasn't too easy. "The hoses, you know, were gone last night."

Paula begged, "Don't worry about it—"

"I had a hunch they'd try something, the last minute. That they had something up their collective sleeve. They figured to knock me out of my share, and then go to work on Mike and marry her when I beat it. Well, I wasn't drunk. Or I was. It depends on how you look at it. Those hoses . . . I'll bet that they were joined and run from a fermenting vat to my room while I slept. The fumes put me out. Toward morning, the windows were opened again so I'd wake up . . . drunk. How about finding the hoses, and having someone look for traces of new wine, from the fumes?"

"Even so," Warren said, "there remains your 'reputation for sobriety.'"

GEORGE McHALE came in. "On the presses," he said. "I love you, Charley."

"But my own managing editor wants to bear witness against me?"

Joe from the Nugget, wiping away sweat, said, "I never seen you drink nothin' but . . . but orange juice, Mr. Ballard. Not even beer. No, sir."

"Orange juice," smiled Marinello. "With gin. So we've learned."

Charley Ballard turned in bed. "Old Slippery Louie Marinello," he said. "Not disbarred yet, Louie? How big a cut does Pietro give you?"

"I do not care to reveal by whom I am retained. I—"

"Nuts," said George McHale. "The state boys put down what Luigi said. How he got away. Who bribed who at the prison. A lot of it was in promises. The gang here had to get their hands on plenty money. So you get a ride this time."

Marinello looked toward the door. He saw state officers with Pietro. He looked out of the window; more officers. "I'll beat the rap," he muttered. "You see!"

"Sure I will," said Ballard. "I'm gifted that way. I can see you as a 'fish' in prison clothes. I'll be there covering the story. Isn't that true, George?"

A glance passed between his two superiors. "You'd better be," said McHale.

Ballard found Paula's hand. "When there's a wedding here, George," he said, "it is an important business. The vineyard people have a fiesta. You eat too much. You laugh too much. You drink . . . well, that's your affair."

Paula said, "Everyone wears old-country dresses, Mr. McHale—"

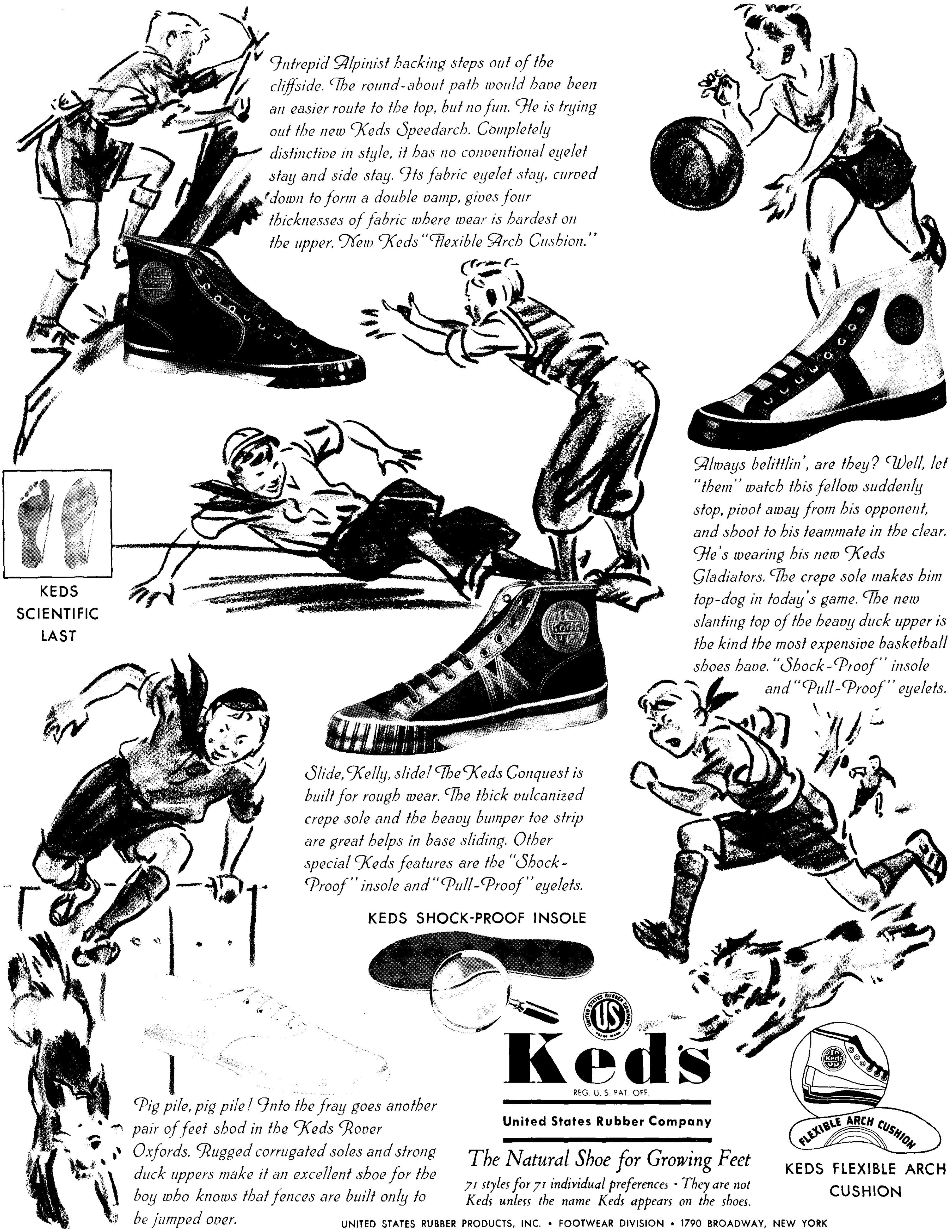
"He can come as one of Bacchus' nymphs . . . or he could if he weren't so bowlegged. How about breakfast, Mike?"

"In bed?" asked Paula.

George McHale said, "Don't spoil him."

"I smoke in bed, too," Charley Ballard announced.

Paula's cheeks were warm. "So do I," she said.



Intrepid Alpinist hacking steps out of the cliffside. The round-about path would have been an easier route to the top, but no fun. He is trying out the new Keds Speedarch. Completely distinctive in style, it has no conventional eyelet stay and side stay. Its fabric eyelet stay, curved down to form a double vamp, gives four thicknesses of fabric where wear is hardest on the upper. New Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion."

Always belittlin', are they? Well, let "them" watch this fellow suddenly stop, pivot away from his opponent, and shoot to his teammate in the clear. He's wearing his new Keds Gladiators. The crepe sole makes him top-dog in today's game. The new slanting top of the heavy duck upper is the kind the most expensive basketball shoes have. "Shock-Proof" insole and "Pull-Proof" eyelets.

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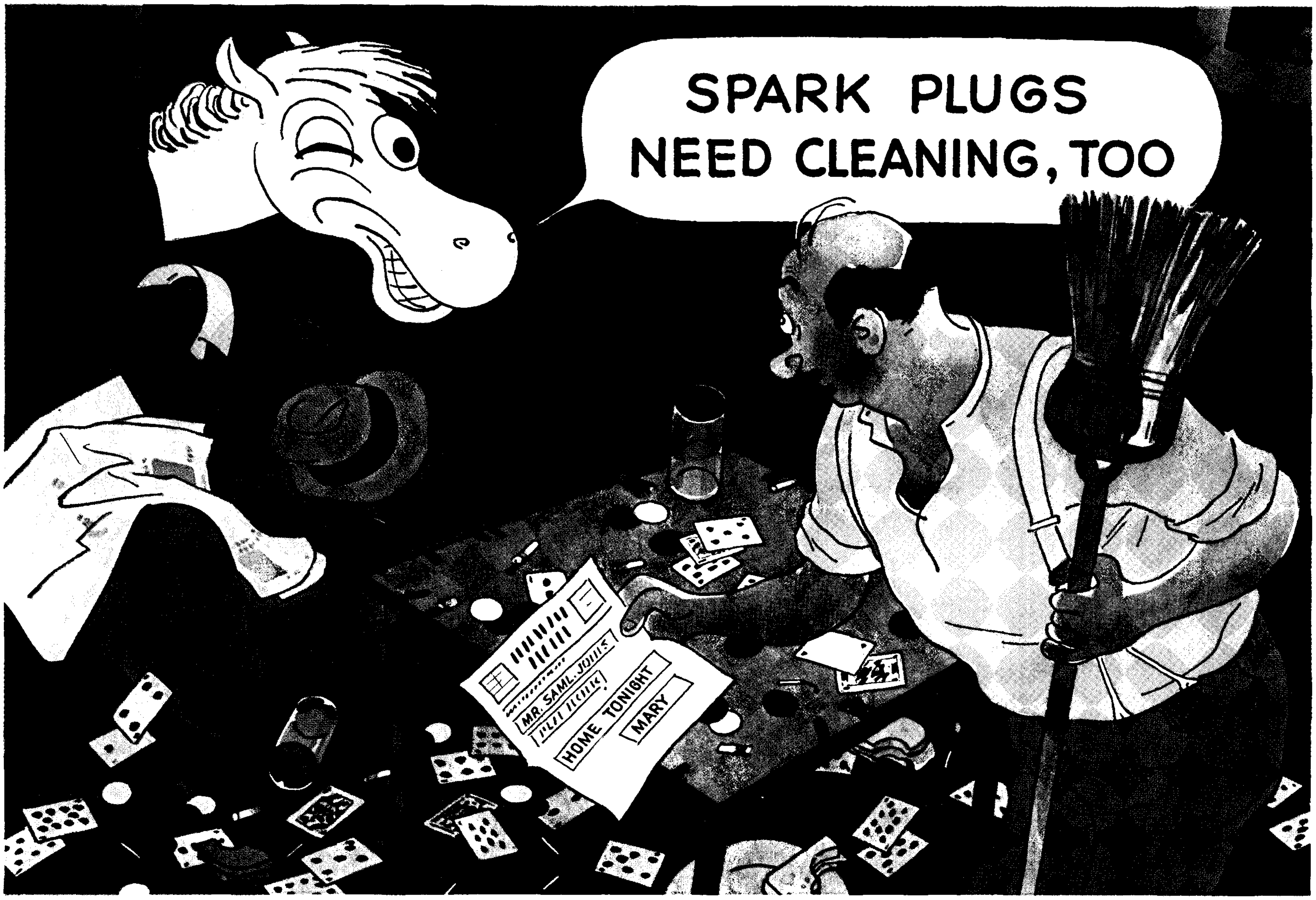

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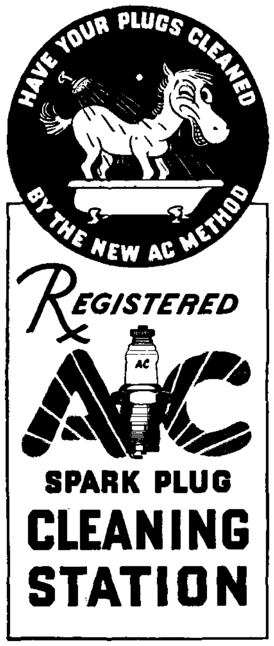

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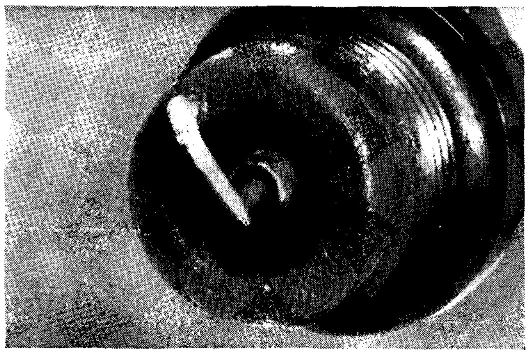
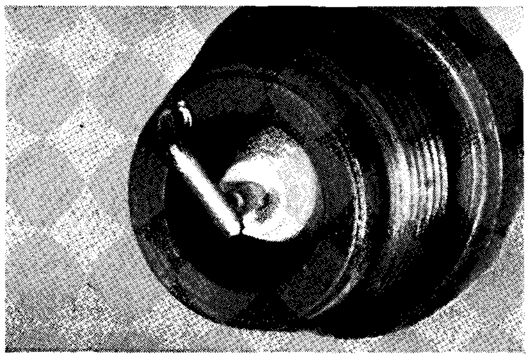


AVERAGE SPARK PLUG CONDITION

In 4,000 miles of driving, Oxide Coating, soot, and carbon make ANY spark plug look like this. Gas waste and sluggish engine performance are the result.



AC CLEANING IS THE REMEDY

The AC Spark Plug Cleaning Machine does a thorough cleaning job. Gas waste and sluggish performance are avoided with clean plugs like this.

The Invisible President

Continued from page 21

necessary with the backing of the fire department, to pursue your inquiry into the flaw in the lightning conductors. An examination could be arranged after office workers had left. But I think it would be unwise to give any warning to this Mr. Schmidt whom you have mentioned, of our intention. Do you agree with me?"

"Yes," Hepburn replied slowly; "that is what I had planned myself. But, Smith—"

Smith turned and regarded him.

"Do you realize how I feel? In the first place you know—I haven't disguised it—that I am becoming really fond of Moya Adair. That's bad enough—she's one of the enemy. In the second place, it seems that I am such a poor weakling that this hellish Chinaman can use me as an instrument to bring about your murder! How can you ever trust me again?"

NAYLAND SMITH stepped up to him, grasped both his shoulders and stared into his eyes.

"I would trust you, Hepburn," he said slowly, "as I would trust few men. You are human—so am I. Don't let the hypnotic episode disturb your self-respect. There is no man living immune to this particular power possessed by Dr. Fu Manchu. There's only one thing: Should you ever meet him again—avoid his eyes."

"Thank you," said Mark Hepburn.

Smith clapped Hepburn on the shoulder and resumed his restless promenade.

"In short," he continued, "we are beginning to make a certain amount of headway. But the campaign, as time goes on, grows more and more hectic. In my opinion our lives as risks are uninsurable. And I am seriously worried about the Abbot of the Holy Thorn."

"In what way?"

"His life is not worth—that!"

He snapped his fingers.

"No." Mark Hepburn nodded, selecting a fresh cigarette and staring rather haggardly out of the window across the roofs of a gray New York. "He is not a man one can gag indefinitely. Dr. Fu Manchu must know it."

"Knowing it," snapped Nayland Smith, "I fear that he will act. If we had a clear case, I should be disposed to act first. The thing is so cunningly devised that our lines of attack are limited. Excluding an unknown inner group surrounding the mandarin, in my opinion not another soul working for the League of Good Americans has the remotest idea of the ultimate object of that league, or of the source of its revenues! Glance at the map."

He pointed. "Every red flag means a Fu Manchu element! They are working honorably at the tasks allotted to them. But every one, when the hour comes, will cry out with the same voice: every one, north, south, east and west, is a unit in the vast army which unknowingly is building up the domination of this country by Dr. Fu Manchu, through his chosen nominee—"

"Salvaletti!"

"Salvaletti; it seems at last to become apparent. It is clear that this man has been trained for years for his task. I even begin to guess why Lola Dumas is being associated with him. In another fortnight, perhaps in a week, the following of Paul Salvaletti will be greater than that of Harvey Bragg ever was. Nothing can stop him, Hepburn, nothing short of a revelation—not a statement, but a *revelation*, of the real facts—"

"Who can give it? Who would be listened to?"

Nayland Smith paused over by the door, turned, staring at the shadowy figure in the armchair.

"The Abbot of the Holy Thorn," he replied. "But at the risk of his life. . . ."

The Memory Man worked industriously on his clay model. Pinned to the base of the wooden frame was a photographic enlargement of the three-cent stamp with the white paper mask. He was engrossed in his task. The clay head was assuming a grotesque semblance of the features of Dr. Fu Manchu—a vicious caricature of that splendid, evil face.

Incoming messages indicated a feverish change of plan in regard to the New York area. The names of Nayland Smith and Captain Hepburn figured frequently. These two apparently were in charge of counter-operations. Reports from agents in the South, identifiable only by their numbers, spoke of the triumphant progress of the man Salvaletti. Occasional reports from far up in Alaska indicated that the movement there was proceeding smoothly. The only discordant note came from the Middle West, where Abbot Donegal, a mere name to the Memory Man, seemed to be a focus of interest for many agents.

It all meant less than nothing to the prisoner who had memorized every message received since the first hour of his captivity. Sometimes, in the misery of this slavery which had been imposed upon him, he remembered happier days in Germany; remembered how at his club he had been challenged to read a page of the Berlin Tageblatt, and then to recite its contents from memory; how, without difficulty, he had succeeded and won his wager. But those were the days before his exile. He knew now how happy they had been. In the interval he had died. He was a living dead man. . . . Busily, with delicate fingers, he modeled the clay. His faith in a just God remained unshaken.

Without warning, the door by which he gained access to his private quarters opened. Wearing a dark coat with an astrakhan collar, an astrakhan cap upon his head, a tall man came in. The sculptor ceased to toil, and sat, motionless—staring at the living face of Dr. Fu Manchu which so long he had sought to reproduce in clay!

"GOOD morning, Professor Morgenstahl!"

Dr. Fu Manchu spoke in German. Except that he overstressed the gutturals, he spoke that language perfectly. Professor Morgenstahl did not stir. His great brain was a file, the only file, of all messages received at that secret headquarters from the whole of the United States. Motionless, he continued to stare at the man who wore the astrakhan cap.

That hour of which he had dreamed had come at last! He was face to face with his oppressor. . . .

The muscles of his powerful body responded to the urge of his brain. At whatever cost to himself, he was determined to kill this man who stood before him.

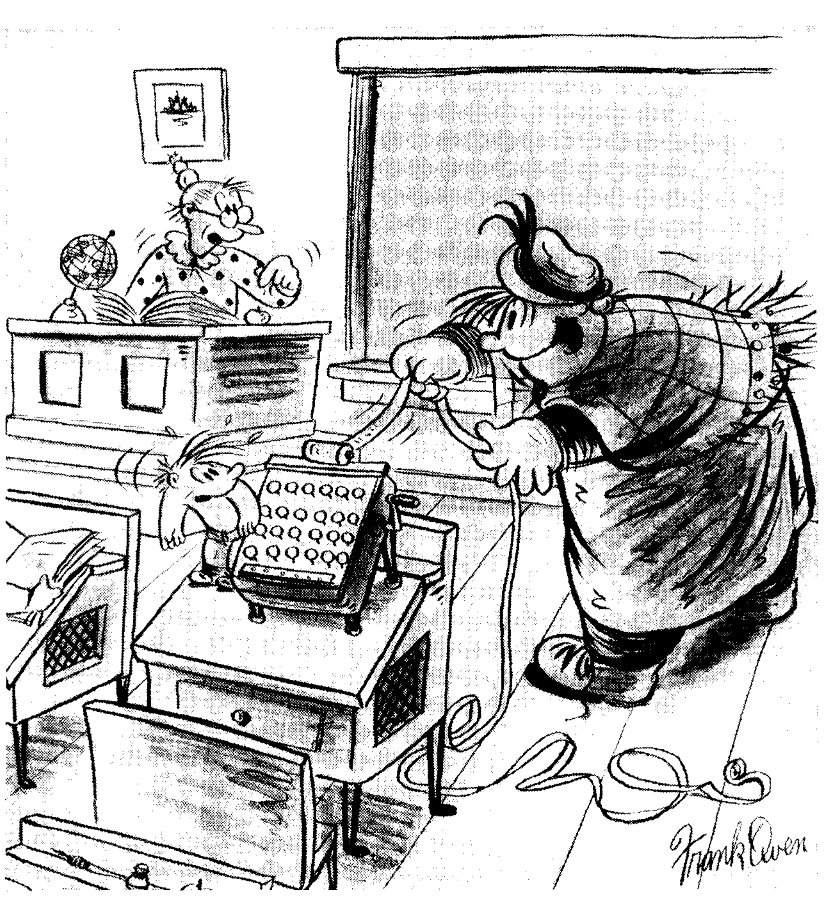
Vividly before his eyes those last scenes arose; his expulsion from Germany, almost penniless, for his great intellect which had won world-wide recognition had earned him little money; the journey to the United States. He could even remember his own death—for certainly he had been dead—in a cheap lodging in Brooklyn; his reawakening in the room below, with this man, this devil incarnate, standing over him! His enslavement, his misery.

Yes, living or dead—for sometimes he thought that he was a discarnate spirit

(*Continued on page* 56)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

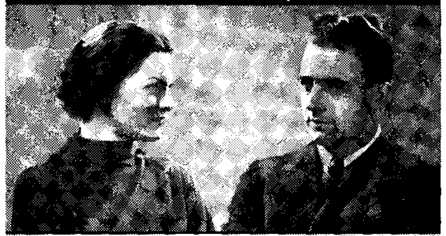
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



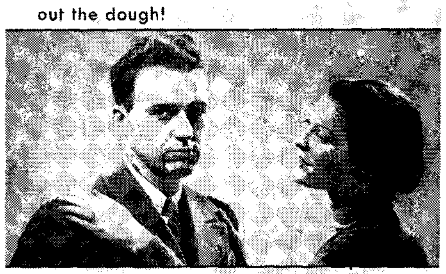
"Of course he does his sums right, now. He brought an adding machine to school!"

HOW A WIFE UNTIED THE KNOTS IN HER HUSBAND'S PURSE STRINGS

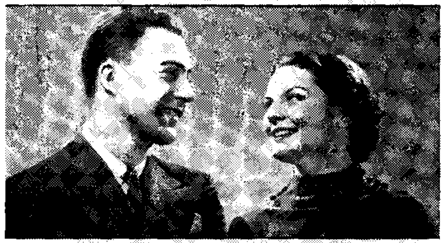
By The Doctor of Family Finances



- *SHE*—I need some more money, dear—to have the curtains laundered.
- *HE*—For heaven's sake—all I do is hand out the dough!



- *SHE*—You wouldn't have to if we planned exactly what we needed, and you gave me enough on payday to cover everything.
- *HE*—Yeah? We tried *that* scheme once!
- *SHE*—But I've found one that really will work, dear—if you'll help me.



- *HE*—Darling, do you realize we haven't had an argument about money for months!
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Money Management for Households

- AND HERE IS THE SCHEME SHE USED—

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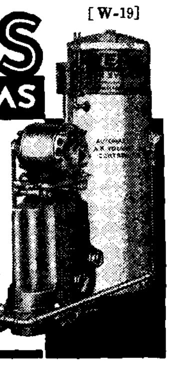

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EYE-GENE *New, Safe Way to Clear Eyes, Relieve Strain*

(Continued from page 55)

—he must at least perform this one good deed . . . the dreadful Chinaman must die.

"No doubt you weary of your duties, Professor," the guttural voice continued. "But better things are to come. A change of plan is necessitated. Other quarters have been found for you."

Professor Morgenstahl, sitting behind the heavy table with its complicated mechanism, recognized that he must temporize.

"My books," he said, "my apparatus—"

"Have been removed. Your new quarters are prepared for you. Be good enough to follow me."

Slowly, Professor Morgenstahl stood up, watched by unflinching green eyes. He moved around the corner of the table, where the nearly completed model stood. He was estimating the weight of that tall, gaunt figure; and to ounces, his estimate was correct. But in the moment when, clear of the heavy table, he was preparing to strangle with his bare hands this yellow-faced horror who had rescued him from the grave, only to plunge him into a living hell, the watching eyes seemed to grow larger; inch by inch they increased—they merged—they became a green lake: he forgot his murderous intent. He lost identity.

MR. SCHMIDT, representing the Stratton Estates, stepped out of the elevator on the top floor of the Stratton Building. Two men followed. One, wearing overalls and carrying a leather bag on a strap across his left shoulder, represented Mid-Town Electric. Mr. Schmidt recognized him as one of the pair who had been on the job before. The other, a tall, lean man wearing glasses and a brusque military mustache, came from the Falcon Imperial Insurance Corporation which carried the fire risk of the Stratton Building.

A man in the uniform of the fire department, who was seated on a chair before a green baize-covered door, stood up as the party came out of the elevator.

"It was really unnecessary, Mr. Englebert," said Schmidt, addressing the gray-mustached man, "to notify the fire department. The door which you see was formerly boarded up, so that no door showed. The fire department has stripped it, in accordance, I suppose, with your instructions and has seen fit to post a guard over it throughout the whole of the day. Quite unnecessary!"

Mr. Englebert nodded.

"My directors carry a heavy responsibility on this building, Mr. Schmidt," he replied, "and in view of the phenomenal electric storms recently experienced in the Midwest, we must assure ourselves of the efficiency of the lightning conductors."

"That's all agreed, Mr. Englebert. I have the keys of the staircase to the flagstaff, but you have put us to quite some trouble."

Few of the hundreds of windows in the great building showed any light. The office workers engaged by firms occupying premises in the Stratton Building had departed for home. Only a few late toilers remained at their desks. In the three streets which embayed the tall structure, there was nothing to indicate that a cordon had been thrown around the building. Mr. Schmidt himself, who indeed was perfectly innocent of any complicity apart from the duties which he owed to the League of Good Americans, remained to this moment unaware of the fact that an office opening on the top floor, the staff of which had left at six o'clock, was now packed with police.

"All clear, sir," said the fireman.

Mr. Schmidt produced a bunch of keys, fumbled for a while, finally selected one, and not without difficulty opened the baize-covered door. He turned.

"I may say here and now," he remarked, "that I have never been in the dome; I have never known it to be opened during the time I have acted for the Stratton Estates. There are rooms up there, I know, which were formerly occupied by the late Mr. Jerome Stratton . . ." he shrugged his shoulders "—of course, he was very eccentric. As there was no proper means of escape in the event of fire, they were closed some years ago. I'll lead the way. I have a flashlight. There are no lights."

He went in, shining the ray of his flashlight ahead. The man from Mid-Town Electric followed. Mr. Englebert paused at the threshold, and to the fireman:

"You have your orders," he snapped.

"Sure."

Nayland Smith, his facial disguise that which he employed for the Salvation Army officer, his dress that of a businessman, followed Mark Hepburn representing Mid-Town Electric into the darkness, illuminated only by Mr. Schmidt's flashlight. Hepburn supplemented it by the light of another.

They were in a curious, octagonal room in which, facing south, were three windows. There were indications that furniture at some time had stood against the walls. Now, the room was bare.

"I guess we'll push right on to the top," said Hepburn.

Mr. Schmidt studied a rough plan which he carried.

"The door is on this side, I think," he said, vaguely. "One of the late Mr. Stratton's eccentricities."

He walked to a point directly opposite the central window, stood fumbling there a while and then inserted a key in a lock and opened the hitherto invisible door.

"This way."

They went up an uncarpeted staircase at the top of which another door was opened. They entered a second octagonal room appreciably smaller than that which they had just quitted, but also destitute of any scrap of furniture; there was an empty alcove on one side.

"You see," said Schmidt, flashing his light about, "there's a balcony to this room, outside the French windows there. . . ."

"I see," muttered Nayland Smith, staring keenly about him.

"From that gallery," said Mark Hepburn in his monotonous voice, "it is possible I could see the cable to the flagstaff."

"The window," Schmidt replied, "appears to be bolted only. I think you can get out there without any difficulty."

NAYLAND SMITH turned suddenly to the speaker.

"There is still another floor above?"

Mark Hepburn had shot back a bolt and opened one of the heavy windows.

"Yes, so I understand. A small domed room immediately under the flagstaff. The door, I believe . . ." he hesitated, "is directly facing the windows, again. Let us see if I can open it."

He crossed, as Hepburn stepped out on the gallery, that gallery which Professor Morgenstahl had paced so often in the misery of his captivity. . . .

"Here we are!" Schmidt cried triumphantly.

"I see," said Nayland Smith, regarding the newly opened door. "I should be obliged while we complete our inspection, if you would step down and tell the fireman on duty that he is not to leave without my orders."

"Certainly, Mr. Englebert; then I'll come right back."

Mr. Schmidt crossed and might be heard descending the stairs.

As he disappeared:

"Hepburn!" Nayland Smith called urgently.

Hepburn came in from the balcony.

"This place has been hurriedly stripped—and only a matter of hours ago! But, all the same, our last hope is the top floor."

He led the way, shining the light ahead. It was a short stair—and the door above was open. Hepburn at his heels, he burst into the room. Small, domed, and surrounded by curious amber-paned Gothic windows which did not appear to communicate with the outer air, it was stripped—empty!

"We are right under the flagstaff," said Hepburn quite tonelessly. "He's been too clever for us. I was marked on my first visit."

Nayland Smith's hands fell so that the ray from his light shone down upon the floor at his feet.

"He wins again!" he said slowly. "That baize door has been covered all day. There's another way in—and another way out. The cunning, cunning devil." And now, his diction changed as that dauntless spirit recovered from the check: "Come on, Hepburn, downstairs again!" he snapped energetically.

BUT in the apartment below with its bedroom alcove and tiny bathroom, formerly the quarters of the eccentric millionaire who had lived in semi-seclusion here, Nayland Smith stared about him in something like desperation.

"We have clear evidence," he said, "that this room certainly was occupied forty-eight hours ago. We are not defeated yet, Hepburn."

"I am anxious to study the view from the balcony," Hepburn replied.

"I know why you are anxious."

Undeterred by the note of raillery perceptible in Nayland Smith's voice, Mark Hepburn stepped out onto the iron-railed balcony. Smith followed.

"Where does the boy live, Hepburn?"

"I am trying to identify it. Wait a moment—I have seen these windows lighted from our own apartment. So first let's locate the Regal-Athenian."

"Easily done," rapped Nayland Smith, and pointed. "There's the Regal Tower, half right."

"Then the penthouse lies somewhere west of where we stand. It must, because I know it isn't visible from our windows."

"That's a pity," said Nayland Smith dryly.

"I'm not thinking the way you believe, Smith, at all. I'm trying to work out a totally different idea. It seems to me . . ."

The sound which checked his words was a very slight sound, yet clearly audible up there where the Juggernaut hymn of New York was diminished to a humming croon, the song of a million fireflies dancing far below.

Nayland Smith turned as though propelled by a spring.

The open French window had been closed and bolted. Visible in the eerie light of a clouded moon, Dr. Fu Manchu stood inside watching them!

He wore a heavy coat with an astrakhan collar, an astrakhan cap upon his head. His only visible protection was the thickness of the glass. . . .

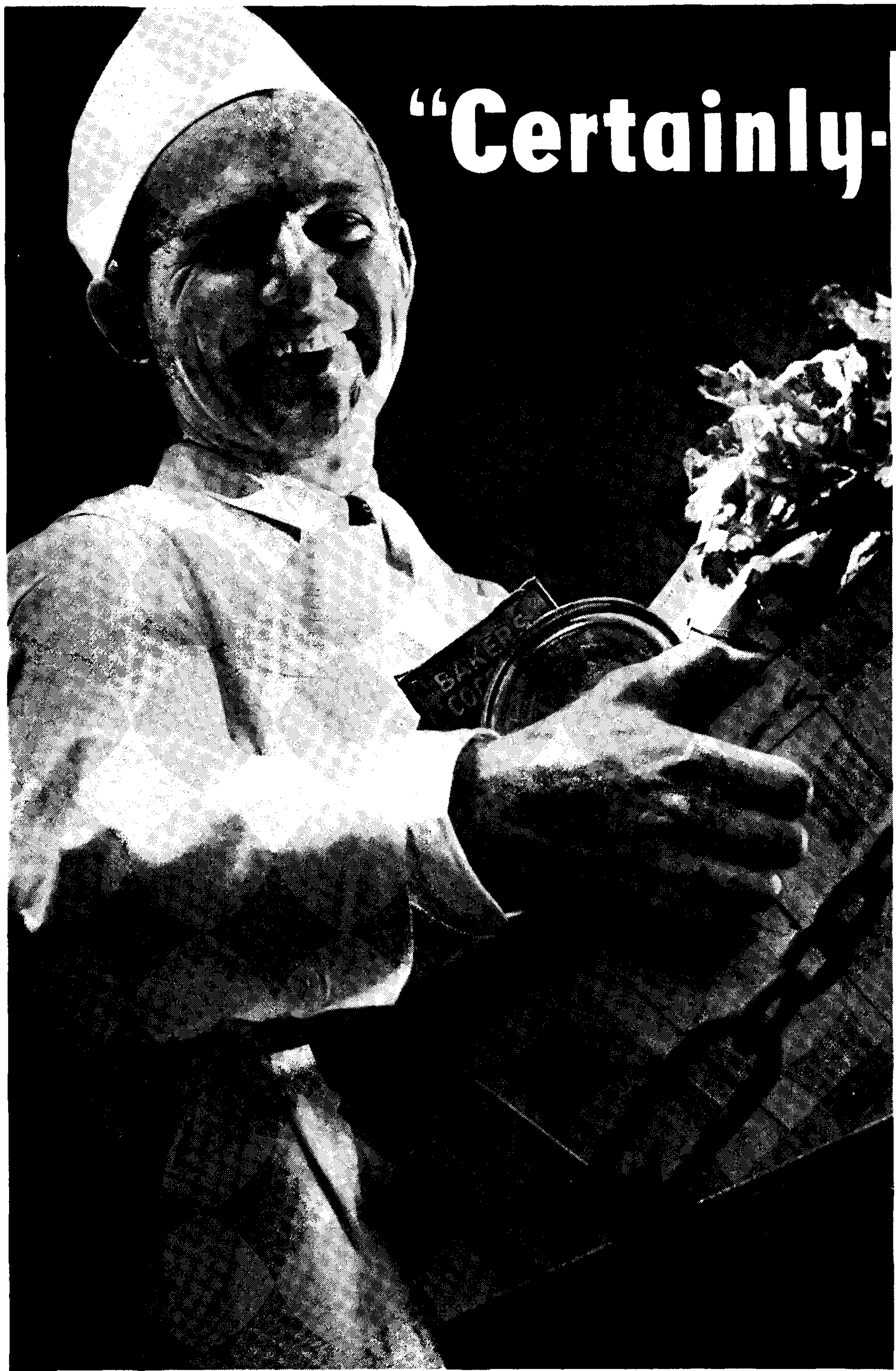
"Hepburn!" Nayland Smith reached for his automatic. *"Don't look into his eyes!"*

Those strange eyes glittered like emeralds through the panes of the window.

"A shot would be wasted, Sir Denis!" The cold, precise voice reached them out there upon the balcony as though no glass intervened. "The panes are bulletproof—an improvement of my own upon an excellent device invented by an Englishman."

Nayland Smith's finger faltered on the trigger. He had never known Dr. Fu Manchu to tell a lie. But this was a crisis in the doctor's affairs. He took a step back and fired obliquely.

(Continued on page 58)



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◆ My pay check's not so big that I can get careless with my nickels. ◆ So when I needed a battery for my car, I tried to save money with a so-called "bargain" battery. It lasted less than a year. And when I figured what it had cost me—recharges, rentals, and all—I found I had spent more keeping it up than I had paid in the beginning—and had plenty of trouble besides. ◆ So I went to a Willard Dealer determined to buy a *good* battery even if it did cost a lot more. *But the price was only about half what I expected it to be.* ◆ I've had this Willard nearly two years now and it hasn't been recharged once. I *know* that Willards cost less to own.

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The Unfinished Cocktail

THERE it stands, forlornly on the mantel . . . a half-empty Martini. Louder than words, it speaks the disappointment of your guest.

Successful Martinis are delicate creations. They depend upon the care with which you select your ingredients—particularly the gin.

Fleischmann assures you a smooth-mixing, uniform gin by controlling every step from the purchase of the grain to the finished bottle.

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Distilled from American Grain—90 Proof. The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.

The Invisible President

Continued from page 56

The bullet ricocheted as from armor plate, whistling out into space! Dr. Fu Manchu did not stir a muscle.

"My God!" (and it sounded like a groan) came from Mark Hepburn.

"You can hear me clearly through the ventilators above the window," the Asiatic voice continued. "I regret that I should have given you cause, Sir Denis, to doubt my word."

Hepburn turned aside; he was trying desperately to think coolly. He stared downward from the balcony. . . .

"You are one of the few men whom I have encountered in a long life," Dr. Fu Manchu continued, "of sufficient strength of character to look me in the eyes. For this I respect you. I know by what self-abnegation you have achieved this control, and I regret the necessity which you have thrust upon me. Our association, if at times tedious, has never been dishonorable."

HE TURNED aside, placing a small globular lamp upon the bare floor of the room; within it a bright light sprang up. He took a step back towards the window.

"I am not prepared to suffer any human hindrance in this hour of destiny. I have chosen Paul Salvaletti to rule at the White House. Here, in the United States, I shall set up my empire. Time and time again you have checked me—but this time, Sir Denis, you arrive too late. You are correct in your surmise that there is another means of entrance to these apartments, formerly occupied by Professor Morgenstahl (whose name will be familiar to you) and by myself."

"Smith," Hepburn whispered, "there's one chance. . . ."

But Nayland Smith did not turn; he was watching Dr. Fu Manchu. The superhuman Chinaman was winding what appeared to be a watch. He placed it on the floor beside the lamp, turned, and spoke:

"I bid you goodby, Sir Denis; and—I speak with sincerity—not without regret. Your powers of pure reasoning are limited; your gifts of intuition are remarkable. In this respect I place you among the seven first-class brains of your race. Captain Hepburn has excellent qualities. He is a man I should be glad to have in my service. However, he has chosen otherwise. The small apparatus which I have placed upon the floor (a hobby of the late Lord Southery, a talented engineer whom I believe you knew) contains a powder which, expanding from so small a center, will, I am convinced, astound you. I have timed it to explode in one hundred and twenty seconds. Its explosion will entirely obliterate the dome of the Stratton Building. I must leave you."

He turned, and in the glare of the globular light upon the floor crossed to the door and disappeared.

Nayland Smith, fists clenched, glared in through the bulletproof glass.

"Hepburn," he said, "I have been blind and mad. Forgive me."

"Smith! Smith!" Hepburn grasped his arm, "I have been trying to tell you! . . . You know what we're supposed to be here for?"

"The lightning conductor. What the hell does it matter now!"

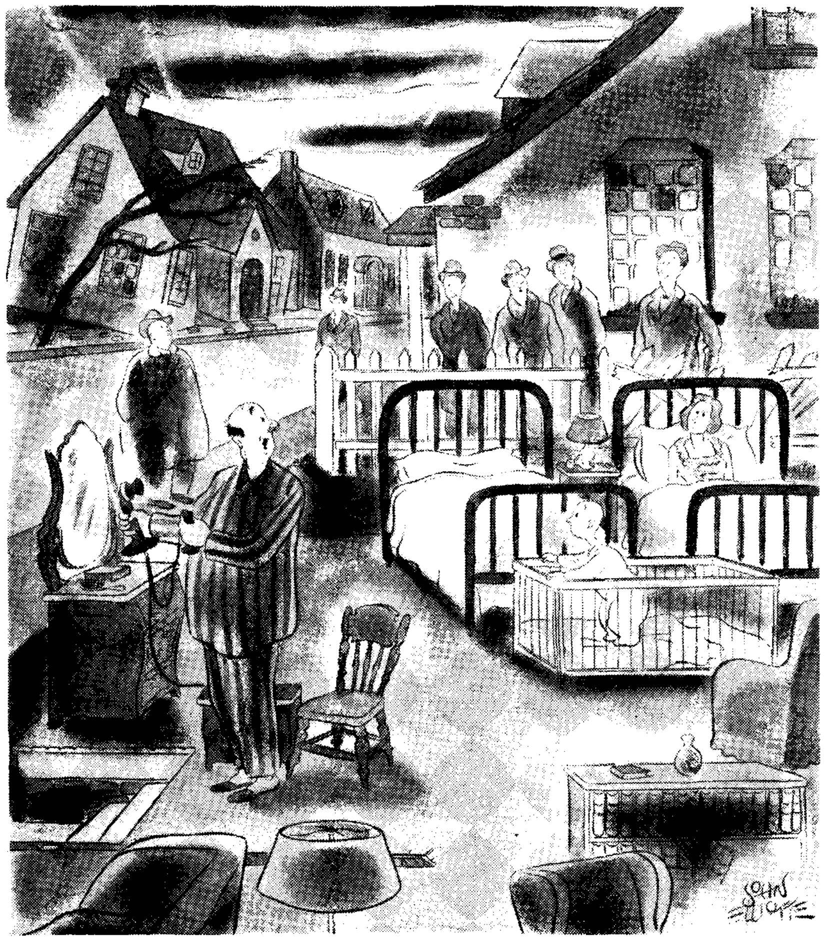
"It matters everything. Look!"

Hepburn pointed downwards. Nayland Smith stared in the direction indicated.

The cable of a lightning conductor attached from point to point, passed down immediately beside the balcony to a dim parapet below. . . .

"God help us!" Smith whispered, "will it bear a man's weight?"

(To be continued next week)



"So *that's* the trouble! We had a cyclone last night!" JOHN ELLIOTT

Trout Widows

Continued from page 19

their tackle upstairs and then carrying it down again), and his remarks on these occasions are limited to comments like "Where in the name of sweet gosh did you deliberately hide my socks with the red tops?" Sometimes, at the height of the season, he will encounter his wife on the street and stare at her for several minutes in an obvious effort to recall where he has seen her before, tip his hat politely, and walk on with a faintly puzzled expression.

The only thing that a wife can do, under these circumstances, is to take into account the fact that her husband is under considerable emotional strain, and be careful not to heckle him with trifles such as household bills, the furnace, or the fact that his office phoned three times that day to find out where he had been. If a wife will make certain allowances for her husband like this, and in addition keep out of his way as much as possible during fishing season, I said to Mary, she could avoid to a very large extent the trouble the Twitchells were having.

The Twitchells were married about two years ago, and everybody thought at the time that they would be very happy together. In fact, people referred to them as an ideal couple. "Herbert and Edith really make an ideal couple, don't you think?" they all said. Of course, Edith did not care anything about fishing; but Herbert assured us at the reception after the wedding that this was really a good thing. "For one thing, she'll never try to come along on a fishing trip," he laughed, putting his arm around her, "and fall out of the canoe, or get her hook caught in a tree, or throw back a trout because the poor thing seemed to be suffering." He kissed her. "Will you, honey?"

"I really don't know the first thing about fishing," she confessed with a shy smile. "I wouldn't know one pole from another."

"Pole!" Herbert repeated, and nudged us with a wink. "She calls a rod a 'pole.' Gee, I get a kick out of that."

"I mean, I wouldn't even know how to work that little pulley that holds the string—"

"Pulley! String!" Herbert howled. "I ask you. Isn't that cute?"

We all assured him that it was very, very cute.

THEY went to Florida for their honeymoon—Herbert had always had an ambition to try some of that tarpon-fishing in the Gulf—and when they came back they settled down in a comfortable little house in the suburbs. Herbert put all his fishing tackle in a special den of his own, and never used the rest of the house except maybe to hang his rods in the kitchen while the varnish was drying, or to practice a little casting now and then in the parlor; and they seemed to be very happy together. To be sure, he began to act more and more absent-minded as April drew near, and occasionally that faraway look would come into his eyes and he would begin to hum to himself or finger the pages of a fishing catalog idly; and once Edith asked him rather sharply: "Herbert, what on earth are you moping about?" But Herbert merely rose in silence, and went upstairs to his den and shut the door, and the incident was soon forgotten. The first sign of a rift in the lute appeared when Herbert showed up at the Mayfly Club that spring.

"How's Edith?" we asked.

"She's all right, I guess," said Herbert without much enthusiasm.

"Is anything the matter?"

"Well," said Herbert, "I kind of wish she wouldn't keep calling my rod a pole, that's all."

"I thought you said that was cute."

"It is cute," said Herbert, "but it sort of gets on your nerves after a while. Like when I come downstairs all dressed in my fishing clothes, and carrying my waders and creel and rod case, I wish she wouldn't say: 'Are you going fishing?' "

"What's wrong with that?"

"Well, I suppose there's nothing exactly wrong with it," Herbert admitted, "but I wish she wouldn't ask me *if I* was sure I hadn't forgotten anything."

"She's probably just trying to be helpful."

"It's a little hard to explain," said Herbert. "But I wish at least she wouldn't tell me to be sure not to fall in and get wet. I guess I can fall in if I want to and get wet."

I LOOKED at Mac, and Mac looked at me, but we did not say anything.

As a matter of fact, the first serious breach did not occur until late that fall, long after fishing season was over. Of course, Edith did not clean up his den on purpose. She did not plan it out ahead of time and deliberately wait her chance until he went away. She just yielded to that impulse which most women have to rearrange things. She said later that all she meant to do was just to straighten up a few things here and there. "I just happened to glance in the door and notice what a mess there was on the floor," she told her mother, when she was able to stop crying, "and I thought I'd try to fix it up for him as a little surprise. I thought he would be pleased."

Well, she got in there with her broom one morning, and she swept that floor as neat as a pin. She picked up a lot of stray flies, and old cleaning rags, and empty spools, and a leather glove with the fingers cut out, and some cigarette tins, and several odds and ends of silk thread, and she threw them all away. She took all his reels and put them in one drawer marked "Reels." She took his tapered lines off the driers and rolled them up into a neat ball and put them in a drawer marked "Lines." She took his rods out of their cases and wrapped them all together in a newspaper and put them on a shelf marked "Poles." She took all his flies and emptied them out of the various little aluminum boxes and celluloid boxes and pillboxes where he kept them, and put them all in one big pasteboard box marked "Flies." She put away his boots in the bottom of the closet, and folded his shirts very carefully, and took everything out of the pockets of his fishing coat and hung it in the closet on a coat hanger. Last, but not least, she put a pink shade on the single bulb he had hanging over his workbench, and spread a rug on the floor, and hung a pair of bright print curtains in the window.

Herbert came home, and he went upstairs as usual to his den. Edith didn't say a word. She heard him open the door, and then she did not hear anything else for a while. Then she said he called her just once—"Edith!"—in the strangest voice, as though he were choking. She went upstairs, and there he was standing stock-still in the center of his den, with perspiration on his forehead and his mouth going open and shut slowly. Edith said the expression on his face was something she would never forget to her dying day. He looked at her, and then he looked at the room, and then he took the drawer marked "Reels" and turned it upside down and emptied the contents on the floor. He took the drawer marked "Lines"

(Continued on page 60)

"COMPTOMETER" METHODS SPEED KRAFT CHEESE

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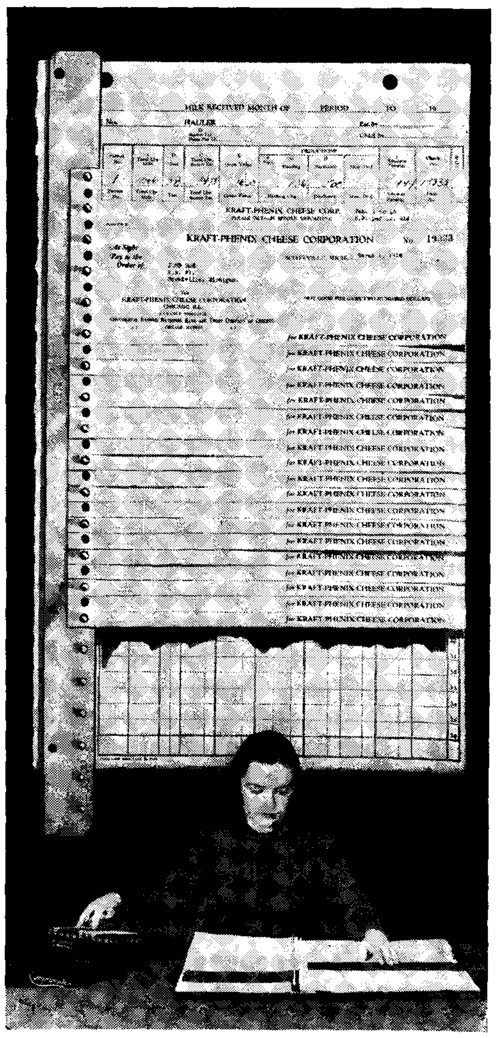

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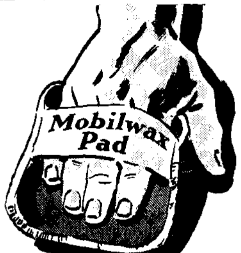

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(Continued from page 59)

and emptied it on top of the reels. He took the pasteboard box marked "Flies" and dumped all the flies on the floor on top of the heap. Edith said she was too frightened even to scream. He took all his rods and threw them on the floor, and added his fishing coat, and shirts, and boots, and his cleaning outfit, and his line greaser, and his rod varnish, and snippers, and trout knife, and folding net and creel, and the pink lamp shade, and the print curtains, and he began to stir them around and around with an empty rod case.

"This," he said to Edith, in that same sort of choked voice, "is the way I like things. This is the way I know where they are instead of being put away somewhere. This is the way I always keep them."

HE GATHERED up everything inside the rug, and knotted the corners of the rug together over the end of the rod case, and slung the whole thing over his shoulder.

"I am now going away," he announced to Edith. "I am going fishing in Jasper Park, and hunting in British Columbia and Alaska, and I am going to stay in the bush three months, and sleep in my underwear, and grow a mustache. And when I come back I am going to have a look at this room, and if I find you have touched a single solitary thing I am going back into the bush again, and I am not coming out until I have grown a beard, too. I trust that I have made myself clear."

He didn't actually go away for three whole months, because Edith got hysterical and asked some of us to plead with him, and she promised on her word of honor never to tidy up his den again; but he did grow the mustache, and he wears it to this day. He told Edith it would serve to remind her now and then that he meant what he said.

From that time on, Herbert was really a changed man. Slowly but surely he began to revert to type. When he was first married to Edith, he always spruced up, and combed his hair, and put on a coat for dinner; but as the breach between them widened, and his domestic instincts began to yield to the old atavistic urge to hunt and fish once more, we noticed that Herbert seemed to slip back into his earlier habits again. He seldom shaved, and he would go without a haircut for weeks, and he often came to dinner with his boots unlaced and his shirt open at the neck. He picked his chop bones up in his fingers, and several times we saw him wiping his hands on his pants leg. He took up drinking again, and singing ribald songs—Herbert always carried an effective tenor—and he would play poker all night as long as anybody was willing to stay up with him. He spent more and more of his time at the Mayfly Club that spring, and we all observed that his visits home were growing shorter and shorter. His manner was becoming more savage, too.

"SHE objected to my fishing pipe today," he announced one night, when he returned to the Mayfly after a brief visit with his wife. He always referred to his wife as "she" these days.

"Now, Herbert," we said, "you don't want to let a little thing get you."

"A little thing!" Herbert exploded. "I've had that pipe for fifteen years. I've smoked it in fair weather and in foul. I've bitten through the stem, and patched the bowl with adhesive tape, and soaked it in rum to freshen it now and then, and I love that pipe like I love my own—" He broke off short. "When she has traveled as far with me as that pipe has, and remained as sweet, then maybe she can have a right to object. That's what I told her today."

We lowered our eyes. I guess we all could see it coming, by this time.

I shall never forget the day that Herbert arrived at the Mayfly wearing a new shirt. It was a bright green shirt, and he was smiling steadily as he drove up to the Club and waved his hand to us on the porch.

"She threw out my old fishing shirt," he called out rather cheerfully. His voice had a high hysterical quality, and his face was flushed.

"Never mind, Herbert," we tried to say casually, as though everything were all right. "You've still got the rest of your outfit."

Herbert shook his head triumphantly. "She gave away my old fishing pants, too. She found that old pair of corduroy pants I always wear, with both knees gone and patches in the seat, and she gave them to the man that takes care of our furnace. She said they were a positive disgrace."

We shifted in our chairs uncomfortably.

"I'm giving her one more chance," said Herbert, yanking his old fishing hat down firmly over his ears. It was a battered felt hat, with grease stains all over it and the top crushed in like a muffin and the hatband bristling with snelled flies like a half-plucked chicken. "One more chance, that's all. If she touches another single thing—"

We watched him in silence as he got in his car again and drove on. . . .

Mary looked at me for a moment as I finished the story.

"Is that all?"

I nodded.

"And you haven't seen Herbert since?" she asked.

"We haven't heard a thing," I said.

Mary rose thoughtfully, and gathered up the supper dishes, and walked into the kitchen without a word.

IT WAS just a week later, to the day, that I saw the story of the Twitchells' divorce in the papers. As I say, we had expected all along that it was coming, but it was pretty much of a shock just the same. We were very fond of Herbert, and I guess all of us had more or less secretly hoped that the thing would work itself out somehow. I know the thing knocked me pretty hard. After all, Herbert was a decent well-meaning chap, and he might just as well have married an understanding wife like Mary. It made a man realize how lucky he was, I thought to myself, as I walked home that night with the paper under my arm and sat down at the table and began to eat my supper in silence. Mary was unusually sweet and attentive; kept filling my plate, and offering me things she knew I liked, and she insisted on getting my pipe and matches when I was through. She even came and sat on the arm of my chair and lit my pipe for me.

"Something worrying you, honey?" she asked, fingering my bald spot.

I took a deep drag on my pipe. "You remember I was telling you about Herbert," I said.

I thought her face blanched at the word "Herbert."

"I don't suppose you've seen the papers," I said, handing her the newspaper.

She grabbed the paper, and her hands trembled so hard that it rattled. Her face was deathly white. I thought it was strange that she should take Herbert's misfortune so hard. She set down the paper with a little cry. "Oh, John," she said.

"WHAT'S the matter?" I asked, somewhat startled.

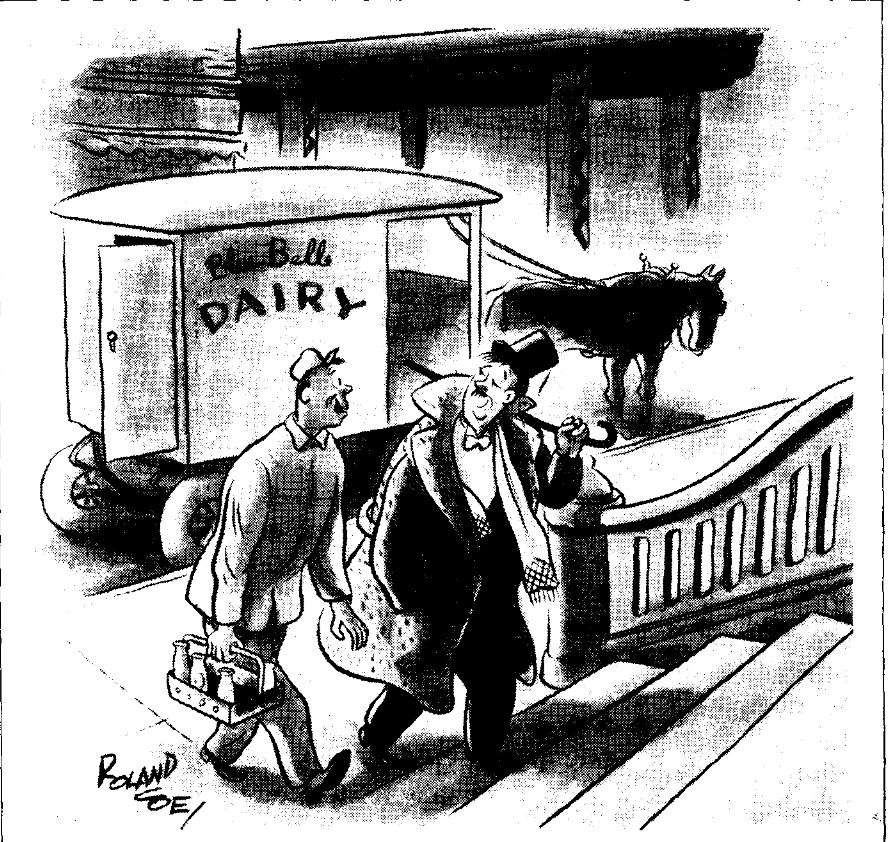
"Oh, John," she said again in a stricken voice.

I noticed she was looking past my shoulder toward the mantel. I turned around and stared blankly at the mantel. The stuffed trout was gone. Her father's picture was hanging in its place.

I did not say anything. I just looked at her. I suppose it was the way I looked. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, pressed her knuckles against her mouth, screamed, "Don't you dare to strike me!" and rushed out of the room. I heard her run upstairs and slam the door of her room and slide the bolt in the door.

I sat for a long time gazing thoughtfully at the picture over the mantel. It was really the first time I had ever taken a good look at Mary's father. He had a long sad face, lined with care, with haggard cheeks and deep-sunken eyes. His eyes were the eyes of a man who had suffered. He seemed to be looking down at me now from the wall with a look of sympathy and understanding in his eyes.

After all, as Mary said, he had been a fisherman himself.



"I missed you yesterday morning, Mr. Markam. I was afraid you'd fell in somewhere!"

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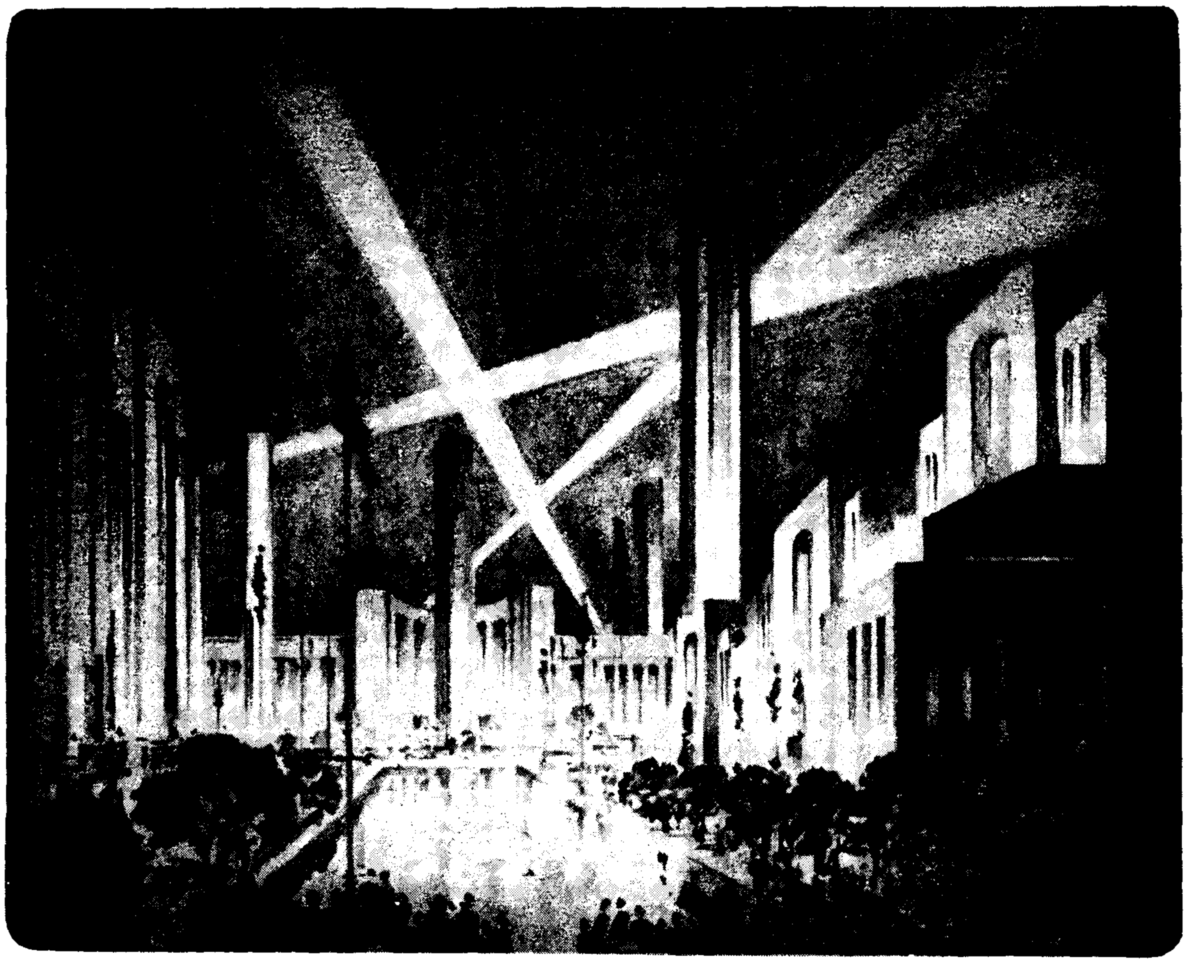

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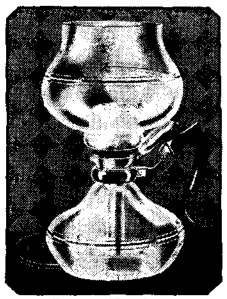

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Under Pressure

Continued from page 17

about. Upstairs there was a large bedroom, a dressing-room with bath and a garden so profuse that one lost all sense of being on a roof. Every room was furnished with a taste which bowed to no period, only to excellence and fittingness. The result was a blending of indoors with outdoors, an imperceptible merging of shadows into light. His servants, Pablo and Paulina, ostensibly married, slept out.

As soon as he had changed he climbed back into his sports roadster and drove to the hotel Joyce had given as her address only to find she had checked out within half an hour of leaving the chancellery. There was no information as to whence she had come or where she had gone. The face of the woman who had been with her at El Tenebroso was unforgettable, but unfortunately he had failed to establish her identity at the time. General Onelia he knew officially as well as by sight and reputation. Getting his address from the telephone directory, he drove to his residence and succeeded in penetrating to the patio, where he was asked to wait. Presently he heard the roar of the general's voice.

"Say I'm not at home. I don't care if he can hear me. Say I'm out."

Dirk sat down on the near-by bench between two lounging soldiers and lit a cigarette. When the messenger came back he looked up at him smilingly and spoke loudly in fair Spanish. "I heard, but the general is under a misapprehension. If my business were official I would, of course, have called on him by appointment at the War Office. But it isn't. It's personal, as between one gentleman and another. I shall sit here until he sees me unless he wishes to assume the responsibility of having me thrown out."

Onelia came stumping around the angle of the patio. "Well, then, *compadre*, what is it—as one gentleman to another?"

VAN SUTTART was somewhat taken aback but did his best not to show it. He stood up and gladly went through the formality of shaking hands as it gained him time. "General, you make it hard for me since I came to elicit your sympathy. Please have patience with my youth and the fix I'm in. I saw you the other night at El Tenebroso accompanied by two ladies, one blue- and the other black-eyed. Please take pity on me. Would you consider it an unpardonable indiscretion if I should inquire as to their identities?"

"Not at all," said Onelia promptly. "The black-eyed one is the well-known lawyer, Licenciada Margarida Fonseca. As for the young girl, I haven't the slightest idea who she is. You noticed the way she was dressed, didn't you? My guess is she must be one of the entertainers."

"She didn't come in with you?"

"Oh, no. As I remember it, Margarida smiled at her in the lobby and the girl simply tagged along."

"Do you happen to know what became of her after the disturbance?"

"I don't. I haven't seen her from that moment to this. Are there any further questions?"

"None, General. I can't thank you too much for your frankness and courtesy."

The interview at an end, Dirk could not break away quickly enough. The old fox was smooth—too smooth. Was it credible he had sat for an hour beside the loveliest apparition El Tenebroso had seen in many a night without asking her a single question? He hurried out, bent on reaching a telephone, but unfortunately it was a region of no public service. Realizing his best bet was to go straight home, he did so and after some trouble managed to establish a connection with Margarida Fonseca at her residence. She seemed very dumb about realizing who he was and what he wanted, but in the end he succeeded in dragging out of her a story so similar to that told by Onelia that he was convinced the general had reached her first.

A frown clouded his forehead as he replaced the telephone. He was troubled. An hour ago he had been pleased at receiving an assignment which he thought he could clear up in short order. What had happened? How could such a simple matter suddenly transform itself into a blank wall? Perhaps this thing was serious, and what lead had he left? Only one—Adán Arnaldo, and that was a thin hope since it was largely based on Onelia's having told the truth. He glanced at his watch. Going alone to El Tenebroso was a questionable move on the part of any man, young or old, but he would have to face it.

THERE was no use starting much before midnight, for if there is anything less responsive than a clam it is a master of ceremonies before he has had time to warm up. Consequently, he settled down to enjoy his dinner, read for a while and then debated whether to dress and pretend he had merely dropped in on the way home from some other party. In his private capacity he would have shrunk from so small a subterfuge, but a public appearance seemed to demand the diplomatic gesture. As a result he was late.

When he arrived he ignored the headwaiter and took possession of a small table seldom used because it was too close to the orchestra. Dirk promptly showed the caliber of his brain by ordering a magnum of vintage champagne. A young man at El Tenebroso without a girl was an absurdity but a young man seated before a magnum of wine is never an absurdity to a *maître d'hôtel* and seldom to anybody else. In due course the lure worked even on Arnaldo. During an interlude he approached the table.

"Mind if I sit down?"

"Not at all. I'll order another."

"Nonsense, man. One glass is all I want."

"Sorry," said Dirk, "this bottle is mine; I have to keep track of what I drink." He looked up and smiled. "No offense, Arnaldo; you can have anything else you want."

Adán ordered a *fine*. "You're clever, you know. A vintage wine is the one thing we don't dare fake. Take our best brandy, now. There are three grades, all labeled the same and priced at the top—rotgut, good, and the best in the world. When someone we don't know comes in he gets number one or two, according to the way he's dressed. If he really has a palate he sets up a howl and we whisk the bottle away at once to be returned to the dealer. Another one comes and is opened before him. Is it brandy? It's so good he not only comes again but advertises us all over the world."

"Is that what you're drinking?" asked Dirk.

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Two dollars a shot," said Arnaldo, throwing back his head in a silent laugh.

"That's all right with me," said Dirk, "if you'll only have a heart and come across."

"Anything you like, my boy; anything within reason."

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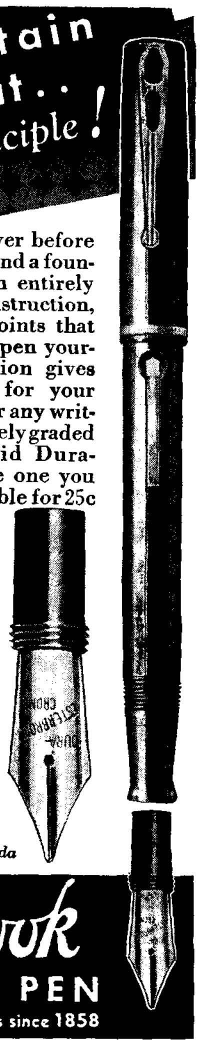

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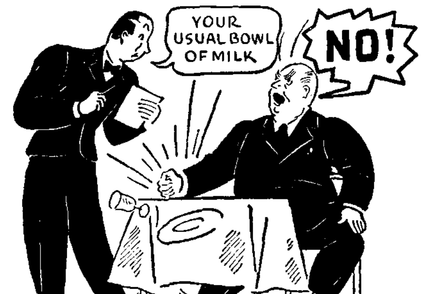

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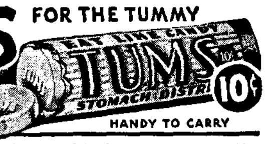

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HANDY TO CARRY

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Dirk leaned forward. "Listen, Arnaldo, I'm not such a fool as to try any slick business with you. Some people think the President runs this country, but I know better."

"Flattery!" said Arnaldo, "and how I love it! But let's be fair to myself; I run only the town."

"All right; leave it at that. Do you remember the last night I was here—the night you had to do your stuff on some sort of a general with a gun?"

"Sure—our last incident but one. Four nights ago to be exact."

"Here's the dirt," said Dirk with a quick nod. "General Onelia was sitting at the end of this row with a woman called Margarida Fonseca and a young American girl who doesn't seem to be here tonight. I've got to find that girl and find her quick. Can you help me?"

During the speech Arnaldo's face had gone completely blank; now he frowned as if he were doing his best to remember. "A young girl, eh? Are you sure she was American?"

"Why stall?" asked Dirk sharply. "I'm playing straight with you; why not try it with me? Her name is Joyce Sewell. Do you know where she went? Do you know where she was staying? Do you know where she is now? This is the way it is with me, Arnaldo; if I don't find her I lose my self-respect and perhaps my job."

Adán nodded as if he had come to a decision. "Stay here. Wait for me. Without her permission I'll tell you nothing."

He was gone before Dirk could protest it would be useless to ask her, if Arnaldo was going to be so indiscreet as to mention the request came from Dirk Van Suttart. He had a vivid recollection of Miss Sewell's parting words. His heart sank to a new low for the evening as he poured out his sixth glass of wine. He looked up to see Arnaldo returning from the telephone booth at a pace that seemed slow, yet moved with the speed of a stalking cat.

"Get your hat and coat," whispered Adán. "Don't bother about the bill. Follow me."

RIDING along in the night, Joyce did not think of La Barranca as a spot but as a world, and she was right. Her childhood memories would have fallen short of laying out a blueprint but they were quite capable of leading her with accuracy through such a maze as the uninitiated mind can scarcely conceive.

In her thoughts her feet hurried through one of two great gates at each end of a narrow court. Midway between them they paused to await the opening of a *zaguan*, a massive portal of solid planks, flanked on either side by administrative and executive offices. Beyond it they entered the first of the great courts, a huge cobbled square surrounded by stalls, chapel, school, general store, sheds, tack room and granaries. Diagonally across from the first *zaguan* would stand a second, and as in imagination her feet crossed its threshold her eyes grew large and lost in the fairyland of the inner patio.

Mere anticipation of such luxuriance made her draw a quick deep breath. Small trees, shrubs and vines springing from interstices in the smooth pavement. A central fountain surrounded by a terraced cascade of rosebushes and potted plants. A veritable riot of color pouring down from the four-square masters' balcony above to drop an iridescent veil over the humbler rooms beneath. Rooms, rooms, rooms—she knew them all. On the ground floor the quarters of the household staff with her nursery playroom in one corner, while opening on and off the balcony would be the reception rooms of state, lesser living-room, dining-room, boudoir and study, to say nothing of enough bedrooms to accommodate half a hundred guests. Corridors—a rabbits' warren of corridors leading by devious ways and a secret portal to the great garden at the rear. Paths, towering fronded ahuehuetes, enormous ashes, pendulous pepper trees, the lake. By that route— No; she would look no longer, nor remember.

Over the pine-clad mountains, winding down into the valley of the Lerma and then shooting in a beeline across the plain into the city of Toluca, the road had been excellent, but from that point on it was proving unbelievably bad. She realized they had said goodby to anything even faintly resembling a highway. Toluca once behind them, they had plunged into a world apart where the brilliant moonlight created a transparent haze that gave the desert an eerie air.

NOT a cloud in the sky, and in the brightness of the heavens even the stars were dimmed. The car, running without lights, was pitching, rearing, weaving like a maddened broncho. Hurled against Pancho she was amazed at the stony rigidity of his shoulder—this was all the road there was and he was going to drive it, straight ahead! She grasped the struts above her and dangled like a monkey in the zoo. Hours passed, but at last she caught a first glimpse of the white-walled cradle of her childhood and cried, full-voiced: "La Barranca!"

The car slowed at once and without taking his eyes off the meandering trail Pancho warned her if she cried out again he would be forced to gag her. She would have laughed had it not been for a sudden conviction he meant exactly what he said. Then she realized that up to that moment she had not even attempted to visualize her return; she had been looking backward—seeing not the *hacienda* of today, much less the scene of a final night of horror, but the halcyon realm where memory first puts down its undying roots. Now she must wake wholly into the present, keep her eyes and ears open, do as she was told, or lay herself open to the charge of having failed to play the game. She was so absorbed in watching the approach of the white blot of buildings that she failed to note a figure squatted beneath the candelabra of a monster cactus, but Pancho saw it and stopped.

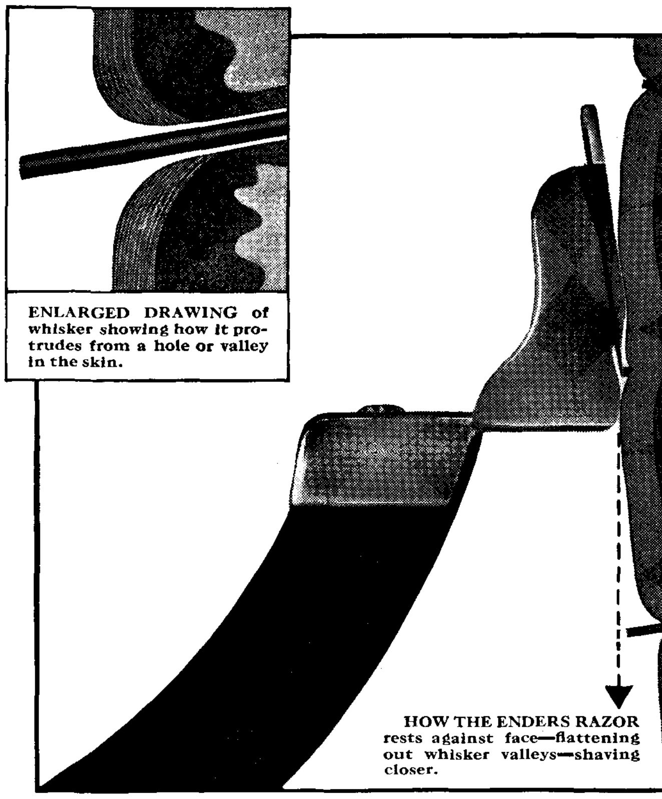
A peon, ghostly in cotton jumper and pants, stepped forth. "Follow me."

Obediently the car followed him off the trail and over the smooth prairie, necessarily at a snail's pace. The relief came so suddenly that for a moment Joyce continued to cling to the struts. Now she let go with a low gurgle of laughter. Pancho snapped his head around to scowl at her. She clapped her hand to her mouth. Presently they swerved left and continued along the edge of the *barranca* that had given the *hacienda* its name. It was an irregular cleft a hundred feet deep and with almost perpendicular walls which ran for miles. Along most of its length it was over fifty yards wide, but occasionally it narrowed to ten and at one point to less. Here a swinging rope bridge had been thrown across and upon catching a glimpse of it Joyce barely managed to stifle a cry. This had been the outermost boundary of her childhood canters; across that bridge she had been forbidden to go—mounted, afoot or on hands and knees.

Eusebio pointed and stood aside. Carefully Pancho drove the car until it stalled in a gully so deep the ragged top became one with the surrounding prairie. He crawled out and so did Joyce. Noticing he had omitted to do so, automatically she turned off the ignition and took the key. He carried the lighter *petaca* and Eusebio the heavy suitcase. When they reached the bridge Eusebio stepped lightly across; Pancho waited until he reached the other side and then

(Continued on page 64)

Each Whisker on your face grows out of a Valley


ENLARGED DRAWING of whisker showing how it protrudes from a hole or valley in the skin.
HOW THE ENDERS RAZOR rests against face—flattening out whisker valleys—shaving closer.

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49¢ for complete outfit —razor, 6 blades and case

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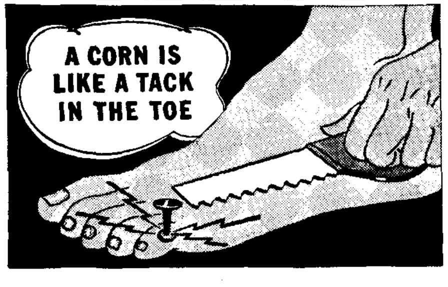
A CORN IS LIKE A TACK IN THE TOE

DON'T JUST SAW THE HEAD OFF A CORN
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A CORN'S like a tack in your toe. Don't just pare the head off—get it *all* out! Then you know it's gone and won't grow back *worse than ever.*

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BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

(Continued from page 63)

followed. Watching them, Joyce's hair began to tingle. Ordinarily these contraptions belong in the hot country and are made of lianas, but La Barranca was too far north for that. The bridge consisted of four cables of sisal hemp to the lower two of which were bound, crosswise, the saplings that formed the floor, the upper ropes serving as hand rails.

The steep sag of its own weight was startling enough, but under a burden the angles, changing at every step, became preposterous. Add a sway which resembled that of a trapeze in full swing. Joyce started cautiously down the incline which promptly dipped so sharply she would have been hurled headlong had she not had a firm grip on the upper ropes. She stared down into the abyss below. She had never been afraid of anything in her life, but this wasn't fright—it was stark paralysis. There was no argument; she couldn't possibly go on. As soon as she could move at all, inch by inch she backed off the bridge and stood, teeth chattering, with her hands covering her face.

SHE was ashamed—horribly ashamed and powerless. Pancho, missing the sound of her following footsteps, stopped and looked around. Without troubling to set down the *petaca* he returned, clamped his right arm around her knees, threw her over his shoulder like a sack and started back. The bridge swayed with increasing violence at every step. She kept her eyes closed, knowing that if she opened them, sight added to motion would make her ill. He set her feet down and steadied her; then they moved forward, a silent and ghostly procession. The hovels of peons, still tightly sealed against the night air, began to appear to right and left, looking like whitewashed tombs. She recognized none of them but no sooner did her eyes fall upon the *tienda* than memory merged into reality.

Unlike the general store within the *hacienda* proper, the humble *tienda* sold only the barest necessities. A shutter, flush with the walls and hanging from the eaves, met the counter which ran the full length of the shop's face, but by day it would be raised to form a sizable awning under which loafers could gather. Now it was down and locked. In the rear lived the proprietor and occasional lodgers of such low estate they shrank from the wide-open hospitality of the great house. For their convenience there was a corral with an adobe wall four feet high. In one corner of it, commanding a full view of the eastern entrance gate, Joyce was placed along with her baggage and told not to budge until further orders. She had a feeling of exhilaration and her heart began to pound with joy.

Later she would look back on her innocence at that moment as establishing the high-water mark of human stupidity, but now all her attention was absorbed by details. Beside her crouched Eusebio, awaiting the dawn. Before her was the angle of the wall with peepholes ready-made between its crumbling bricks of mud. Pancho had disappeared, but presently he returned. He had changed from his well-fitted uniform into clothes exactly like Eusebio's—a great conical straw hat, jumper and pants of white cotton, sandals held by a thong between his big toe and the next. She scarcely recognized him and failed to notice the heavy bulge around his waist under the loose jumper, a twin bulge to Eusebio's.

A pale green light appeared in the heavens and with only a moment's warning the sun rose at their backs to give battle to the setting moon. As if at a signal the *tienda* and every *campesino's* hut in the countryside opened and broke into life. The great gate she was watching swung inward, and out began to stream horses, cattle, sheep and goats to meet the steadily increasing march of the peons heading toward their manifold duties within the fastnesses of the *hacienda*.

Vaguely she realized Pancho and Eusebio were gone from her side. She had sensed rather than seen them wriggle over the wall, rise to their feet and melt through the morning mist into the passing procession. She waited with held breath, wondering what was about to happen. As the minutes passed she grew nervous and then quite calm. The sun seemed to rise by leaps. It beat on the back of her head, concentrating on a spot at the top of her spine. She raised her hands to cram her felt hat lower for protection and at that instant pandemonium broke loose.

Half a dozen scattered shots, acting as detonator, exploded a volume of shrieks such as she had heard but once before in her life. In the face of this communal scream of terror the rumpus at El Tenebroso faded into child's play. A hundred doors slammed in a single clap of thunder. Through the gate came a lone individual in nondescript khaki at a dead run, eyes bursting from his head in the agony of his fear. As she looked his chest opened toward her in a tragic scarlet flower. He seemed to stop in mid-air; then, though already dead, came hurtling and tumbling through the dust to thud against the adobe wall. Winged by rage, she leaped over him and ran toward the gate as fast as her feet could carry her.

"Stop!" she shouted in a voice hoarse with fury. "Oh, stop! Oh, don't! Don't!"

She sprang through the first *zaguan* and ran across the second court. Already it was quite deserted except for three fallen figures—red blots on the gray cobbles. She reached the second *zaguan*, entered the inner patio and plunged through odorous blooms to trip and all but fall over a dead body. Here everything was silent—not the stillness of peace, the silence of terror and death. Every door on the lower floor was tightly sealed. She dashed up one branch of the double stairway which led to the balcony above. Fury still possessed her to the exclusion of all fear. Murder was being done on her account—murder before her very eyes.

AGAIN shots pierced the silence, but they were rhythmic, punctuated. They came from the formal dining-room. She dashed along the balcony and entered upon a scene so astonishing it brought her to an instantaneous halt. No less than four doors twelve feet high opened toward the patio, while opposite them were balconied windows looking down into the well of a walled garden. A chandelier hung its great spread of lusters from the center of the ceiling and it was matched by double sconces on the walls. At the far end of the room two of them flanked Sargent's full-length portrait of her father. In it he was a vivid and living person, but her eyes were not for him—they were riveted on a figure as hideous as a gargoyle which stood as if crucified against the wall beneath one of the sconces.

She recognized the visage of General Dorado, now twitching with terror as the rhythmic shots shattered one by one the lusters dangling above his head. Two other men were in the room, Eusebio and Pancho, both seated. Their jumpers were open, disclosing what had caused the bulges—bandoliers still half full of cartridges. Eusebio was rolling a cigarette, Pancho was doing the shooting and Dorado, wondering why he was being spared, had his glittering eyes fixed on his tormentor.

"Pancho!" cut in Joyce's voice between two shots. "You lied. You promised Gen—"

In one movement Pancho sprang up, snatched off his big sombrero and swung it backward at a venture, striking her across the mouth. For an instant Dorado stared at her with unbelieving yet consuming eyes, then his paralysis passed and he made a leap for the nearest door. With a double blood-curdling yell Eusebio and Pancho were after him. Half knocked off balance by the rush of their passage, Joyce was yet able to reach the balcony in time to watch the pursuit through the patio, across the visible section of the great court, through the *zaguan* at its far side and out by one of the gates into the limitless freedom of the prairie. Pancho had not ceased to shoot. In the cobbled court the bullets had struck sparks at each side of the fugitive's flying feet and as far as she could follow the chase puffs of dust assured her Dorado's life, if nothing else, was being spared.

She drew a deep breath, half relief, half wonder at the sudden and oppressive silence. There was something menacing in the utter stillness. She peered down into the patio below; every door was tightly shut. She looked beyond into the great court. There too the doors were closed and barred. There was no movement, no sound, not anywhere. She was alone—terribly alone.

SHE slipped back into the dining-room, walking as if she herself feared to make a noise, and stood looking up at the portrait of her father. In spite of a deliberate disfigurement made with a piece of charcoal, it still lived. Here was the man whom she had adored and admired, not the wasting figure of the years in Elsinboro but the hero who had saved her. With his heart struck through by her mother's death, he had yet had the courage to snatch her up and carry her to safety. This lovable man, dead on his feet for many a year, had nevertheless left her a double heritage—life and La Barranca.

At the thought she turned, went out and descended to the patio with a firm step. She must do something, summon aid. Well, she had money, what need she fear? But first she wished to orient herself, revisit the spots she knew best. She glanced toward her one-time playroom and saw that the huge key was on the outside of the lock. A moment later she had turned it and thrown open the door. *She stood transfixed. It had become a stable*—a pig pen. Two horses turned their heads and stared at her as though startled, and three fattening hogs, penned in one corner, grunted low as if only mumbling. She closed the door hurriedly and stepped back against a bush. The bush moved and she thought it was because she had touched it but the next instant her ankle was seized in an unbreakable grip. She looked down and saw a brown hand, a brown hairy arm.

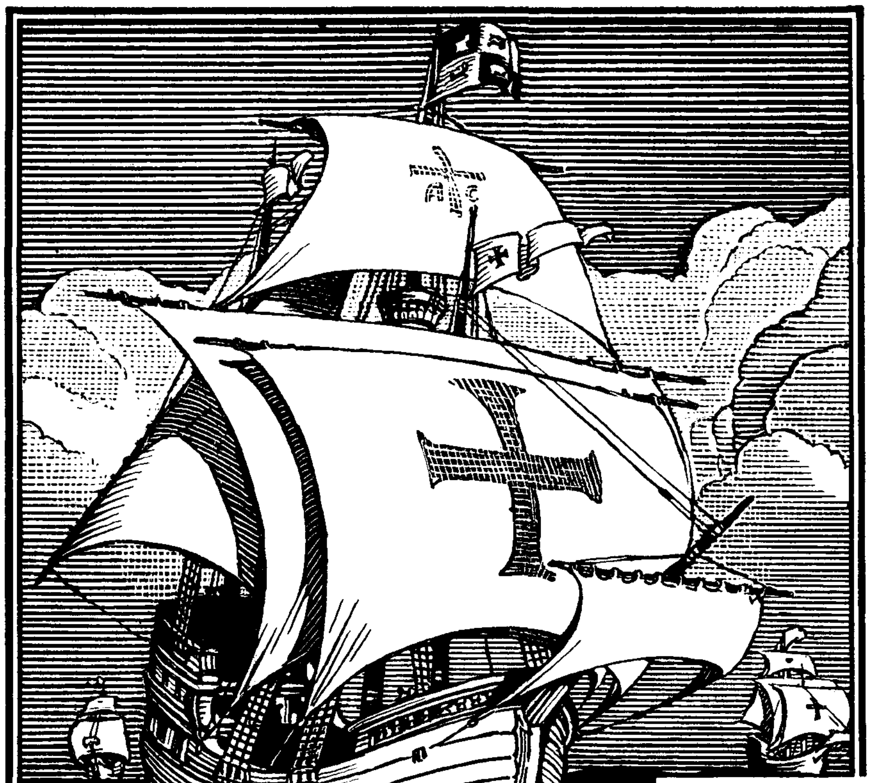
She opened her mouth and screamed but no sound issued from her throat. She dragged back with all her might. Something gave, like a heavy weight yielding to a pull, but not the grip; if anything it tightened. Another hand came forward and then appeared the shoulders of a man. She tugged more furiously than ever. The other hand added its grip to the first. Now she could see his waist, the whole body, his shattered and bleeding thigh.

He looked up and instantly she knew he was asking for no aid. The single thought in his eyes was as clear as if he had shouted it. He wished to pull her down, transfer his grip from her ankle to her throat and kill her before he died—all this for *mi general* Dorado. She had watched death before, but never like this, never so slow and sure in its approach, inexorable, relentless. Then her voice came back—not her familiar grown-up voice but the voice of memory uttering a cry of the past.

"Luz! Luz! Luz!"

(To be continued next week)

Why wasn't Columbus looking for America?



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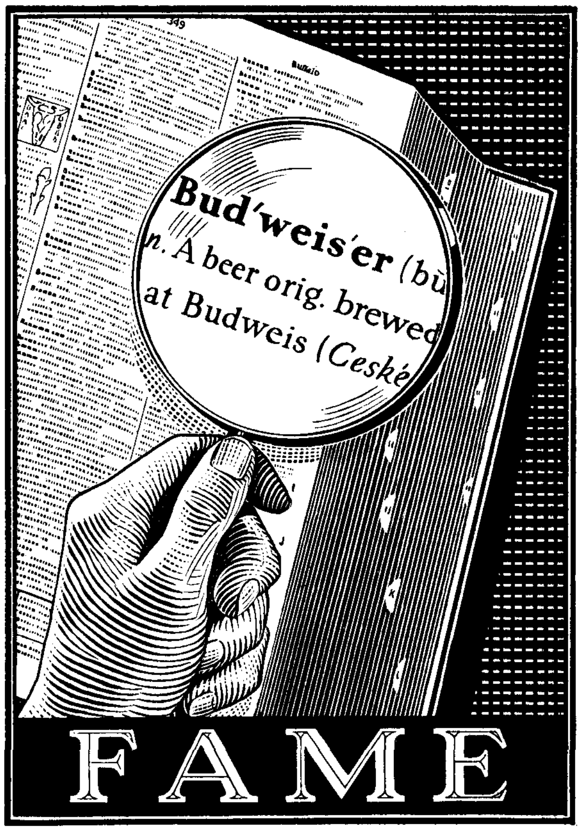
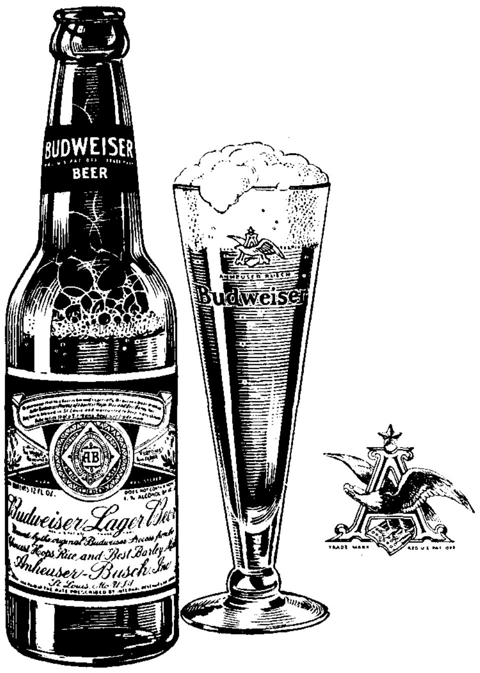

349
Bud'weis'er (bŭ
n. A beer orig. brewed
at Budweis (Ceské
FAME

Famous? Yes indeed! Look at Page 349 of Webster's New International Dictionary. But, your palate will tell you—better than a dictionary—why America prefers Budweiser.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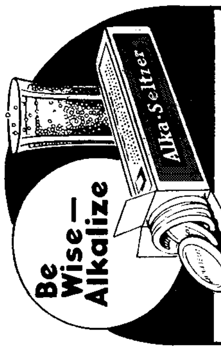

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WE'VE HAD OUR ALKA-SELTZER AND OF COLDS WE HAVE NO FEAR
COLDS
THE STORM IS O'ER AND WHAT IS MORE THE SUN'S OUT BRIGHT AND GAY
THAT'S JUST HOW ALKA-SELTZER SCARES MY OLD HEAD-ACHES AWAY
HEADACHE
LET'S EAT! I THINK THIS SPRINGY AIR GIVES US AN APPETITE
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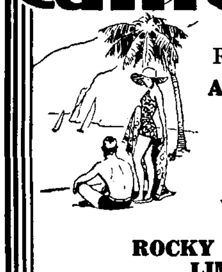

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Mutiny on the Set

Continued from page 10

company, he started barnstorming and everybody concerned was dead broke before you could say Saskatoon.

All hands returned to Winnipeg, and art being at a low ebb, Lloyd associated himself with the local telephone company in the capacity of posthole digger and wire splicer, saved his salary steadily, organized another road company and started forth to entertain the Canadians. This time the company lasted about two weeks and so back to Winnipeg, some on foot.

Those were the halcyon days when the young man was either dead broke or going broke in a week and wandering back to Regina or Winnipeg to start anew. In a black hour of despondency, he signed articles with a farmer near Baldur, salary thirty dollars a month, get up in the morning at four and feed minor animals.... The four-o'clock feature finally defeated him and he hopped back to Regina and, there being no complacent road company in sight, he made a grave decision in one so young. He determined to join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, where a man may be shot at by Canuck criminals, but is pretty durned sure of his meals. He was five feet, eleven inches tall, weighed one hundred and seventy pounds and undoubtedly would have made a first-class Mountie.

Putting on his best and only suit, he started to join, but on his way he came across a stock company in Edmonton, a company innocently devoted to playing musical comedies, and his old bad habits swarmed back upon him. He deliberately ditched the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and joined the thespians.

It is still a moot question of how he finally broke through the border. Some say he came in on an ordinary day train. Others maintain that he drove four horses and a wagonload of actors into Seattle and, after a discouraging beginning in that town, someone said to him: "Why don't you go on down to Hollywood, as there is a lot of money to be made in this movie racket?"

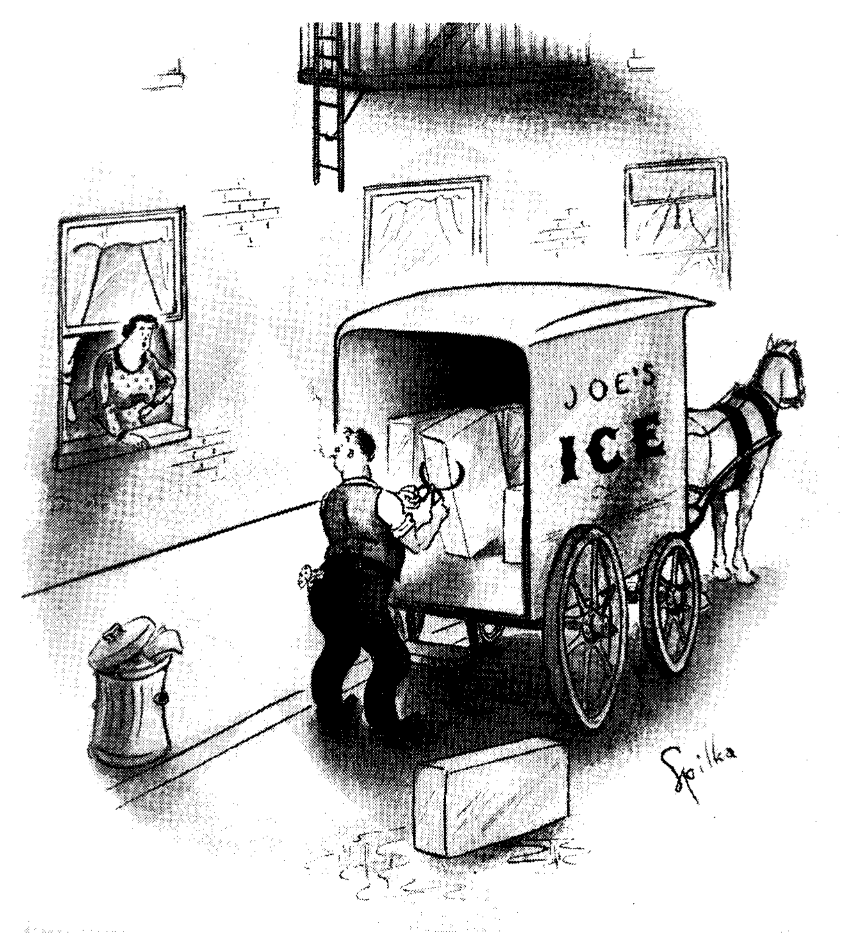
Thirty days later, the Scotch comedian drifted into Hollywood, his feeling being that the old gold rush of California was ended but that here was a new Golconda. Those were the days when everybody was having a great deal of fun making movies, as nobody in the town knew exactly what a movie was—at least a movie that would make money. Nowadays, everybody knows precisely what makes a good movie, the formula being as clear as turning out a can of tomato juice, but much of the lighthearted laughter is gone.

Making Faces

Mr. Lloyd took a job at five dollars a day, was glad to get it, failed to distinguish himself even remotely. On a rainy afternoon in Hollywood, you can still hear people asking each other who was the worse movie actor, Frank Lloyd or W. S. Van Dyke, and the jury is still out.

There is nothing Mr. Lloyd did as an actor that remains in the public memory, except that he tried to rival Lon Chaney in seeing which one could think up the most hellish and gosh-awful make-up.

He can no longer remember the name of the first picture he directed, as there were pictures all over the lot. It was at Universal, in the wild days, when a man might be having a hand in two or three little film jobs at once. Anyhow, it contained a chase, for all pictures then contained a chase or else they weren't regarded as decent movies. The way you did it, you took a few actors or half a dozen extras and a cameraman and a man to hold the reflector and you wandered out on Hollywood Boulevard or Sunset or Santa Monica, selected a likely



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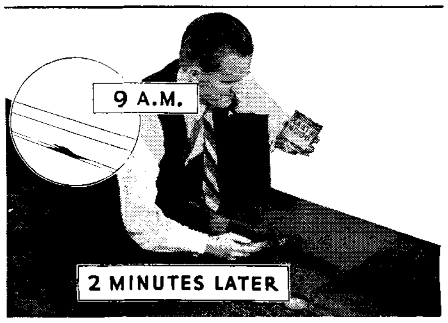

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PLASTIC WOOD

corner and began shooting whatever events led up to the inevitable chase.

Mr. Lloyd kept on pegging away and many things happened, but in 1929 he shoved his head over the top and the Academy voted him the outstanding director by reason of his having produced Weary River, Drag, and The Divine Lady. Drag and Weary River appear to be among his souvenirs. He likewise directed The Sea Hawk, East Lynne, Hoopla, Berkeley Square, Servants' Entrance, and was jogging along peacefully when Fox decided to make Cavalcade into a picture, as it had been doing right well on the London stage.

Studio executives thought of several first-rate directors, but turned it over to Frank Lloyd, as he was more or less British and presumably would catch the spirit. Cavalcade became officially the finest production of that year, according to the Academy, and Mr. Lloyd's income moved up a peg or two, maybe three.

Some of his earlier jobs were The Sin Flood, Oliver Twist with young Coogan, A Tale of Two Cities, Young Nowheres, Age For Love, Dark Streets, Son of the Gods, The Lash, and that's not all, but it's enough. Coming down to the present time, we discover that he still weighs one hundred and seventy and looks like a respectable greengrocer or a high-class dentist or a man to see you about the insurance. He doesn't look like what you think a director ought to look like. He wears dark blue clothes and, no fooling, he wears 'em. When going into action on the set, he first removes his dark blue coat and that reveals him in a dark blue shirt and a dark blue necktie and dark blue trousers and a dark blue cap and that's all the dark blue, except on some mornings, such as Monday.

Working Director

As he slowly works into the day's chore, he removes his necktie, crumples it into a ball and stuffs it into his pocket, thereby ruining one tie. If the scene is fearfully intense, he is likely to have the directorial jitters and begin moving lamps around or sweeping imaginary dust off objects at hand, or shoving lights this way and that. The way you can tell if he is inwardly wrought up over a stubborn or exciting scene, he quits smoking cigarettes. Most people smoke if excited or jammed up, but he quits.

If he has to, he can nudge the cameras around and get them right, just like Jo Von Sternberg. When he plays golf, he wears the same monotonous blue outfit and when he goes home nights and learns he is going out with the family to something fairly formal, they have a time getting him into black and white. He will dress if forced to, but not silently. He has such formidably black and bushy eyebrows that Charles Laughton admired them and had a set made for himself as Captain Bligh in Mutiny on the Bounty.

Mr. Lloyd has an attractive wife and a lovely daughter, nineteen, to whom he refers as Jimmy, and likewise, he owns a roan race horse called Flashing Colors. The only reason he owns a race horse is that everybody else seemed to be buying one, Santa Anita track being just around the corner. Flashing Colors has won no race up to this time and neither has Beverly Hills, another race horse, owned by another local boy, Clark Gable. Out at the track, the horses are domiciled side by side, where they can talk over the hard luck of being owned by movie people. In the community is a general feeling they will never win, not for years to come, unless the track people arrange a two-horse race, with strictly two horses in it and them those.

Mr. Lloyd's career goes far to disprove stories that the Scotch are close with their money. He is always buying something. He saw Mutiny on the Bounty, when it was fooling around as a book, said to himself: "This will probably make a picture," and without hesitation he purchased the movie rights from Authors Nordhoff and Hall, paying that astounded duo the sum of twelve thousand dollars. It costs only twelve dollars a year to live in Tahiti, where the authors reside—the price of a fishing license.

When Pitcairn's Island appeared in print, Lloyd bought the movie rights for the advanced sum of twenty thousand smackers and later on when the diligent authors came along with Hurricane, he instantly offered them twenty-two thousand.

Snapped Up

They said: "The movie rights are sixty thousand." And mind you, the fishing license in Tahiti is only twelve bucks. Mr. Lloyd sent back a dignified refusal, meaning to dawdle along and work up as high as thirty thousand and while he was preparing to dawdle, Sam Goldwyn stepped in and offered the boys sixty thousand, purchased the movie rights for S. Goldwyn and inquired of Lloyd if he would kindly direct the picture. "I will not," said Lloyd and so somebody else will do that job, probably Howard Hawks.

Mr. Lloyd has been steadily under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox and was on loan to M.G.M. when he turned out Mutiny, but now he has this new deal with Paramount, happy in the belief he is going to be a producer—which is a tougher job than being a director.

Lloyd says: "The public thinks a director is a person who sits and tells actors what to do. That's what the public thinks a director is and does and it's far from the truth. A director is a man who, if he is worth his salt, takes hold of the job when it's a baby, nurses it along, gets it into a script he can shoot, picks out his sets, selects his people and the small part of his task is telling them what to do.

"What he mainly requires is common sense, good taste along with plenty of hard work and not even a dab of genius. Likewise, he must realize that every six months the whole movie business rolls over and is no longer what it used to be."

He believes the best picture he ever made was Madame X, with Pauline Frederick, and time does not alter his view. He plays a terrible game of golf, for such a powerful fellow, and generally with George Marshall, who is a good golfer and refuses even to discuss Lloyd and his game. He owns an enormous ranch at Whittier, California, and likes to think of himself as a busy ranchman, counting his sheep and oranges, but he never sees his ranch for months, and lives in Beverly Hills with the other nabobs and can get down to the Trocadero on a hurry call in six minutes flat.

His concluding job for Twentieth Century-Fox promises to be a long one. It's Ouida's Under Two Flags and the stars are Ronald Colman, Victor MacLaglen and Claudette Colbert, assisted by Gregory Ratoff, Nigel Bruce, Herbert Mundin and Rosalind Russell. Miss Simone Simon, from dear old Paris, started and that's all. For reasons unknown, she abandoned her role as the temptress and Claudette Colbert stepped into the vacant spot and is going ahead with it, her remuneration being one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for services rendered. At the studio, they confidently expect the coming picture to be another bellringer, like Mutiny. But no matter what happens, Mr. Lloyd is moving over to Paramount and has probably put in an order for a deep, soft leather chair, where he can loll back in the sunshine, order assistants around and be a carefree producer.

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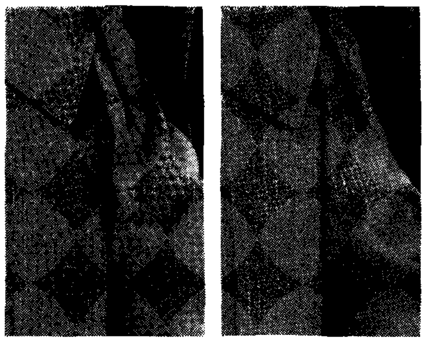
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Wings Over Labrador

Continued from page 28

me that you were to be with this flight."

The pilots stood by the seaplanes all night. The dawn was dirty with cloud rack—the rain drove in squalls. They drank the coffee Brette and Adams had ready for them and settled down to sleep on the cabin floor. In the afternoon, they rigged a canvas shelter and did some work on the machines. The inertia starter on Carter's motor was not working properly. He and Adams took it off, cleaned it and in putting it back jammed the ratchet gear. They were struggling to release it when the crank swung round suddenly, knocking Carter into the water. They fished him out, filled him full of rum and dressed his hand as well as they could. It was badly crushed.

"There's a hospital at Cartwright," said Mac. "We've got to get him there."

He sent Milliken off with him next morning. It was vile flying weather—a high wind, and rain turning to sleet.

AT NOON the wind abated and Mac thought he could descry a break in the clouds to the south. He proposed to go up alone.

"Bunk!" said Trenholm. "It'll peel your wings off."

"I'll come back if it's too bad."

Trenholm knew why he was so keen to go. Mac had told them that on the last leg of his previous flight he had seen something on the ground which might have been a plane. The light was failing and his gasoline was getting low; he had to turn back before he reached it.

The break proved illusory. The clouds closed up and the wind rose again with the fading day. At dusk, Mac was missing.

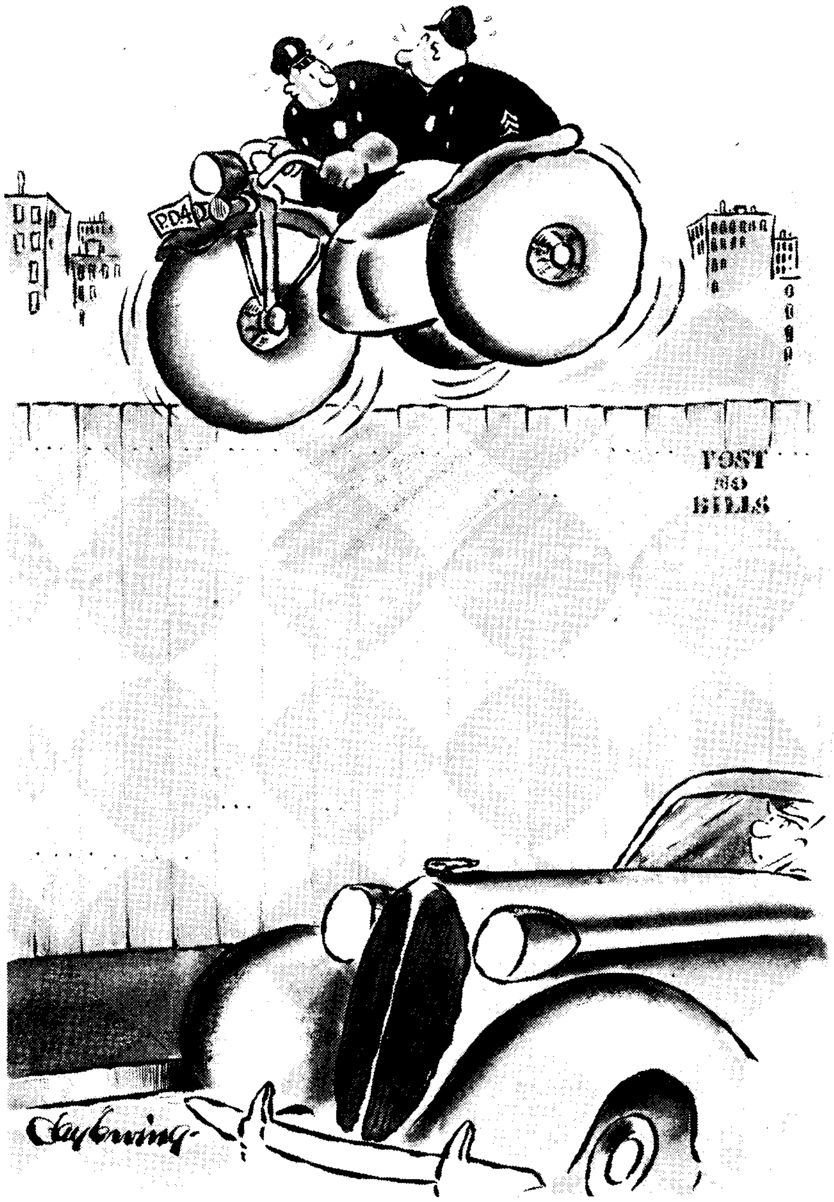
"He may have found him, you know," Trenholm said to Brette. "In that case, he wouldn't try to get back tonight."

The storm blew itself out in the night. The dawn broke red and flaring but Mac did not come. Brette volunteered to go with Mueller, her pilot, to Cartwright to see if there were any messages. He might have radioed the station there. Trenholm, with Adams following in Carter's plane, took off.

They flew southwest, the shortest way to the pin prick Mac had left on the map. It seemed to Trenholm that he had been doing this for an eternity—staring down into the undulating tapestry of spruce and tamarack. Always he scanned the horizon for a smoke signal. Then his heart leaped. Directly over the nose and dead on their course was a far-off glint.

The motor roared. The glint became something light-colored on the ground. He cut his engine and spiraled down. Nearer and nearer he came and still the thing on the ground refused to take shape. Then suddenly it was clear. A T-shaped scar on the hillside with white rock showing through. Numb with disappointment, he almost flew into it.

They explored the neighborhood thor-



"Yuh know what? I think it's too much air in th' tires . . ." JAY IRVING oughly. This was undoubtedly Mac's objective and he might have come down somewhere near. They descended into a small lake and shut off their engines to listen. Trenholm fired his automatic at intervals.

They flew back against a strong headwind—there was always a wind. They saw the long gleam of Lake Melville. There was one plane at the mooring. It was Brette's.

Mueller was standing on the float as he taxied in. "See anything?" he asked.

Trenholm shook his head. "No word from him at Cartwright?"

"No."

"How about Milliken and Carter?"

"They weren't there. The doctor had gone inland. They went on down the coast and caught up with a steamer. They wirelessed from it. Carter's hand will be all right; the doctor on board fixed it."

He held out a cablegram. "Hastings is found."

For a moment the news meant nothing to Trenholm, then he remembered.

"Oh. Where did they pick him up?"

"Down near the Quebec border. Place called Blanc Sablon. He came down in a lake okay. Indians brought him in."

The cablegram contained a short message recalling all planes.

"Did you report Mac missing?"

"Just said, not returned when we left. He's got a wife, hasn't he?"

Trenholm nodded.

"Miss Hastings is going on to join her brother by boat. I'm to pick up her stuff and follow. What are you going to do? If Mac hasn't sent up a smoke, he's probably washed out."

"We may not have seen it." Trenholm turned away to see Adams come in. "God, what's the matter with him?"

Adams was flying almost into the cove. He hit the water clumsily and instantly a wing dropped. The plane swung around, narrowly missing the rock wall. The port pontoon submerged.

TRENHOLM and Mueller threw off their flying suits and plunged into the icy water. Adams, white-faced, dropped out of the cockpit. They dragged the machine into shallow water and, putting down mattresses, manhandled it up the shelving shore. The port pontoon was ripped open and the bulkheads smashed.

Adams was trembling. "I hit something in the lake when I was taking off. She lurched and I thought she was going to dive—but she picked up again. Must have been a log below the surface."

"Well, that seems to be that," said Mueller after dinner. "You can't fix that float. You'll need a new one. You can't carry on alone, Trenholm."

Trenholm had thought it out. Adams was badly shaken. The accident and the long flight home with a messed pontoon had racked his nerve. It wasn't as if he were a regular seaplane bird—he had signed on as mechanic and that was his job.

"I'll stay. But Adams will go back."

"If you stay, I'll stay," said Adams.

"I'm not asking you," snapped Trenholm. "I'm telling you. Listen. I want you to get to a cable station and keep the wires hot until you get another float. The Canadian Air Force has a station at Halifax—they might have a spare. I don't care where you get it—but get it. We've got to get that ship in the air again. And tell the company and get Milliken back. The sooner we have a flight here, the better for Mac."

He saw them off next morning. All day he droned in long ellipses above the bush, seeing no movement.

He had been much alone but he was never lonelier in his life than that night as he lay waiting for sleep. Marion would know now. She would be waiting, quiet without; and within, an agonized expectancy. He thought of Brette Hastings. The meeting which he had so long anticipated was over. She was gone.

It was bitterly cold next morning and there was ice on the pools in the rocks. Refueling alone was a wretched business. He returned to the locale of the scar on the hillside. He patrolled in close lines, fifteen minutes in each direction. Nothing—nothing but the forty-foot mat of timber. He turned homeward, hopeless and utterly weary. As he went slowly up the path, a light appeared inside. He broke into a run.

Brette Hastings was standing beside the scrubbed table.

"I came back."

He stared wordlessly. Her hair was smooth and shining. Her eyebrows made that queerly attractive line of wings.

"Mueller told me Mac hadn't returned—and this is a bad place to be alone in." She put out her hand to him. "You look so—so dreadfully tired."

ALL the stiffening went out of him. He sank into a chair and rested his aching head in his hands.

"I can't find him . . . he hasn't signaled . . . so he is either dead or hurt. . . . He wouldn't have bailed out—he would have stayed with his ship . . . and I can't find the ship!"

His pent-up feelings were finding relief in a flood of words. She made no attempt to stay them.

"I'll get you some coffee."

He drank the coffee she brought. "I am glad about your brother. Mueller said you had gone on to join him. How did you get here?"

"The mail boat brought me back. I couldn't leave with Major MacDermott missing. I am not blind and I am not ungrateful. I know the risks you took daily. If there is the smallest thing I can do, let me do it."

After they had eaten, he showed her his charts with the lines of his search penciled in.

"Supposing he had to bail out, what would he do?"

"Go to a lake or clearing. I've searched every lake within fifty miles of that scar."

"And the clearings?"

"There aren't any real clearings near there—just breaks filled with rocks and low bushes. I saw a clearing today but it was a long way off. But if he's lost his ship and supplies, he'll be starving now. He can only last a few hours longer."

"But you still have those few hours. And Major MacDermott is experienced and resolute. You mustn't give up now."

Trenholm slept better that night. He woke once and, sure that she was asleep, he murmured into the darkness, "I'm glad you came back, Brette."

The morning was clear and windless, with perfect visibility. He took off, feeling keyed-up and expectant. Surely the luck had turned. That clearing—he would pin his hopes on it.

He picked up the white scar on the hillside and flew west. New country appeared, but it was solid and unbroken. He cast farther north. He saw the gleam of a large lake and flew to it. He circled it again—and again. Nothing. Nothing. He swung away.

As he came about, he looked back—and a pulse leaped in his throat. There was something at the edge of the trees—something which had not been there before. It was a man! It was Mac! He was alive!

He leveled off at the treetops and dropped the bag of food. He saw Mac stumbling through the grass. Holding a tight turn, he scrawled on his pad. "On no account leave this clearing. Wait till I find nearest landing lake and return. If you are all right, wave. If not, lie down."

He slipped the message into a bag and dropped it almost at Mac's feet. He had found the food and was squatting over

(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 69)

it. From his movements, Trenholm knew that he was starving. A moment later, his right hand arose in a wave.

"Up, you!" Trenholm cocked the nose and opened the throttle. He spiraled higher and higher, keeping the clearing below him. He had to find near-by water where he could alight. The mud lake was no good to him. Water, water everywhere, and no water when you needed it. The country to the north was open but he distrusted it. It was probably muskeg. To the south it was dark with spruce. From above, it looked impassable, but a little river wound through it. He followed the river with his eyes to where it turned east and widened into a reach. In a few minutes he was above it. Descending, he skimmed the surface. It seemed to be deep and free from driftwood. It would have to do. On the way back, he spied out the land. There were hardwood ridges that promised fair going.

He was over the marsh again in three minutes. He wrote on his pad. "Have located a small lake six miles to the southeast. I will leave ship there and come back on foot. On no account leave this clearing. If this is okay, wave."

Mac was more interested in the food than in the message. He waved his arm briefly and Trenholm streaked away. There was scarcely room in the reach for him to get down. His momentum carried him to the far bank, where he made fast. He left his flying clothes on a bush and took a light pack and an axe. With the sun in a cloudless sky, he had no fear of losing direction but he had a job to do—six miles of swamp and virgin timber to cross.

The first mile took him an hour to do. The alder thickets proved to be impenetrable. He was forced to flounder up a very muddy creek and it led him into a bog. There were pools of bottomless ooze that engulfed him to the armpits. Deerflies and "bulldogs" attacked him viciously. In the timber, he at least had solid footing. He crawled and hacked and burst a way through. He came to the edge of the wood, caked with mud and blood, his clothes flapping in ruins.

HE SMELLED smoke. There were matches in the food bag and Mac had lighted a fire to guide him. And there was Mac, rising out of the grass. His head was wrapped in a dirty bandage, his face distorted with fly bites. Trenholm let out a shout, ran and caught hold of him.

"Are you hurt much?"

"Head's cut a bit. Left shoulder wrenched or something. Doesn't hurt much—now. Got a cigarette?"

"I've been hunting for three days. Sorry I couldn't spot you before."

"I knew you'd come."

"Where is your ship?"

"Burnt." Mac drew at his cigarette. "Did you see that scar? That was what I thought was a wrecked plane. It took me a long time to find it that day. Weather got worse. Knew I couldn't get back to camp so I hunted around for a lake. Couldn't see much—there was a ground mist. Spotted that big one over yonder and came down. Just about to settle when I saw it was mud. Pulled up and a gust of wind caught me. Had to nose down. Big rampike came out of the mist and speared my wing. Twirled me around and dropped me. Ship must have burst into flames when she struck—she'd been shooting oil. When I came to, I was lying in the mud forty feet away with a hell of a pain where my belt had been and a heap of scrap iron for company.

"I had some sandwiches in my coat but my matches were soaked while I lay in the mud. Tried to rig a signal. Couldn't do much with this bum arm."

"They got Hastings."

"Good work."

The sun was westering.

"Want to camp here, or try for the ship?"

"I want to get out of this hell-hole!"

They walked slowly, stopping to rest every few minutes. Mac was very weak. He began to doze when they halted. Aroused, he would stumble at Trenholm's heels in a sort of coma. It got cold and the marsh water was icy. Trenholm dragged and carried him like a clumsy parcel the last heartbreaking mile.

It was twilight when they reached the seaplane. He gave Mac a big drink of rum, wrapped him in blankets and strapped him into the cockpit.

THE engine warmed up full and true. He gave it a grateful thought—there were few things as faithful as fire and steel. The white wave dropped from the pontoons, the earth fell away in folds of gray and purple. He could have flown the homeward course blindfolded now but, because he was so eager, it seemed interminable. A star came out, low on the horizon. He closed his throttle; the air crooned through the struts. He had hit it on the nose. Below him were three tiny lights—all the lights they had—set out on the rocks of the cove. The land was dark but luminosity clung to the water. The night wind was steady. He came down into it gently and moved slowly to the mooring.

His torch found Brette standing on the float.

"I found him."

"Thank God!"

Mac wakened as they pulled him out. "Hello, Milliken, get back all right?" he asked drowsily. Between them, they walked him to the cabin.

In the light, she could not check an exclamation of dismay. They were a shocking pair. "Bushwhacking," explained Trenholm. She helped him pull off Mac's caked clothes and brought him hot water. They washed the cuts on his head with antiseptic and the pain brought him awake, blinking and swearing. They fed him beef broth, and in five minutes he was fast asleep.

Trenholm sat down and began to tug at his sheepskin boots. He was utterly weary. He slid from the chair to the floor and remained there, perfectly happy.

"What a day! What a day! Six miles through the bush—and back again. We didn't get out till dusk. We should have waited. I thought you might worry."

She knelt and began to unstrap his boot. "Till today, I never knew what loneliness was. All day long, waiting, waiting—just like eternity. When it began to get dark, I was frightened to the roots of my soul. I put the lights out on the rocks but I didn't think you would come. Ever. Then I heard your motor. I know what happiness is. It is hearing a motor in the night."

"I know what happiness is," said Trenholm. "It was seeing your face when we got in."

She began on his other boot.

"Milliken says you're high hat. Is it nice in society, Miss Hastings?"

"It's rather lonely without you, Trenholm."

"That's very charming of you, Miss Hastings."

"Last night you called me Brette."

"I was asleep. Guys say funny things in their sleep."

"Then doze off and say some more."

He closed his eyes. "I never forgot. When I was glad or sad, scared or lost, I saw your face with the wings above your eyes."

He met her grave gaze.

"Why didn't you come to see me in New York?"

"I thought you might have guessed. You were so different. I had never met anyone like you. You were something special—and I wanted to be something special in my way before I went back. I couldn't be casual about it. I had a queer feeling that fate would arrange things better than I could—if you needed me."

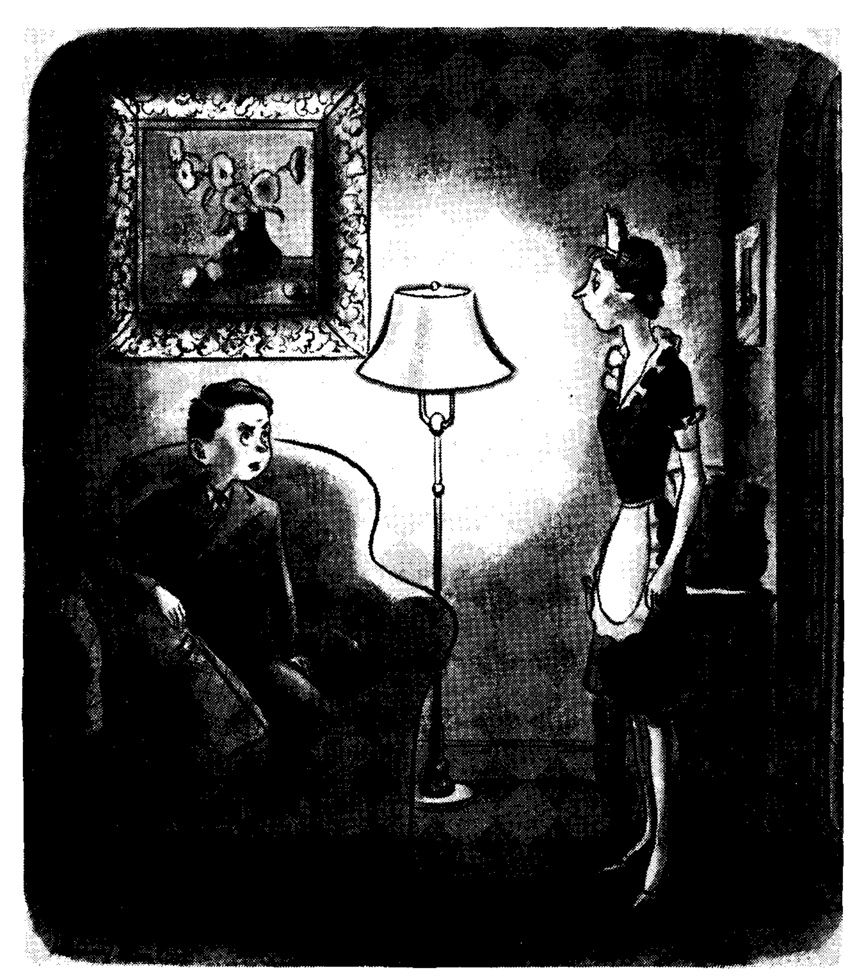
"Apparently it has."

"Won't you give me another chance, Brette? Won't you ask me again?"

She was suddenly gay.

"One more invitation for the backward Mr. Trenholm! Pleased to have your company at dinner one night."

"Dinner is such a long time away," he pleaded. "Can't I come for breakfast?"



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Who's Goofy Now?

Continued from page 22

our hero—Vernon Gomez. The broad-shouldered man is Manager Bob Shawkey and he is whispering words of wisdom to his young hopeful who is about to go to the pitching slab against the Detroits.

"Above all else," Shawkey is saying, "watch out for Charley Gehringer. He is strictly poison, especially to a left-hander. When he comes up to the plate, bear down hard, kid, bear down hard."

"I will give my all," our hero mutters, and out he trots to the mound.

The first two men who come up are easy. One pops up, the other strikes out. The third man up is different. Our hero tries to throw a fast one past him and he hammers it into the bleachers for a home run. But the next man strikes out and our hero strides to the dugout.

"I am sorry about that bum pitch," our hero says, "that I made to that guy who hit the homer. But don't worry. I'll bear down on Gehringer when he comes up. Just let me know when he's due."

"It's too late," we hear the cold voice of Mr. Shawkey, "that was Gehringer you tried to throw one past."

Murmurs from the occupants of the bench, "Just a goofy left-hander . . . a screwball . . . the guy thinks left-handed too . . ." and henceforth, Señor Gomez was known by the endearing terms of the Goofy Castilian.

The road to St. Paul is paved with such incidents as that, but for the moment Gomez escaped. A few weeks later the Tigers invaded the Yankee Stadium. The Yankees built up a nice lead and then, as was their habit that year, they began to dissipate it. With three Tigers on base Shawkey sent Gomez in.

"Those Detroits will steal anything," he warned Lefty. "Watch those three men on base. Hold them there."

Gomez stalked out proudly, wound up grandly and let the ball go. While he was winding up the man on third stole home and each of the other two Tigers advanced a base.

"Ball one," the umpire yelled. That made it one pitch, one ball, one run in.

Again he wound up and let go—and again the man on third stole home while Gerald Walker, who had been on second, streaked to third.

"Ball two," the umpire called. Two pitches, two balls and two runs in. Ho hum.

Back to St. Paul

Once more Lefty wound up and as he did so Walker dashed home.

"Ball three," the umpire cooed. Three pitches, three balls, three runs in. Manager Shawkey started from the dugout. Gomez took one look at his face and began the long walk to the clubhouse. Without saying a word, he started to pack. The ball game ended a few moments later. Tony Lazzeri walked in.

"That St. Paul ain't a bad town at that, Lefty," he said kindly.

"Well, it's a cinch I'll have a chance to find out," Gomez told him.

That was right. Within two hours he was on his way to St. Paul and it looked as though his big-league days were all behind him. For some reason or other, though, the Yankee front office was still sold on the left-hander. They must have gotten some occult hunch, for his record of winning two while losing five was not what you'd call sensational. During the following winter they had trainers and dentists and doctors look at Gomez and after consultations they came to a decision.

Gomez in those days was as thin as a housebreaker's alibi and he looked as though he and a steak had never been properly introduced. The trainers, the doctors and the dentists decided that tonsils had to be removed and teeth taken out and abscesses separated from the gums of Señor Gomez. Gomez had never had any trouble with his tonsils or his teeth in his life but who was he to argue with the men of science? Especially since Colonel Ruppert was going to foot the bills. So they went to work on Mr. Gomez and when they were through they had performed engineering feats within his mouth of which the builders of Boulder Dam would have been proud. The next spring Lefty reported in all the splendor of bridgework and new molars and gold and platinum appendages.

Babe Makes a Bet

After a week or so of training Gomez was right at home. He knew he had the stuff and now he felt that he had learned how to use it. He wasn't conceited but he was confident.

One sports writer said to him, "For a rookie you're kind of cocky. Aren't you afraid that Colonel Ruppert will send you back to St. Paul?"

"Not me," Lefty said, complacently. "No, sir, he won't send me to St. Paul with fifteen hundred dollars of his money in my mouth."

And the story went around and again they said, "This guy is goofy."

But he wasn't. He was right. He never saw St. Paul again. Instead, he went on to become the greatest left-handed pitcher in baseball. Not right away, mind you, but eventually. When he finished the 1934 season with a record of having won twenty-six games while losing five it meant that his big-league record was eighty-nine games won, thirty-six lost for an all-time average of .712.

Many things contributed to his success (we'll save his disastrous 1935 campaign for a moment). First of all he had a great overhand fast ball, a terrifically fast ball, and where it ever developed in that slim frame of Lefty's no one ever knew. Secondly, he had great control and he had steady nerves. Gomez was never one to get rattled in a tight spot.

After his great 1934 season Gomez went on a barnstorming trip to Japan with Ruth and a few others. They went to pick up a little extra change, which they did, but Gomez did something else of which he was very proud. He who had always been just about the worst hitter in baseball hit better than .300 in Japan.

"Those Japs would pitch high and outside to me," Lefty chuckles, "and I was just dropping my hits over third base."

He came to talk contract with Ed Barrow, business manager of the Yankees. It wasn't a very happy talk for Barrow. Lefty's great 1934 record furnished many a talking point in his argument for a substantial increase.

Barrow tried to keep Lefty's demands down to reason. "Why, Lefty," he stormed, "you don't even hit for our club. Then you go to Japan and hit better than .300. Why can't you hit like that for us?"

"I could if I wanted to," Gomez said blithely, "but you don't even pay me for my pitching. Why should I go to the trouble of hitting too."

P. S. Gomez got what he wanted—and what he wanted was a two-year contract at twenty thousand dollars a year which made him just about the highest-paid pitcher in baseball.

Actually Gomez comes close to being the worst hitter in baseball. A few years ago Babe Ruth bet him two hundred and fifty dollars to twenty-five dol-

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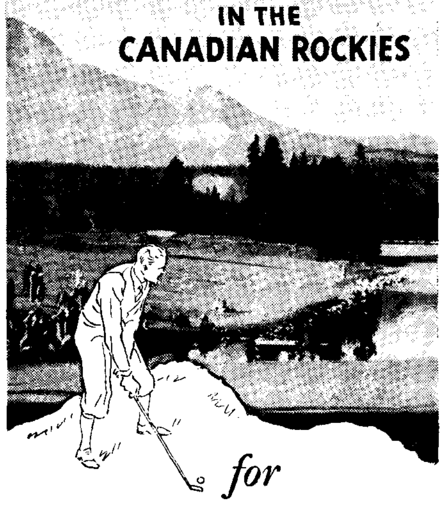
IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



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lars that Lefty wouldn't get more than ten hits all season. Lefty spent many a morning at the ball park trying to acquire the knack of hitting but those ten hits loomed larger and larger as the season rolled on. Now and then he'd get a scratch single; a Texas-Leaguer would fall safely; a bunt hit a pebble and roll away from an infielder. He had five hits, but the season was half over. Finally, the total grew to eight and the whole club had taken sides, some rooting for Lefty while others were for the Babe.

The Yanks were playing the Athletics one afternoon. Rube Walberg was pouring them in for Connie Mack's team. During a late inning the Yanks began to get to big Rube. Three of them hit safely in succession. Then Gomez came to the plate. He hit Rube's first pitch for a clean single.

Walberg took one startled look at the ball as it flashed by him, then without a word he began walking to the clubhouse. He didn't even wait for Connie Mack to yank him.

"When that guy can get a hit off of me," he said in disgust, "then I know I got no business pitching."

That was number nine and now Gomez needed but two more. The season still had three weeks to go. Gomez spent all of his time in the bull pen on days when he wasn't scheduled to work regularly. He was always anxious to get in there no matter how far the Yanks were behind. He wanted his cut at that ball.

His tenth hit came off Fred Marberry, then hurling for the Washington Senators. He needed one more for the bet that he'd get "more than ten hits." During the last week of the season the Yanks were playing the St. Louis Browns. Gomez was pitching. Three times he went up to the plate and fanned. Then in a late inning he went up again. He knew that this would be his last chance.

He took his stance and then Sammy Gray, who was pitching for the Browns, lobbed one up so slow that you could read the maker's name on the ball. Gomez swung mightily and the ball trickled lazily between third and second base. Red Kress came over to get it. He picked it up, straightened, held the ball for a moment and then tossed it to first. Gomez had beaten it by a step and he had won his bet.

His Hard-Luck Year

Gomez is prouder of having won that bet than of having led the league in virtually all pitching records in 1934. But last year the blow fell. Last year all eyes were on Gomez. After his sensational 1934 season everyone wondered what new records he'd break. Well, last year Lefty broke nothing but the hearts of the Yankee fans. It wasn't all his fault. It must be admitted that Lady Luck absolutely deserted him and to have a really good season a pitcher needs not only plenty of stuff but some good luck.

The season was only about three weeks old when I saw Schoolboy Rowe blank the Yankees in Detroit. He allowed one hit. At this time none of the Yankees were hitting at all. Lou Gehrig was batting something like .129. This day Gomez was very hot, but what of it? You can't win if your team can't give you a single run. Detroit won the ball game one to nothing.

His bad luck continued. Then, of course, Gomez, desperate at losing games which the year before had been easy wins, began to press.

"In golf when you press," Gomez explained, "you flub the shot. It's the same in baseball. I deserted my regular overhand delivery to try everything else. Say, I even tried pitching underhand. But as soon as I tried these trick things I'd get into trouble. Then I'd go back to my old stuff but I was trying too hard and the ball would go maybe two inches away from where I intended it to go. And those American League umpires have very good eyes. Games are won and lost by just a few inches, you know.

"To digress a minute," Gomez said "let me explain that in 1934 I think the Yanks lost the pennant by just three inches. We were playing Detroit—I never get a break against that club, incidentally—in the middle of August. First place was at stake and a crowd of 77,000, the largest ever to see an American League game, was there.

Fooling the Batter

"For the five innings I went along great. The Tigers only got a couple of scratch hits off me and meanwhile we'd got to Alvin Crowder for five runs. I felt pretty safe—I couldn't see myself blowing a five-run lead. In the sixth inning I got the first two batters easily. Then the Tigers exploded. They hit everything I threw up there, and before you could say Lefty Gomez they had three runs in and two men on base. But I was still two runs in front and it was two out. Marvin Owen came up.

"Owen popped down the right-field foul line. The ball looked foul but it was two out and the two runners on base legged it for home. Tony Lazzeri, playing second, came over fast. I've seen him catch a hundred balls hit just like that but this one wasn't quite high enough to give Tony time to get under it. It fell and it fell safe—safe by three inches. There was the ball game; there went that series and from that time on the Tigers just breezed in. Had that ball been hit higher Tony would have caught it—it would have been three out, we undoubtedly would have won the ball game and under the impetus of copping that series we might well have gone on to win the pennant.

"But in 1935 things like that were always happening to me. I was in good shape; I felt that I was pitching as well as ever but I couldn't win. A pitcher's main job," Gomez continued, "is to fool the batter. Fooling guys like Averill, Al Simmons, Hank Greenberg, Foxx and those babies is a tough job. I was fooling them in 1934 but I must admit that luck was on my side. I wasn't fooling them in 1935—luck had deserted me.

"How do you fool batters? Sometimes you get a hunch that they're expecting one kind of a ball—you just serve them another. Sometimes you even have to cross up your own catcher.

"I did that with Wally Berger in the All-Star game at Cleveland last year. Rollie Hemsley was catching me and when Berger came up I poured two hooks in to get in front of him. Then I looked at Hemsley. He gave me a signal for another curve ball. I wound up but just as I was about to let it go, something came over me—call it a hunch if you want—that made me throw in my fast ball. Berger apparently had been looking for a curve for he missed this one by a good foot.

"But was Hemsley mad! 'Lefty,' he roared, 'I called for a curve. What's the idea of crossing me up?'

"'I'm sorry, Rollie,' I told him, 'but it must have been the right one to throw—Berger struck out, didn't he?'

"That's fooling the batter. Sometimes you have a more logical reason than a hunch. Suppose a batter has been weak on outside balls. You feed him plenty of those. If this batter has been hitting all high outside balls, you don't give him any of those. You get to know strength and weakness. And then you mix them up.

"But," Gomez said with a sigh, "you can be in great shape; your control can be working fine, your hooks and fast ones can be behaving well—but if you don't get your share of those breaks you're not going to have any big year."

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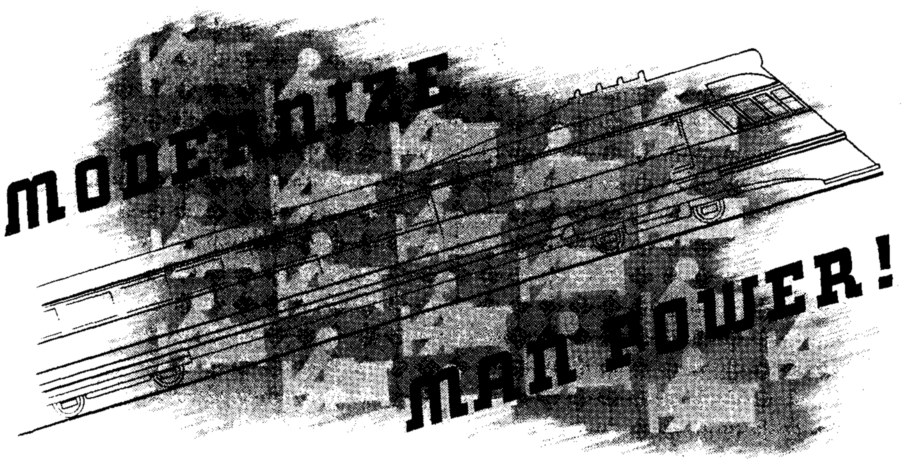

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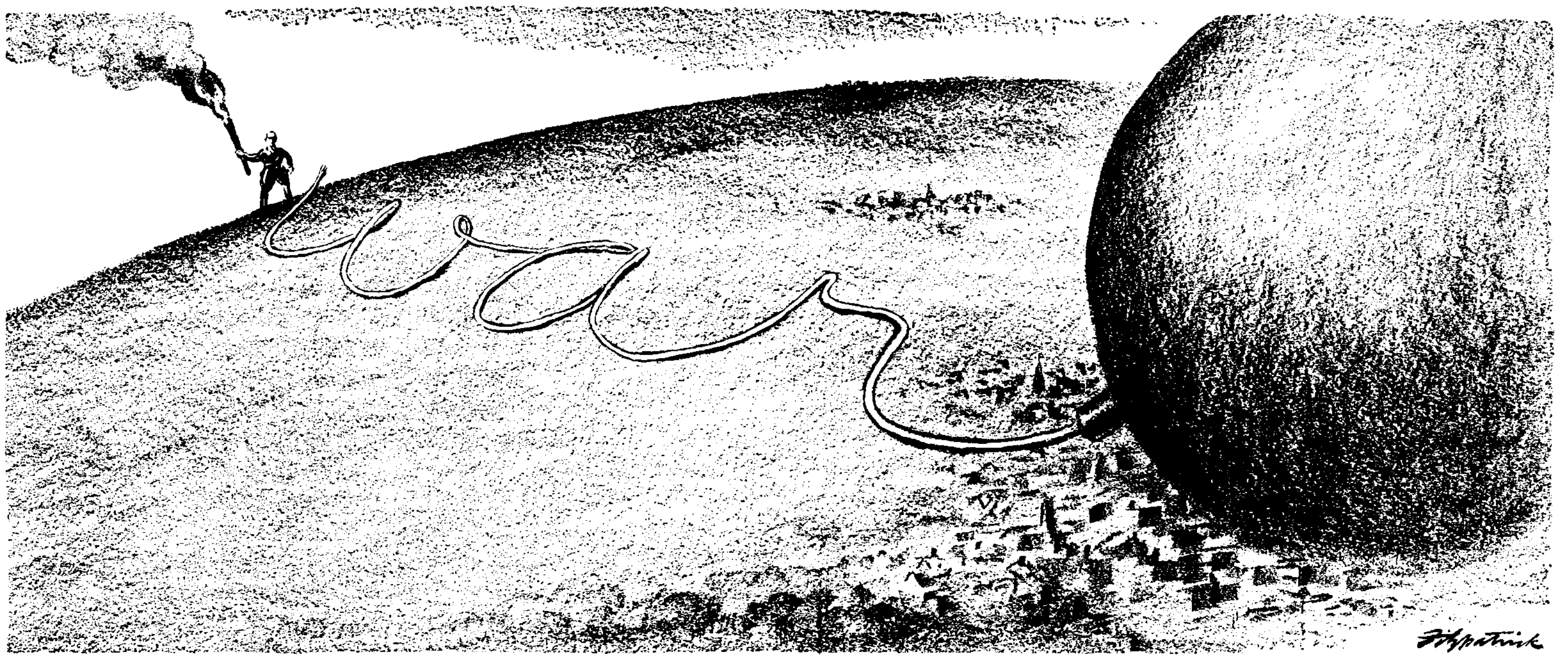


War is Never Inevitable

TO SERVE his own purpose Benito Mussolini announced that war is unavoidable. In his speech decreeing the abolition of the last vestiges of the Italian parliament Mussolini said: "This plan is dominated by one premise—the inevitability of the nation being called on to face another war."

So the Fascist leader joined H. G. Wells and the group of imaginative writers who have proclaimed the irresistible drift of the civilized world toward another catastrophic war. Mr. Wells, it is fair to remember, prophesied in the hope of arousing men against war. Mussolini, on the other hand, seemed to find in the prospect of war an immediate excuse for undertaking political measures he had long desired.

The Italian Fascist is not the first dictator who has sought to better his own personal fortunes by an appeal to war. Historically, dictators have inclined to war. Foreign conflict has the advantage to the dictator of turning attention from domestic problems. Mussolini's announcement of impending war may accordingly reflect his anxiety over purely Italian difficulties for which he saw no solution satisfactory to his own ambition.

It is, of course, false and absurd for any statesman to say that war is inevitable. Wars are no more inevitable than are houses or motorcars or appendicitis operations. Wars do not happen. Like all human products, wars are made by men. Before any conflict starts some man in power decides that his interests will be bettered by war. If no statesman expects profit from war, peace prevails. War is the result of a decision deliberately reached.

Few are sanguine enough to say positively that Europe will escape war during the next twenty-five years or during the next century. Everybody except lunatics will agree, however, that no war is ever likely between the United States and Canada, or between South Africa and Australia or between Norway and Sweden, for that matter. Yet the economic problems which have to be settled by the governments of Canada and the United States or of Sweden and Norway are just as complicated as any with which Italy or Germany or Japan has to deal.

The difference is that the American people, the Canadian people, the Scandinavian people and many others have abandoned the idea of war as an instrument of national policy. No American of any influence thinks that he or the United States would be benefited by war.

We have fought numerous wars. We chose to fight rather than to accept conditions which would have continued, for a time at least, if we had not gone to war. We fought the Revolutionary War because, among other things, we thought taxation without representation a poor policy. We fought the War of 1812 because of the British treatment of American merchant vessels. We fought Mexico because we sympathized with Texas. We fought Spain because we were sorry for Cuba. We entered the World War for much the same reasons which led us into the War of 1812.

From all of our foreign wars, except the last, we have emerged with more territory or with clearer rights to lands we previously claimed. We admittedly profited in land as a result of at least three of our wars.

Conditions have changed since 1846 or 1898, however, and the cost of war is much higher. No nation up to date admits having derived any material profit from participation in the World War. Certainly Germany gained no obvious advantages. It would likewise be difficult to discover the profit obtained by Austria-Hungary, or Russia for that matter. Surely neither we nor Great Britain nor Canada nor Australia nor South Africa were benefited. France got back Alsace and Lorraine, after sacrificing the lives of millions of good men and expending billions in money.

Under modern conditions there simply is no possible profit in any war between strong nations armed with the appalling implements of contemporary science and industry. The statesman who looks for national aggrandizement at the end of a hard-fought war is mad. He is utterly ignorant of the world he inhabits.

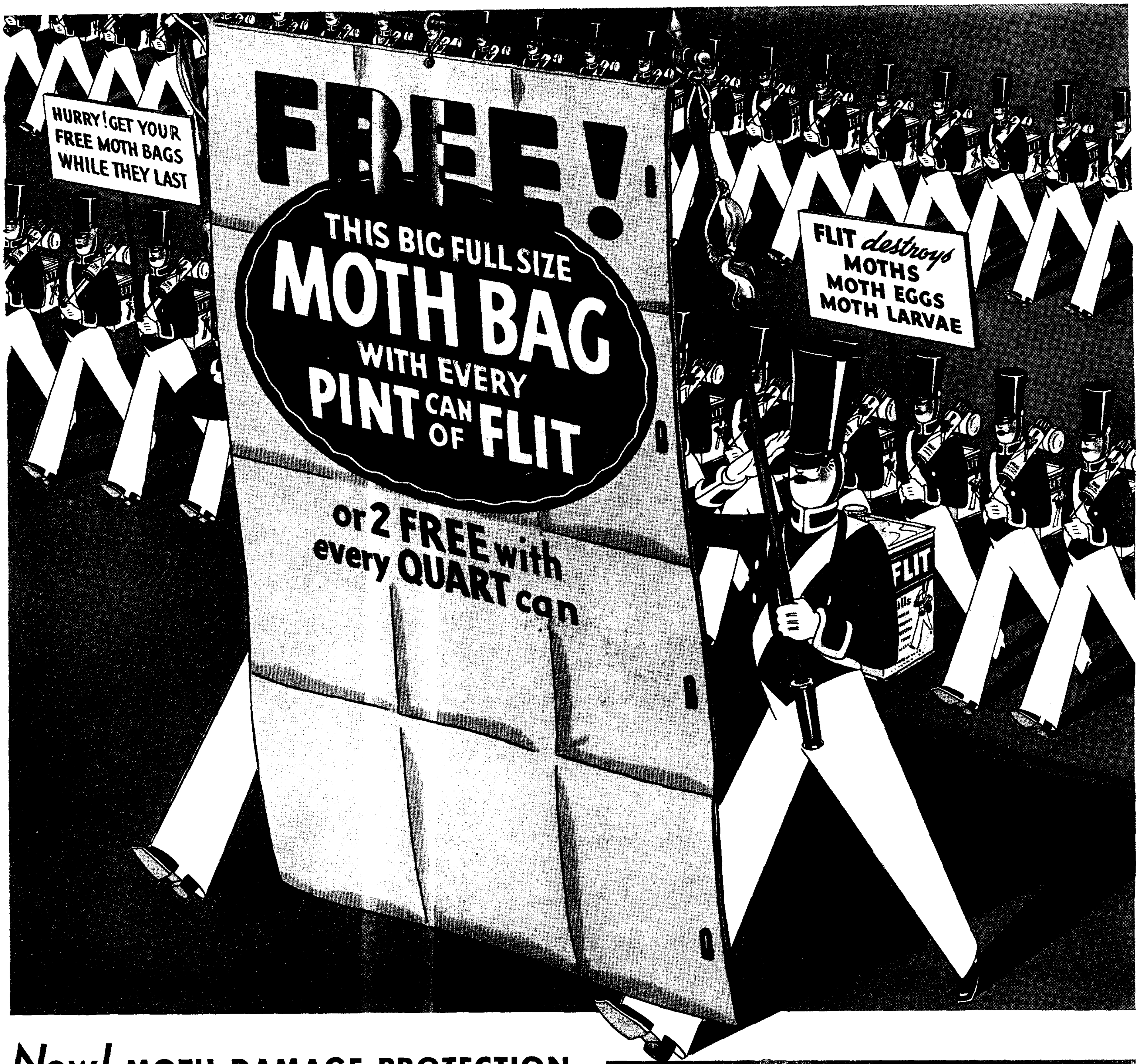
Nevertheless, it is possible for statesmen to decide upon war. Mussolini decided to invade Ethiopia. The Ethiopian war was not inevitable so far as Italy was concerned. Mussolini deliberately undertook the Ethiopian adventure. He was free to choose war or peace. He chose war.

Hitler might decide upon war. If Hitler chose to send troops into France or Belgium war would result. Japan could, by invasion, induce Russia to fight. But Hitler is under no compulsion to start a war and neither are the Japanese.

War is inevitable only when someone having great power decides to resort to war. Neither Europe nor Asia is doomed to bloody sacrifice unless European and Asiatic statesmen so decide. The decision will be made by men, not by the blind forces of nature. The talk about the inevitability of war is fantastic nonsense. Men can make war and men can keep the peace.

Certainly none of the democratically governed nations exhibits any enthusiasm for war. No more does Russia. If the Bolshevist government had inclined to warfare, sufficient excuses have been provided on the Manchurian front.

If war again comes that war will be decreed by some one of the dictators or oligarchic groups in control of a great military machine. Responsibility for the decision will be personal and individual. Destiny is not driving any nation to war. We are under no doom not decreed by the politicians who happen to be in power in the various countries. When they talk about the inevitability of war they raise questions which they can answer. Neither Mussolini nor Hitler nor the Japanese face any war not of their own choosing. If these three countries choose peace the world is safe for a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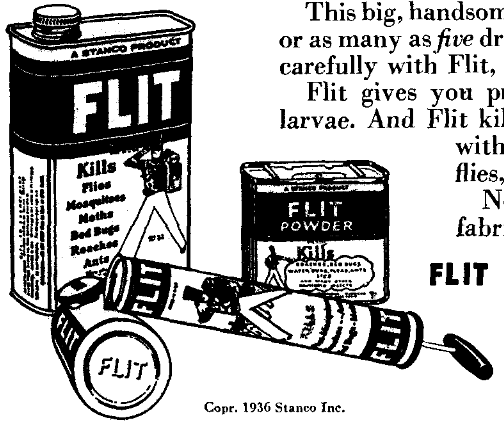
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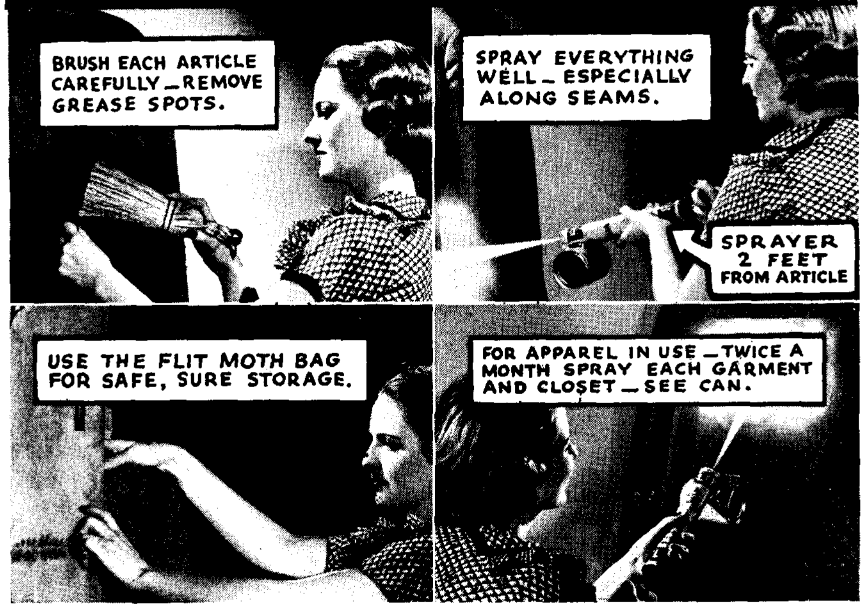

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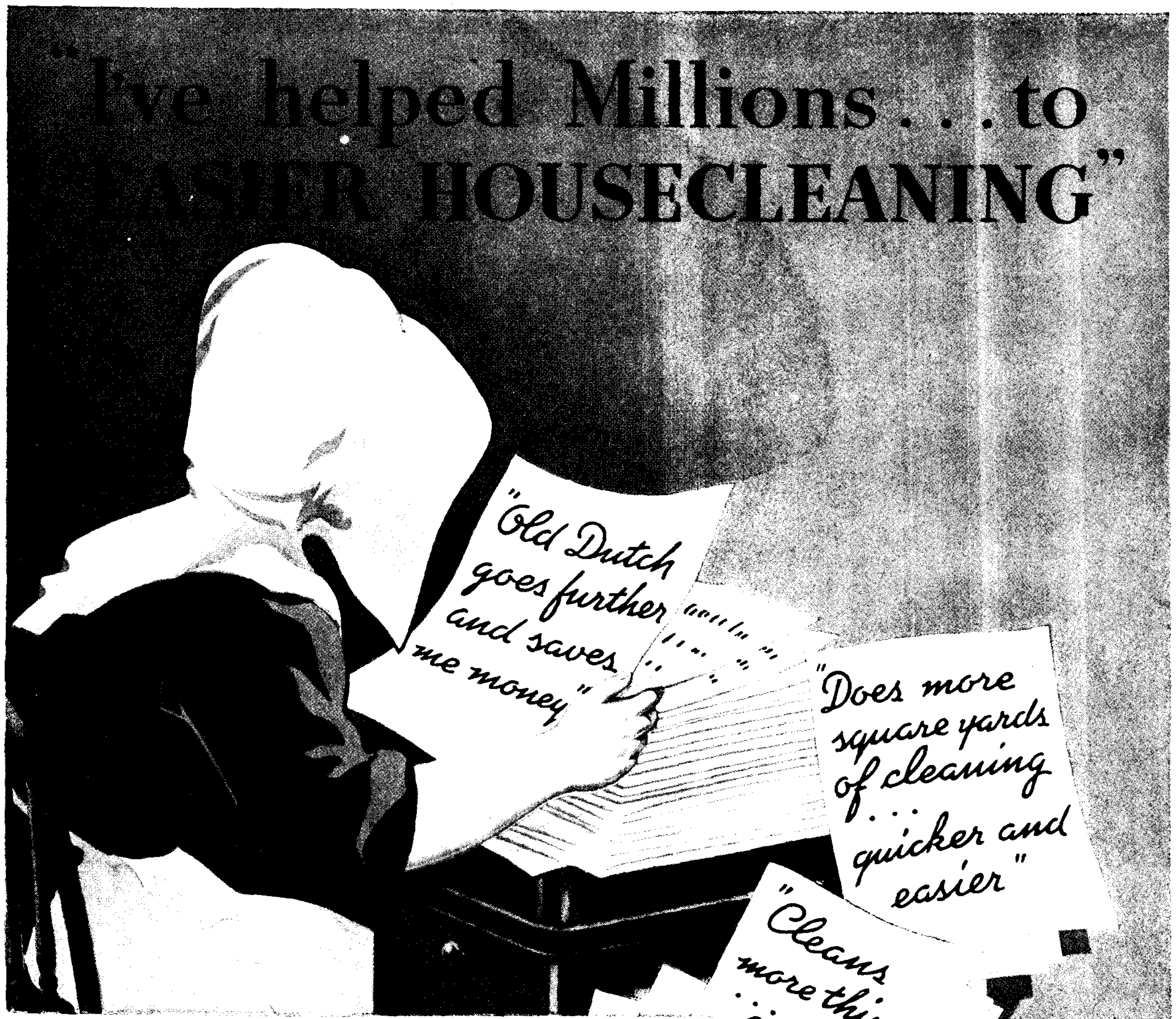
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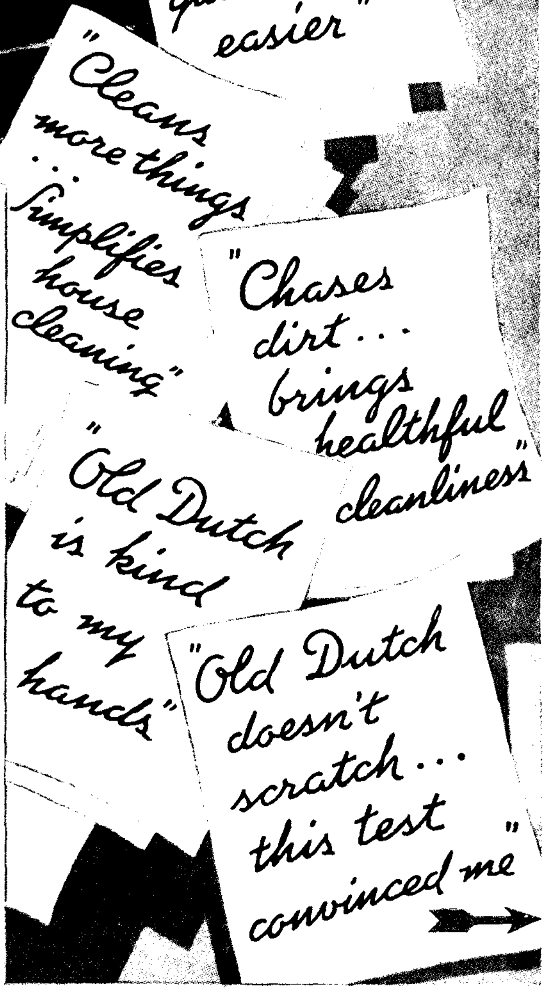
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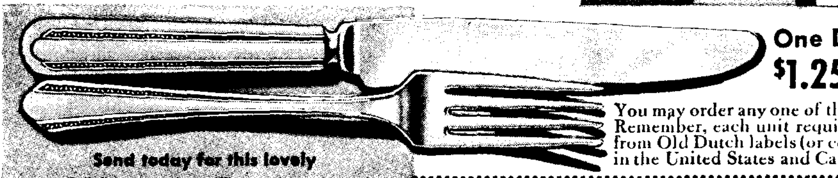

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